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THE

PLAYS AND POEMS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE THIRD.

CONTAINING

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.
AS YOU LIKE IT.
THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.
PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

LONDON: PRINTED BY H. BALDWIN,

For J. Rivington and Sons, L. Davis, B. White and Son, T. Longman, B. Law, H. S. Woodfall, C. Dilly, J. Robſon, J. Johnſon, T. Vernor, G. G. J. and J. Robinſon, T. Cadell, J. Murray, R. Baldwin, H. L. Gardner, J. Sewell, J. Nichols, J. Bew, T. Payne, jun. S. Hayes, R. Faulder, W. Lowndes, G. and T. Wilkie, Scatcherd and Whitaker, T. and J. Egerton, C. Stalker, J. Barker, J. Edwards, Ogilvie and Speare, J. Cuthell, J. Lackington, and E. Newbery.

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MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Perſons Repreſented[a].

Duke of Venice.
Prince of Morocco, } *Suitors to* Portia.
Prince of Arragon, }
Anthonio, *the Merchant of* Venice:
Baſſanio, *his friend.*
Salanio[b], }
Salarino, } *Friends to* Anthonio *and* Baſſanio.
Gratiano, }
Lorenzo, *in love with* Jeſſica.
Shylock, *a* Jew:
Tubal, *a* Jew, *his friend.*
Launcelot Gobbo, *a clown, ſervant to* Shylock.
Old Gobbo, *father to* Launcelot.
Salerio[c], *a meſſenger from* Venice.
Leonardo, *ſervant to* Baſſanio.
Balthazar, } *ſervants to* Portia.
Stephano, }

Portia, *a rich heireſs:*
Neriſſa, *her waiting-maid.*
Jeſſica, *daughter to* Shylock.

Magnificoes of Venice, *Officers of the Court of Juſtice, Jailer, Servants, and other Attendants.*

SCENE, partly at Venice, *and partly at* Belmont, *the Seat of* Portia, *on the Continent.*

a In the old editions in quarto, for J. Roberts, 1600, and in the old folio, 1623, there is no enumeration of the perſons. It was firſt made by Mr. Rowe. JOHNSON.

b It is not eaſy to determine the orthography of this name. In the old editions the owner of it is called,—*Salanio*, *Salino*, and *Solanio*. STEEVENS.

c This character I have reſtored to the *Perſonæ Dramatis*. The name appears in the firſt folio: the deſcription is taken from the quarto. STEEVENS.

MERCHANT OF VENICE[1].

ACT I. SCENE I.

Venice. *A Street.*

Enter ANTHONIO, SALARINO, *and* SALANIO.

Ant. In ſooth, I know not why I am ſo ſad;
It wearies me; you ſay, it wearies you;

But

[1] The reader will find a diſtinct epitome of the novels from which the ſtory of this play is ſuppoſed to be taken, at the concluſion of the notes. It ſhould however be remembered, that if our poet was at all indebted to the Italian noveliſts, it muſt have been through the medium of ſome old tranſlation, which has hitherto eſcaped the reſearches of his moſt induſtrious editors.

It appears from a paſſage in Stephen Goſſon's *School of Abuſe*, &c. 1579, that a play comprehending the diſtinct plots of Shakſpeare's *Merchant of Venice*, had been exhibited long before he commenced a writer, viz. "The Jew ſhewn at the Bull, repreſenting the greedineſſe of worldly chooſers, and the bloody minds of uſurers." "Theſe plays, ſays Goſſon, (for he mentions others with it) are goode and ſweet plays," &c. It is not improbable that Shakſpeare new-wrote his piece, on the model already mentioned, and that the elder performance, being inferior, was permitted to drop ſilently into oblivion.

This play of Shakſpeare had been exhibited before the year 1598, as appears from Meres's *Wits Treaſury*, where it is mentioned with eleven more of our author's pieces. It was enter'd on the books of the Stationers' Company, July 22, in the ſame year. It could not have been printed earlier, becauſe it was not yet licenſed. The old ſong of *Gernutus the Jew of Venice*, is publiſhed by Dr. Percy in the firſt volume of his *Reliques of ancient Engliſh poetry*. STEEVENS.

The ſtory was taken from an old tranſlation of the *Geſta Romanorum*, firſt printed by Wynkyn de Worde. The book was very popular, and Shakſpeare has cloſely copied ſome of the language: an additional argument, if we wanted it, of his track of reading.—*Three veſſels* are exhibited to a lady for her *choice*. The firſt was made of pure *gold*, well beſet with precious ſtones *without*, and *within* full of dead men's bones; and thereupon was engraven this poſie: *Whoſo chuſeth me, ſhall find that he deſerveth*. The ſecond veſſel was made of fine *ſilver*, filled

 with

But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What ſtuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,

I am

with earth and worms; the ſuperſcription was thus: *Whoſo chuſeth me, ſhall find that his nature deſireth.* The third veſſel was made of *lead*, full within of precious ſtones, and thereupon was inſculpt this poſie: *Whoſo chuſeth me, ſhall find that God hath diſpoſed for him.*—The lady, after a comment upon each, chuſes the *leaden veſſel.*

In a MS. of *Lidgate*, belonging to my very learned friend, Dr. *Aſkew*, I find a *Tale of two Marchants* of *Egipt* and of *Baldad, ex Geſtis Romanorum.* Leland therefore could not be the original author, as Biſhop Tanner ſuſpected. He lived a century after Lidgate. FARMER.

The two principal incidents of this play are to be found ſeparately in a collection of odd ſtories, which were very popular, at leaſt five hundred years ago, under the title of *Geſta Romanorum.* The firſt, *Of the bond*, is in ch. xlviii. of the copy which I chuſe to refer to, as the completeſt of any which I have yet ſeen. MS. Harl. n. 2270. A knight there borrows money of a merchant, upon condition of forfeiting *all his fleſh* for non-payment. When the penalty is exacted before the judge; *the knight's miſtreſs*, diſguiſed, *in forma viri & veſtimentis pretioſis induta*, comes into court, and, by permiſſion of the judge, endeavours to mollify the merchant. She firſt offers him his money, and then the double of it, &c. to all which his anſwer is—*Conventionem meam volo habere.*—Puella, cum hoc audiſſet, ait coram omnibus, Domine mi judex, da rectum judicium ſuper his quæ vobis dixero.—Vos ſcitis quod miles nunquam ſe obligabat ad aliud per literam niſi quod mercator habeat proteſtatem carnes ab oſſibus ſcindere, *ſine ſanguis effuſione*, de quo nihil erat prolocutum. Statim mittat manum in eum; ſi vero ſanguinem effuderit, *Rex contra eum actionem habet.* Mercator, cum hoc audiſſet, ait; date mihi pecuniam & omnem actionem ei remitto. Ait puella, Amen dico tibi, nullum denarium habebis;—pone ergo manum in eum, ita ut ſanguinem non effundas. Mercator vero videns ſe confuſum abſceſſit; & ſic vita militis ſalvata eſt, & nullum denarium dedit.

The other incident, *of the caſkets*, is in ch. xcix. of the ſame collection. A king of Apulia ſends his daughter to be married to the ſon of an emperor of Rome. After ſome adventures, (which are nothing to the preſent purpoſe,) ſhe is brought before the emperor; who ſays to her, "Puella, propter amorem filii mei multa adverſa ſuſtinuiſti. Tamen ſi digna fueris ut uxor ejus ſis cito probabo. Et fecit fieri tria vaſa. PRIMUM fuit *de auro puriſſimo* & lapidibus pretioſis interius ex omni parte, & plenum *oſſibus mortuorum*; & exterius erat ſubſcriptio: *Qui me elegerit, in me inveniet quod meruit.* SECUNDUM vas erat *de argento* puro & gemmis pretioſis, plenum *terra*; & exterius erat ſubſcripto; *Qui me elegerit, in me inveniet quod natura appetit.* TERTIUM vas *de plumbo* plenum *lapidibus pretioſis interius & gemmis nobiliſſimis*; & exterius erat ſubſcriptio talis: *Qui me elegerit, in me inveniet quod deus diſpoſuit.*

Iſta

I am to learn;
And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myself.

Salar. Your mind is tossing on the ocean;
There, where your argosies [2] with portly sail,—
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,
Or as it were the pageants of the sea,—
Do over-peer the petty traffickers,
That curt'sy to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

Salan. Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
Plucking the grass [3], to know where sits the wind;

Peering

Ista tria ostendit puellæ, & dixit, si unum ex istis elegeris in quo commodum, & proficuum est, filium meum habebis. Si vero elegeris quod nec tibi nec aliis est commodum, ipsum non habebis." The young lady, after mature consideration of the vessels and their inscriptions, chuses the *leaden*, which being opened, and found to be full of gold and precious stones, the emperor says: "Bona puella, bene elegisti;—ideo filium meum habebis."

From this abstract of these two stories, I think it appears sufficiently plain that they are the *remote* originals of the two incidents in this play. That *of the caskets* Shakspeare might take from the English *Gesta Romanorum*, as Dr. Farmer has observed; and that *of the bond* might come to him from the *Pecorone*; but upon the whole I am rather inclined to suspect, that he has followed some hitherto unknown novelist, who had saved him the trouble of working up the two stories into one.

TYRWHITT.

This comedy, I believe, was written in the beginning of the year, 1598. Meres's book was not published till the end of that year. See *An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's plays*, Vol. I. MALONE.

[2] —*argosies*] A name given in our author's time to ships of great burthen, probably galleons, such as the Spaniards now use in their West India trade. JOHNSON.

In Ricaut's *Maxims of Turkish Polity*, ch. xiv. is said, "Those vast carracks called *argosies*, which are so much famed for the vastness of their burthen and bulk, were corruptly so denominated from *Ragosies*," i. e. ships of *Ragusa*, a city and territory on the gulph of Venice, tributary to the Porte. Shakspeare, as Mr. Heath observes, has given the name of *Ragozine* to the pirate in *Measure for Measure*. STEEVENS.

[3] *Plucking the grass*, &c.] By holding up the grass, or any light body that will bend by a gentle blast, the direction of the wind is found. *This way I used in shooting. When I was in the mydde* way *betwixt the*

Peering [4] in maps, for ports, and piers, and roads;
And every object, that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt,
Would make me sad.

Salar. My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at sea.
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
But I should think of shallows and of flats;
And see my wealthy Andrew [5] dock'd in sand [6],
Vailing her high top lower than her ribs [7],
To kiss her burial. Should I go to church,
And see the holy edifice of stone,
And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks?
Which touching but my gentle vessel's side,
Would scatter all her spices on the stream;
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks;
And, in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought
To think on this; and shall I lack the thought,
That such a thing, bechanc'd, would make me sad?
But, tell not me; I know, Anthonio
Is sad to think upon his merchandize.

Ant. Believe me, no: I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
Upon the fortune of this present year:
Therefore, my merchandize makes me not sad.

Salan. Why then you are in love.

markes, which was an open place, there I toke a fethere, or a lyttle grasse, *and so learned how the wind stood.*" Ascham. JOHNSON.

4 *Peering*—] Thus the quarto printed by Hayes, that by Roberts, and the first folio. The quarto of 1637, a book of no authority, reads —*prying*. MALONE.

5 *Andrew*] The name of the ship. JOHNSON.

6 — dock'd *in sand*,] The old copies have—*docks*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

7 Vailing *her high top lower than her ribs*,] In Bullokar's *English Expositor*, 1616, *to vail*, is thus explained: "It means *to put off the hat*, to *strike sail*, to *give sign of submission*." STEEVENS.

Ant.

Ant. Fie, fie!

Salan. Not in love neither? Then let's say, you are sad,
Because you are not merry: and 'twere as easy
For you, to laugh and leap, and say, you are merry,
Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed Janus [8],
Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes [9],
And laugh, like parrots, at a bag-piper;
And other of such vinegar aspéct,
That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

Enter BASSANIO, LORENZO, *and* GRATIANO.

Salan. Here comes Bassanio, your most noble kinsman,
Gratiano, and Lorenzo: Fare you well;
We leave you now with better company.

Salar. I would have staid till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me.

Ant. Your worth is very dear in my regard.
I take it, your own business calls on you,
And you embrace the occasion to depart.

Salar. Good morrow, my good lords.

Bass. Good signiors both, when shall we laugh? Say, when?
You grow exceding strange; Must it be so?

Salar. We'll make our leisures to attend on yours.

[*Exeunt* SALARINO *and* SALANIO.

Lor. My lord Bassanio, since you have found Anthonio,
We two will leave you *: but, at dinner-time,
I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.

[8] — *by two-headed Janus,*] Here, says Dr. Warburton, Shakspeare shews his knowledge in the antique: and so does Taylor the water-poet, who describes Fortune, "Like a *Janus* with a *double-face.*"
FARMER.

9 — *peep through their eyes,*] This gives us a very picturesque image of the countenance in laughing, when the eyes appear half shut.
WARBURTON.

* *My lord Bassanio,* &c.] *Lorenzo* (who, with Gratiano, had only accompanied *Bassanio,* till he should find Anthonio,) prepares now to leave Bassanio to his business; but is detained by *Gratiano,* who enters into a conversation with *Anthonio.* TYRWHITT.

Baſſ. I will not fail you.

Gra. You look not well, ſignior Anthonio;
You have too much reſpect upon the world:
They looſe it, that do buy it with much care.
Believe me, you are marvellouſly chang'd.

Ant. I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;
A ſtage, where every man muſt play a part,
And mine a ſad one.

Gra. Let me play the Fool [1]:
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why ſhould a man, whoſe blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandſire cut in alabaſter?
Sleep when he wakes? and creep into the jaundice
By being peeviſh? I tell thee what, Anthonio,—
I love thee, and it is my love that ſpeaks;—
There are a ſort of men, whoſe viſages
Do cream and mantle, like a ſtanding pond;
And do a wilful ſtillneſs * entertain,
With purpoſe to be dreſt in an opinion
Of wiſdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who ſhould ſay, *I am Sir Oracle,*
And, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark [2]*!*
O, my Anthonio, I do know of theſe,
That therefore only are reputed wiſe,
For ſaying nothing; who, I am very ſure [3],
If they ſhould ſpeak, would almoſt damn thoſe ears [4],

[1] *Let me play the Fool:*] Alluding to the common compariſon of human life to a ſtage-play. So that he deſires his may be the fool's or buffoon's part, which was a conſtant character in the old farces; from whence came the phraſe, *to play the fool.* WARBURTON.

* — *a wilful* ſtillneſs—] i. e. an obſtinate ſilence. MALONE.

[2] — *let no dog bark!*] This ſeems to be a proverbial expreſſion. STEEVENS.

[3] — who, *I am very ſure,*] The old copies read—*when,* I am very ſure. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[4] — *would almoſt* damn *thoſe ears,*] Some people are thought wiſe, whilſt they keep ſilence; who, when they open their mouths, are ſuch ſtupid praters, that the hearers cannot help calling them *fools,* and ſo incur the judgment denounced in the Goſpel. THEOBALD.

Which,

Which, hearing them, would call their brothers, fools.
I'll tell thee more of this another time:
But fish not, with this melancholy bait,
For this fool-gudgeon, this opinion.—
Come, good Lorenzo:—Fare ye well, a while;
I'll end my exhortation after dinner[5].

Lor. Well, we will leave you then till dinner-time.
I must be one of these same dumb wise men,
For Gratiano never lets me speak.

Gra. Well, keep me company but two years more,
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.

Ant. Fare well: I'll grow a talker for this gear[6].

Gra. Thanks, i'faith; for silence is only commendable
In a neat's tongue dry'd, and a maid not vendible.

[*Exeunt* GRATIANO *and* LORENZO.

Ant. Is that any thing now[7]?

Bass. Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice: His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff; you shall seek all day ere you find them; and, when you have them, they are not worth the search.

Ant. Well; tell me now, what lady is the same,
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
That you to-day promis'd to tell me of?

Bass. 'Tis not unknown to you, Anthonio,
How much I have disabled mine estate,
By something shewing a more swelling port

5 *I'll end my exhortation after dinner.*] The humour of this consists in its being an allusion to the practice of the puritan preachers of those times; who, being generally very long and tedious, were often forced to put off that part of their sermon called the *exhortation*, till after dinner. WARBURTON.

6 —*for this* gear.] *Gear* appears to me to have no meaning here. Perhaps we should read—for this *year*, alluding to what Gratiano has just said:

"Well, keep me company but two *years* more—." MALONE.

7 *Is that any thing now?*] Does what he has just said amount to any thing, or mean any thing? STEEVENS.

So, in *Othello*: "Can any thing be made of this?" The old copies, by a manifest error of the press, read—*It* is that &c. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

Than

Than my faint means would grant continuance:
Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd
From such a noble rate; but my chief care
Is, to come fairly off from the great debts,
Wherein my time, something too prodigal,
Hath left me gaged: To you, Anthonio,
I owe the most, in money, and in love;
And from your love I have a warranty
To unburthen all my plots, and purposes,
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

Ant. I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it;
And, if it stand, as you yourself still do,
Within the eye of honour, be assur'd,
My purse, my person, my extremest means,
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.

Bass. In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight
The self-same way, with more advised watch,
To find the other forth; and by advent'ring both,
I oft found both: I urge this childhood proof,
Because what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much; and, like a wilful youth,
That which I owe is lost: but if you please
To shoot another arrow that self way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim, or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

Ant. You know me well; and herein spend but time,
To wind about my love with circumstance;
And, out of doubt, you do me now more wrong,
In making question of my uttermost,
Than if you had made waste of all I have:
Then do but say to me what I should do,
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am prest unto it[8]: therefore, speak.

[8] —prest *unto it:*] *Ready. Pret.* Fr. STEEVENS.
The word is used in this sense (as Mr. Steevens has shewn) by many of our ancient writers. MALONE.

Bass.

Baſſ. In Belmont is a lady richly left,
And ſhe is fair, and, fairer than that word,
Of wond'rous virtues; ſometimes from her eyes [9]
I did receive fair ſpeechleſs meſſages:
Her name is Portia; nothing undervalued
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia.
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth;
For the four winds blow in from every coaſt
Renowned ſuitors: and her ſunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece;
Which make her ſeat of Belmont, Colchos' ſtrand,
And many Jaſons come in queſt of her.
O my Anthonio, had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind preſages me ſuch thrift,
That I ſhould queſtionleſs be fortunate.

Ant. Thou know'ſt, that all my fortunes are at ſea;
Neither have I money, nor commodity
To raiſe a preſent ſum: therefore go forth;
Try what my credit can in Venice do;
That ſhall be rack'd, even to the uttermoſt,
To furniſh thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
Go, preſently inquire, and ſo will I,
Where money is; and I no queſtion make,
To have it of my truſt, or for my ſake. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Belmont. *A Room in* Portia's *Houſe.*

Enter PORTIA *and* NERISSA.

Por. By my troth, Neriſſa, my little body is aweary of this great world.

Ner. You would be, ſweet madam, if your miſeries were in the ſame abundance as your good fortunes are: And yet, for aught I ſee, they are as ſick, that ſurfeit with too much, as they that ſtarve with nothing: It is no

9 — ſometimes *from her eyes*] In old Engliſh, *ſometimes* is ſynonymous with *formerly*. Nothing is more frequent in title-pages, than "*ſometimes* fellow of ſuch a college." FARMER.

mean happineſs therefore, to be ſeated in the mean; ſuperfluity comes ſooner by white hairs [1], but competency lives longer.

Por. Good ſentences, and well pronounced.

Ner. They would be better, if well follow'd.

Por. If to do were as eaſy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages, princes' palaces. It is a good divine, that follows his own inſtructions: I can eaſier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may deviſe laws for the blood; but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree: ſuch a hare is madneſs the youth, to ſkip o'er the meſhes of good counſel the cripple. But this reaſoning is not in the faſhion to chooſe me a huſband:—O me, the word chooſe! I may neither chooſe whom I would, nor refuſe whom I diſlike; ſo is the will of a living daughter curb'd by the will of a dead father:—Is it not hard, Neriſſa, that I cannot chooſe one, nor refuſe none?

Ner. Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men, at their death, have good inſpirations; therefore, the lottery, that he hath deviſed in theſe three cheſts, of gold, ſilver, and lead, (whereof who chooſes his meaning, chooſes you,) will, no doubt, never be choſen by any rightly, but one who you ſhall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of theſe princely ſuitors that are already come?

Por. I pray thee, over-name them; and as thou nameſt them, I will deſcribe them; and, according to my deſcription, level at my affection.

Ner. Firſt, there is the Neapolitan prince [2].

Por.

[1] *Superfluity* comes *ſooner* by *white hairs*,] i. e. Superfluity ſooner *acquires* white hairs; becomes old. We ſtill ſay, How did he *come by* it? MALONE.

[2] — *the* Neapolitan *prince.*] Though our author, when he compoſed this play, could not have read the following paſſage in Florio's tranſlation of Montaigne's *Eſſaies*, 1603, he had perhaps met with the relation in ſome other book of that time: "While I was a young lad, (ſays old Montaigne,) I ſaw the *prince* of Salmona, at *Naples*, manage a young

Por. Ay, that's a colt, indeed [3], for he doth nothing but talk of his horſe; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts, that he can ſhoe him himſelf: I am much afraid my lady his mother play'd falſe with a ſmith.

Ner. Then, is there the county Palatine [4].

Por. He doth nothing but frown; as who ſhould ſay, *An you will not have me, chooſe:* he hears merry tales, and ſmiles not: I fear, he will prove the weeping philoſopher when he grows old, being ſo full of unmannerly ſadneſs in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's head with a bone in his mouth, than to either of theſe. God defend me from theſe two!

Ner. How ſay you by the French lord, Monſieur Le Bon?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him paſs for a man. In truth, I know it is a ſin to be a mocker; But, he! why, he hath a horſe better than the Neapolitan's; a better bad habit of frowning than the count Palatine: he is every man in no man: if a throſtle [5] ſing, he falls ſtraight a capering; he will fence with his own ſhadow: if I ſhould marry him, I ſhould marry twenty huſbands: If

young, a rough, and fierce horſe, and ſhew all manner of horſemanſhip; to hold teſtons or reals under his knees and toes ſo faſt as if they had been nayled there, and all to ſhew his ſure, ſteady, and unmoveable ſitting." MALONE.

3 *Ay, that's a* colt, *indeed,*] *Colt* is uſed for a witleſs, heady, gay youngſter, whence the phraſe uſed of an old man too juvenile, that he ſtill retains his *colt's tooth*. See *Henry VIII.* JOHNSON.

4 — *is there the county Palatine.*] I am always inclined to believe, that Shakſpeare has more alluſions to particular facts and perſons than his readers commonly ſuppoſe. The count here mentioned was, perhaps, Albertus a Laſco, a Poliſh Palatine, who viſited England in our author's time, was eagerly careſſed, and ſplendidly entertained; but running in debt, at laſt ſtole away, and endeavoured to repair his fortune by enchantment. JOHNSON.

County and *Count* in old language were ſynonymous.—The Count Alaſco was in London in 1583. MALONE.

5 — *if a* throſtle—] Old Copies—*traſſel.* Corrected by Mr. Pope. The *throſtle* is the thruſh. The word occurs again, in *A Midſummer Night's Dream:*

" The *throſtle* with his note ſo true—. MALONE.

he

he would deſpiſe me, I would forgive him; for if he love me to madneſs, I ſhall never requite him.

Ner. What ſay you then to Faulconbridge, the young baron of England?

Por. You know, I ſay nothing to him; for he underſtands not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian [6]; and you will come into the court and ſwear, that I have a poor pennyworth in the Engliſh. He is a proper man's picture [7]; But, alas! who can converſe with a dumb ſhow? How oddly he is ſuited! I think, he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hoſe in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour every where.

Ner. What think you of the Scottiſh lord [8], his neighbour?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him; for he borrow'd a box of the ear of the Engliſhman, and ſwore he would pay him again, when he was able: I think, the Frenchman became his ſurety [9], and ſeal'd under for another.

Ner. How like you the young German [1], the duke of Saxony's nephew?

Por. Very vilely in the morning, when he is ſober; and moſt vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk: when

[6] — *he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian*;] A ſatire on the ignorance of the young Engliſh travellers in our author's time. WARB.

[7] — *a* proper *man's picture*;] One of the ſenſes of *proper* in our author's time was *handſome*. In Stowe's *Survey of London*, quarto, 1598, we meet with "a faire *proper* church" in almoſt every page. See alſo Vol. I. p. 180. MALONE.

[8] — *Scottiſh lord*,] Scottiſh, which is in the quarto, was omitted in the firſt folio, for fear of giving offence to king James's countrymen. THEOBALD.

[9] *I think, the Frenchman became his ſurety*,] Alluding to the conſtant aſſiſtance, or rather conſtant promiſes of aſſiſtance, that the French gave the Scots in their quarrels with the Engliſh. This alliance is here humourouſly ſatirized. WARBURTON.

[1] *How like you the young German*, &c.] In Shakſpeare's time the duke of Bavaria viſited London, and was made knight of the garter.

Perhaps in this enumeration of Portia's ſuitors, there may be ſome covert alluſion to thoſe of queen Elizabeth. JOHNSON.

he

he is beſt, he is a little worſe than a man; and when he is worſt, he is little better than a beaſt: an the worſt fall that ever fell, I hope, I ſhall make ſhift to go without him.

Ner. If he ſhould offer to chooſe, and chooſe the right caſket, you ſhould refuſe to perform your father's will, if you ſhould refuſe to accept him.

Por. Therefore, for fear of the worſt, I pray thee, ſet a deep glaſs of Rheniſh wine on the contrary caſket: for, if the devil be within, and that temptation without, I know he will chooſe it. I will do any thing, Neriſſa, ere I will be marry'd to a ſpunge.

Ner. You need not fear, lady, the having any of theſe lords; they have acquainted me with their determinations: which is indeed, to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more ſuit; unleſs you may be won by ſome other ſort than your father's impoſition, depending on the caſkets.

Por. If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaſte as Diana, unleſs I be obtained by the manner of my father's will: I am glad this parcel of wooers are ſo reaſonable; for there is not one among them but I dote on his very abſence, and I pray God grant them a fair departure.

Ner. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a ſcholar, and a ſoldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat?

Por. Yes, yes, it was Baſſanio; as I think, ſo was he call'd.

Ner. True, madam; he, of all the men that ever my fooliſh eyes look'd upon, was the beſt deſerving a fair lady.

Por. I remember him well; and I remember him worthy of thy praiſe.—How now! what news?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The four ſtrangers ſeek for you, madam, to take their leave: and there is a fore-runner come from a fifth, the prince of Morocco; who brings word, the prince, his maſter, will be here to-night.

Por.

Por. If I could bid the fifth welcome with ſo good heart as I can bid the other four farewel, I ſhould be glad of his approach: if he have the condition [2] of a ſaint, and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he ſhould ſhrive me than wive me. Come, Neriſſa.—Sirrah, go before.—Whiles we ſhut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Venice. *A publick Place.*

Enter BASSANIO *and* SHYLOCK.

Shy. Three thouſand ducats,—well.

Baſſ. Ay, ſir, for three months.

Shy. For three months,—well.

Baſſ. For the which, as I told you, Anthonio ſhall be bound.

Shy. Anthonio ſhall become bound,—well.

Baſſ. May you ſtead me? Will you pleaſure me? Shall I know your anſwer?

Shy. Three thouſand ducats, for three months, and Anthonio bound.

Baſſ. Your anſwer to that.

Shy. Anthonio is a good man.

Baſſ. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shy. Ho, no, no, no;—my meaning, in ſaying he is a good man, is to have you underſtand me, that he is ſufficient: yet his means are in ſuppoſition: he hath an argoſy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I underſtand moreover upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England,—and other ventures he hath, ſquander'd abroad: But ſhips are but boards, ſailors but men: there be land rats, and water rats, water thieves, and land thieves; I mean, pirates; and then, there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks: The man is, notwithſtanding, ſufficient:—three thouſand ducats;—I think, I may take his bond.

[2] — *the* condition—) i. e. the temper, qualities. So, in *Othello*: "—and then, of ſo gentle a *condition!*" MALONE.

Baſſ.

Baſſ. Be aſſured, you may.

Shy. I will be aſſured, I may; and, that I may be aſſured, I will bethink me: May I ſpeak with Anthonio?

Baſſ. If it pleaſe you to dine with us.

Shy. Yes, to ſmell pork; to eat of the habitation which your prophet, the Nazarite, conjured the devil into[3]: I will buy with you, ſell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and ſo following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto?—Who is he comes here?

Enter ANTHONIO.

Baſſ. This is ſignior Anthonio.

Shy. [*aſide.*] How like a fawning publican he looks!
I hate him for he is a chriſtian:
But more, for that, in low ſimplicity,
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of uſance here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip[4],
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our ſacred nation; and he rails,
Even there where merchants moſt do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls intereſt: Curſed be my tribe,
If I forgive him!

Baſſ. Shylock, do you hear?

Shy. I am debating of my preſent ſtore;
And, by the near gueſs of my memory,
I cannot inſtantly raiſe up the groſs
Of full three thouſand ducats: What of that?
Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,

3 — *which your prophet, the Nazarite, conjured the devil into:*] Perhaps there is no character through all Shakſpeare, drawn with more ſpirit, and juſt diſcrimination, than Shylock's. His language, alluſions, and ideas, are every where ſo appropriate to a Jew, that Shylock might be exhibited for an examplar of that peculiar people. HENLEY.

4 — *catch him once upon the hip,*] A phraſe taken from the practice of wreſtlers. JOHNSON.

This is an alluſion to the angel's thus laying hold on Jacob when he wreſtled with him. See Gen. xxxii. 24, &c. HENLEY.

Will furnish me: But soft; How many months
Do you desire?—Rest you fair, good signior;
[*To* ANTHONIO.
Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

Ant. Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow,
By taking, nor by giving of excess,
Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend[5],
I'll break a custom:—Is he yet possess'd,
How much you would?

Shy. Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

Ant. And for three months.

Shy. I had forgot,—three months, you told me so.
Well then, your bond; and, let me see,—But hear you;
Methought, you said, you neither lend, nor borrow,
Upon advantage.

Ant. I do never use it.

Shy. When Jacob graz'd his uncle Laban's sheep,—
This Jacob from our holy Abraham was
(As his wise mother wrought in his behalf)
The third possessor; ay, he was the third.

Ant. And what of him? did he take interest?

Shy. No, not take interest; not, as you would say,
Directly interest: mark what Jacob did.
When Laban and himself were compromis'd,
That all the eanlings[6], which were streak'd, and py'd,
Should fall as Jacob's hire, the ewes, being rank,
In end of autumn turned to the rams:
And when the work of generation was
Between these wooly breeders in the act,
The skilful shepherd peel'd me certain wands[7],
And, in the doing of the deed of kind[8],

5 — *the* ripe wants *of my friend,*] *Ripe wants* are wants *come to the height*, wants that can have no longer delay. Perhaps we might read—*rife wants*, wants that come thick upon him. JOHNSON.

Ripe is, I believe, the true reading. So afterwards:

"But stay the very *riping* of the time." MALONE.

6 — *the* eanlings,] Lambs just dropt; from *ean*, *eniti*. MUSGRAVE.

7 — *certain wands,*] A *wand* in our author' time was the usual term for what we now call a *switch*. MALONE.

8 — *of* kind,] i. e. of nature. COLLINS.

He

He ſtuck them up before the fulſome ewes [9];
Who, then conceiving, did in eaning time
Fall party-colour'd lambs, and thoſe were Jacob's.
This was a way to thrive, and he was bleſt;
And thrift is bleſſing, if men ſteal it not.

Ant. This was a venture, ſir, that Jacob ſerv'd for;
A thing not in his power to bring to paſs,
But ſway'd, and faſhion'd, by the hand of heaven.
Was this inſerted to make intereſt good?
Or is your gold, and ſilver, ewes and rams?

Shy. I cannot tell; I make it breed as faſt [1]:—
But note me, ſignior.

Ant. Mark you this, Baſſanio,
The devil can cite ſcripture for his purpoſe.
An evil ſoul, producing holy witneſs,
Is like a villain with a ſmiling cheek;
A goodly apple rotten at the heart:
O, what a goodly outſide falſhood hath [2]!

Shy. Three thouſand ducats,—'tis a good round ſum.
Three months from twelve, then let me ſee the rate.

Ant. Well, Shylock, ſhall we be beholden to you?

Shy. Signior Anthonio, many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my monies, and my uſances [3]:

Still

9 — *the* fulſome *ewes*;] *Fulſome*, I believe, in this inſtance, means laſcivious, obſcene. In the play of *Muleaſſes the Turk*, Madam *Fulſome* a *Bawd* is introduced. The word, however, ſometimes ſignifies offenſive in ſmell. It is likewiſe uſed by Shakſpeare in *K. John*, to expreſs ſome quality offenſive to nature:

"And ſtop this gap of breath with *fulſome* duſt." STEEVENS.

Minſheu ſuppoſes it to mean *nauſeous* in ſo high a degree as to excite vomiting. MALONE.

1 — *I make it breed as faſt:*] So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

"Foul cank'ring ruſt the hidden treaſure frets;
"But gold that's put to uſe more gold *begets*." MALONE.

2 *O, what a goodly outſide* falſhood *hath!*] *Falſehood*, which as *truth* means *honeſty*, is taken here for *treachery* and *knavery*, does not ſtand for *falſhood* in general, but for the diſhoneſty now operating. JOHNSON.

3 — *my* uſances:] *Uſance* in our author's time, I believe, ſignified *intereſt of money*. It has been already uſed in this play in that ſenſe:

Still have I borne it with a patient ſhrug [4];
For ſufferance is the badge of all our tribe:
You call me—miſbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And ſpit upon my Jewiſh gaberdine,
And all for uſe of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears, you need my help:
Go to then; you come to me, and you ſay,
Shylock [5], *we would have monies*; You ſay ſo;
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me, as you ſpurn a ſtranger cur
Over your threſhold; monies is your ſuit.
What ſhould I ſay to you? Should I not ſay,
Hath a dog money? is it poſſible,
A cur can lend three thouſand ducats? or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
With 'bated breath, and whiſpering humbleneſs,
Say this,—*Fair Sir, you ſpit on me on wedneſday laſt;*
You ſpurn'd me ſuch a day; another time
You call'd me—dog; and for theſe courteſies
I'll lend you thus much monies.

Ant. I am as like to call thee ſo again,
To ſpit on thee again, to ſpurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends; (for when did friendſhip take
A breed for barren metal of his friend [6]?)

But

" He lends out money gratis, and brings down
" The rate of *uſance* with us here in Venice."

Again in a ſubſequent part, he ſays, he will take " no *doit* of *uſance* for his monies." Here it muſt mean *intereſt*. MALONE.

4 *Still have I borne it with a patient ſhrug*;] So, in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, (written and acted before 1593,) printed in 1633:

" I learn'd in Florence how to kiſs my hand,
" *Heave up my ſhoulders* when they call me *dogge*." MALONE.

5 *Shylock*,] Our author, as Dr. Farmer informs me, took the name of his Jew from an old pamphlet entitled, " Caleb *Shillocke*, his propheſie, or the Jewes Prediction." London, printed for T. P. (Thomas Pavyer.) No date. STEEVENS.

6 *A breed for barren metal of his friend?*] A *breed*, that is intereſt money bred from the principal. By the epithet *barren*, the author would inſtruct us in the argument on which the advocates againſt uſury went, which is this; that money is a *barren* thing, and cannot, like

corn

But lend it rather to thine enemy;
Who if he break, thou may'ſt with better face
Exact the penalty.

Shy. Why, look you, how you ſtorm!
I would be friends with you, and have your love,
Forget the ſhames that you have ſtain'd me with,
Supply your preſent wants, and take no doit
Of uſance for my monies, and you'll not hear me:
This is kind I offer.

Ant. This were kindneſs.

Shy. This kindneſs will I ſhow:—
Go with me to a notary, ſeal me there
Your ſingle bond; and, in a merry ſport,
If you repay me not on ſuch a day,
In ſuch a place, ſuch ſum, or ſums, as are
Expreſs'd in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair fleſh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaſeth me.

Ant. Content, in faith; I'll ſeal to ſuch a bond,
And ſay, there is much kindneſs in the Jew.

Baſſ. You ſhall not ſeal to ſuch a bond for me,
I'll rather dwell in my neceſſity [7].

Ant. Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it;
Within theſe two months, that's a month before
This bond expires, I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

Shy. O father Abraham, what theſe Chriſtians are;
Whoſe own hard dealings teaches them ſuſpect

corn and cattle, multiply itſelf. And to ſet off the abſurdity of this kind of uſury, he put *breed* and *barren* in oppoſition. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton very truly interprets this paſſage. Old Meres ſays, "Uſurie and encreaſe by gold and ſilver is unlawful, becauſe againſt nature; nature hath made them *ſterill* and *barren*, and uſurie makes them *procreative*." FARMER.

Thus both the quarto printed by Roberts, and that by Heyes, in 1600. The folio has—a breed *of*. MALONE.

[7] — *dwell in my neceſſity.*] To *dwell* ſeems in this place to mean the ſame as to *continue*. To *abide* has both the ſenſes of *habitation* and *continuance*. JOHNSON.

The thoughts of others! Pray you, tell me this;
If he ſhould break his day, what ſhould I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture?
A pound of man's fleſh, taken from a man,
Is not ſo eſtimable, profitable neither,
As fleſh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I ſay,
To buy his favour, I extend this friendſhip:
If he will take it, ſo; if not, adieu;
And, for my love, I pray you, wrong me not.

Ant. Yes, Shylock, I will ſeal unto this bond.

Shy. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's;
Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will go and purſe the ducats ſtraight;
See to my houſe, left in the fearful guard[8]
Of an unthrifty knave; and preſently
I will be with you. [*Exit.*

Ant. Hie thee, gentle Jew.—
This Hebrew will turn Chriſtian; he grows kind.

Baſſ. I like not fair terms[9], and a villain's mind.

Ant. Come on; in this there can be no diſmay,
My ſhips come home a month before the day. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Belmont. *A Room in* Portia's *Houſe.*

Flouriſh of Cornets. Enter the Prince of Morocco[1], *and his train;* PORTIA, NERISSA, *and other of her attendants.*

Mor. Miſlike me not for my complexion,
The ſhadow'd livery of the burniſh'd ſun,

[8] — *left in the* fearful *guard* &c.] *Fearful guard*, is a guard that is not to be truſted, but gives cauſe of fear. To *fear* was anciently to *give* as well as *feel terrours*. JOHNSON.

So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I.

" A mighty and a *fearful* head they are." STEEVENS.

[9] *I like not* fair terms,] Kind words, good language. JOHNSON.

[1] The old ſtage-direction enjoins that the Prince and his followers ſhould be all dreſs'd in white. MALONE.

To

To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred.
Bring me the faireſt creature northward born,
Where Phœbus' fire ſcarce thaws the iſicles,
And let us make inciſion for your love,
To prove whoſe blood is reddeſt, his, or mine[2].
I tell thee, lady, this aſpect of mine
Hath fear'd the valiant[3]; by my love, I ſwear,
The beſt-regarded virgins of our clime
Have lov'd it too: I would not change this hue,
Except to ſteal your thoughts, my gentle queen.

Por. In terms of choice I am not ſolely led
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes:
Beſides, the lottery of my deſtiny
Bars me the right of voluntary chooſing:
But, if my father had not ſcanted me,
And hedg'd me by his will[4], to yield myſelf
His wife, who wins me by that means I told you,
Yourſelf, renowned prince, then ſtood as fair,
As any comer I have look'd on yet,
For my affection.

Mor. Even for that I thank you;
Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caſkets,
To try my fortune. By this ſcimitar,—
That ſlew the Sophy[5], and a Perſian prince,
That won three fields of Sultan Solyman,—

I would

2 *To prove whoſe blood is reddeſt, his, or mine.*] To underſtand how the tawny prince, whoſe ſavage dignity is very well ſupported, means to recommend himſelf by this challenge, it muſt be remembered that *red* blood is a traditionary ſign of courage: Thus Macbeth calls one of his frighted ſoldiers, a *lilly-liver'd* lown; again, in this play, cowards are ſaid to *have livers as white as milk*; and an effeminate and timorous man is termed a *milkſop*. JOHNSON.

3 *Hath* fear'd *the valiant*;] i. e. *terrify'd*. To *fear* is often uſed by our old writers, in this ſenſe. So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. III.

"For Warwick was a bug that *fear'd* us all." STEEVENS.

See Vol. II. p. 25. MALONE.

4 *And hedg'd me* [illegible] *his* wit—] I ſuppoſe we may ſafely read: *and hedg'd me by his* will. confined me by his will. JOHNSON.

5 *That ſlew the Sop* [illegible] Shakſpeare ſeldom eſcapes well when he is entangled with geog[illegible] The prince of Morocco muſt have travelled far to kill the Sophy of Perſia. JOHNSON.

I would out-ſtare the ſterneſt eyes that look,
Out-brave the heart moſt daring on the earth,
Pluck the young ſucking cubs from the ſhe bear,
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
To win thee, lady[6]: But, alas the while!
If Hercules, and Lichas, play at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is Alcides beaten by his page[7];
And ſo may I, blind fortune leading me,
Miſs that which one unworthier may attain,
And die with grieving.

Por. You muſt take your chance;
And either not attempt to chooſe at all,
Or ſwear, before you chooſe,—if you chooſe wrong,
Never to ſpeak to lady afterward
In way of marriage; therefore be advis'd[8].

Mor. Nor will not; come, bring me unto my chance.

Por. Firſt, forward to the temple; after dinner
Your hazard ſhall be made.

Mor. Good fortune then! [*Cornets.*
To make me bleſt, or curſed'ſt among men. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Venice. *A Street.*

Enter Launcelot Gobbo.

Laun. Certainly, my conſcience will ſerve me to run from this Jew my maſter: The fiend is at mine elbow;

It were well, if Shakſpeare had never *entangled* himſelf *with geography* worſe than in the preſent caſe. If the prince of Morocco be ſuppoſed to have ſerved in the army of ſultan *Soliman (the ſecond*, for inſtance,) I ſee no *geographical* objection to his having killed the Sophi of Perſia. See *D'Herbelot* in *Soliman Ben Selim.* TYRWHITT.

[6] *To win* thee, *lady*;] The old copies read—*the* lady. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

[7] *So is Alcides beaten by his* page;] The old copies read—by his *rage*. The emendation is Mr. Theobald's. Lichas was the boy by whom Dejanira ſent an envenomed ſhirt to Hercules. MALONE.

[8] —*therefore be advis'd.*] Therefore be not precipitant; conſider well what we are to do. *Advis'd* is the word oppoſite to *raſh*. JOHNSON.

and

and tempts me, saying to me, *Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot, or good Gobbo, or good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away:* My conscience says,—*no; take heed, honest Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo; or,* as aforesaid, *honest Launcelot Gobbo; do not run; scorn running with thy heels*[9]*:* Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack; *via!* says the fiend; *away!* says the fiend, *for the heavens*[1]; *rouse up a brave mind,* says the fiend, *and run.* Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me,—*my honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son,*—or rather an honest woman's son;—for, indeed, my father did something smack, something grow to, he had a kind of taste;—well, my conscience says,—*Launcelot, budge not; budge,* say the fiend; *budge not,* says my conscience: Conscience, say I, you counsel well; fiend, say I, you counsel well: to be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew my master, who, God bless the mark, is a kind of devil; and, to run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself: Certainly, the Jew is the very devil incarnation; and, in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew: The fiend gives the more friendly counsel; I will run, fiend; my heels are at your commandment, I will run.

9 — *scorn running with thy heels:*] Mr. Steevens proposes to read and point thus:—"scorn running; *withe* thy heels; i. e. connect them with a *withe* (a band made of oziers) as the legs of cattle are hampered in some counties to prevent their straggling from home. So Chapman:

"Till I of curious oziers did imply
"A *withe* a fathom long, with which his feete
"I made together in a sure league meet."

I perceive no need of alteration. The pleonasm appears to me consistent with the general tenour of Launcelot's speech. He had just before expressed the same thing in three different ways:—"Use your legs; take the start; run away." MALONE.

1 — away! *says the fiend,* for the heavens;] i. e. *Begone* to the heavens. So again, in *Much ado about Nothing:* "So I deliver up my apes, [to the *devil,*] and *away* to St. Peter, *for the heavens.*" MALONE.

Enter

Enter old Gobbo[2], *with a basket.*

Gob. Master, young man, you, I pray you; which is the way to master Jew's?

Laun. [*aside.*] O heavens, this is my true-begotten father! who, being more than sand-blind, high-gravel blind, knows me not:—I will try conclusions[3] with him.

Gob. Master young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

Laun. Turn up on your right hand[4], at the next turning, but, at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.

Gob. By God's sonties[5], 'twill be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him, or no?

Laun. Talk you of young master Launcelot?—Mark me now; [*aside.*] now will I raise the waters:—Talk you of young master Launcelot?

Gob. No master, sir, but a poor man's son; his father, though I say it, is an honest exceeding poor man, and, God be thanked, well to live.

2 *Enter old* Gobbo,] It may be inferred from the name of Gobbo, that Shakspeare designed this character to be represented with a *hump-back.* STEEVENS.

3 —*try conclusions*] To *try conclusions* is to try experiments. STEEV. So quarto R.—Quarto H. and folio read—*confusions.* MALONE.

4 *Turn up on your right hand,* &c.] This arch and perplexed direction to puzzle the enquirer, seems to imitate that of Syrus to Demea in the *Brothers* of Terence:

" ——— *ubi eas præterieris,*
" *Ad* sinistram *hac* rectâ *plateâ: ubi ad Dianæ veneris,*
" *Ito ad* dextram: *prius quam ad portam venias,* &c. THEOB.

5 —*God's sonties,*] I know not exactly of what oath this is a corruption. I meet with *God's santy* in Decker's *Honest Whore,* 1635:—Again, in *The longer thou livest, the more Fool thou art,* a comedy, bl. l. without date. Perhaps it was once customary to swear by the *santé,* i. e. *health* of the Supreme Being. Oaths of such a turn are not unfrequent among our ancient writers. All, however, seem to have been so thoroughly convinced of the crime of prophane swearing, that they were content to disguise their meaning by abbreviations which were permitted silently to terminate in irremediable corruptions. STEEVENS.

Laun.

Laun. Well, let his father be what he will, we talk of young maſter Launcelot.

Gob. Your worſhip's friend, and Launcelot, ſir [6].

Laun. But I pray you *ergo*, old man, *ergo*, I beſeech you; Talk you of young maſter Launcelot?

Gob. Of Launcelot, an't pleaſe your maſterſhip.

Laun. Ergo, maſter Launcelot; talk not of maſter Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman (according to fates and deſtinies, and ſuch odd ſayings, the ſiſters three, and ſuch branches of learning,) is, indeed, deceaſed; or, as you would ſay, in plain terms, gone to heaven.

Gob. Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very ſtaff of my age, my very prop.

Laun. Do I look like a cudgel, or a hovel-poſt, a ſtaff, or a prop?—Do you know me, father?

Gob. Alack the day, I know you not, young gentleman: but, I pray you, tell me, is my boy, (God reſt his ſoul!) alive, or dead?

Laun. Do you not know me, father?

Gob. Alack, ſir, I am ſand-blind, I know you not.

Laun. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wiſe father, that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your ſon: Give me your bleſſing: truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long, a man's ſon may; but, in the end, truth will out.

Gob. Pray you ſir, ſtand up; I am ſure, you are not Launcelot my boy.

Laun. Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your bleſſing [7]; I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your ſon that is, your child that ſhall be [8].

Gob.

[6] — *and Launcelot, ſir.*] i. e. plain Launcelot; and not, as you term him, *maſter* Launcelot. MALONE.

[7] — *give me your bleſſing*;] In this converſation between Launcelot and his blind father, there are frequent references to the deception practiſed on the blindneſs of Iſaac, and the bleſſing obtained in conſequence of it. HENLEY.

[8] — *your child that ſhall be.*] Launcelot probably here indulges himſelf in talking nonſenſe. So afterwards:—"you may tell every finger I have

Gob. I cannot think, you are my ſon.

Laun. I know not what I ſhall think of that: But I am Launcelot, the Jew's man; and, I am ſure, Margery, your wife, is my mother.

Gob. Her name is Margery, indeed: I'll be ſworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own fleſh and blood. Lord worſhipp'd might he be! what a beard haſt thou got! thou haſt got more hair on thy chin, than Dobbin my phil-horſe has on his tail [9].

Laun. It ſhould ſeem then, that Dobbin's tail grows backward; I am ſure, he had more hair of his tail, than I have of my face, when I laſt ſaw him.

Gob. Lord, how art thou changed! How doſt thou and thy maſter agree? I have brought him a preſent; How 'gree you now?

Laun. Well, well; but, for mine own part, as I have ſet up my reſt to run away, ſo I will not reſt till I have run ſome ground; My maſter's a very Jew; Give him a preſent! give him a halter; I am famiſh'd in his ſervice; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come; give me your preſent to one maſter Baſſanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries; if I ſerve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground.—O rare fortune! here comes the man;—to him, father; for I am a Jew, if I ſerve the Jew any longer.

Enter BASSANIO, *with* LEONARDO, *and other followers.*

Baſſ. You may do ſo;—but let it be ſo haſted, that ſupper be ready at the fartheſt by five of the clock: See

I have with my ribs." An anonymous critick ſuppoſes, "he means to ſay, I *was* your *child*, I *am* your *boy*, and *ſhall ever be* your *ſon*." But *ſon* not being firſt mentioned, but placed in the middle member of the ſentence, there is no ground for ſuppoſing ſuch an inverſion intended by our author. Beſides; if Launcelot is to be ſeriouſly defended, what would his father learn, by being told that *he* who was his *child*, ſhall be his *ſon*? MALONE.

[9] — *my phil*-horſe] *Thill* or *fill* means the ſhafts of a cart or waggon. STEEVENS.

All the ancient copies have *phil*-horſe, but no dictionary that I have met with acknowledges the word. It is, I am informed, a corruption uſed in ſome counties for the proper term, *thill*-horſe. MALONE.

theſe

theſe letters deliver'd; put the liveries to making; and deſire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging. [*Exit a* ſerv.

Laun. To him, father.

Gob. God bleſs your worſhip!

Baſſ. Gramercy; Would'ſt thou aught with me?

Gob. Here's my ſon, ſir, a poor boy,—

Laun. Not a poor boy, ſir, but the rich Jew's man; that would, ſir, as my father ſhall ſpecify,—

Gob. He hath a great infection, ſir, as one would ſay, to ſerve—

Laun. Indeed, the ſhort and the long is, I ſerve the Jew, and have a deſire, as my father ſhall ſpecify,—

Gob. His maſter and he (ſaving your worſhip's reverence) are ſcarce cater-couſins:

Laun. To be brief, the very truth is, that the Jew having done me wrong, doth cauſe me, as my father, being I hope an old man, ſhall frutify unto you,—

Gob. I have here a diſh of doves, that I would beſtow upon your worſhip; and my ſuit is,—

Laun. In very brief, the ſuit is impertinent to myſelf, as your worſhip ſhall know by this honeſt old man; and, though I ſay it, though old man, yet, poor man, my father.

Baſſ. One ſpeak for both;—What would you?

Laun. Serve you, ſir.

Gob. This is the very defect of the matter, ſir.

Baſſ. I know thee well, thou haſt obtain'd thy ſuit:
Shylock, thy maſter, ſpoke with me this day,
And hath preferr'd thee; if it be preferment,
To leave a rich Jew's ſervice to become
The follower of ſo poor a gentleman.

Laun. The old proverb is very well parted between my maſter Shylock and you, ſir; you have the grace of God, ſir, and he hath enough.

Baſſ. Thou ſpeak'ſt it well: Go, father, with thy ſon:
Take leave of thy old maſter, and enquire
My lodging out:—Give him a livery [*to his followers.*
More guarded [1] than his fellows: See it done,

[1] — *more* guarded] i. e. more ornamented. STEEVENS. See Vol. II. p. 66. MALONE.

Laun.

Laun. Father, in:—I cannot get a ſervice, no;—I have ne'er a tongue in my head.—Well; [*looking on his palm.*] if any man in Italy have a fairer table, which doth offer to ſwear upon a book—[2]. I ſhall have good fortune [3]; go

[2] *Well; if any man in Italy have a fairer table, which doth offer to ſwear upon a book—.*] *Table* is the palm of the hand extended. Launcelot congratulates himſelf upon his dexterity and good fortune, and, in the height of his rapture, inſpects his hand, and congratulates himſelf upon the felicities in his table. The act of expanding his hand puts him in mind of the action in which the palm is ſhewn, by raiſing it to lay it on the book, in judicial atteſtations. *Well*, ſays he, *if any man in Italy have a fairer table, that doth offer to ſwear upon a book*—Here he ſtops with an abruptneſs very common, and proceeds to particulars. JOHNS.

Dr. Johnſon's explanation thus far appears to me perfectly juſt. In ſupport of it, it ſhould be remembered, that *which* is frequently uſed by our author and his contemporaries, for the perſonal pronoun, *who*. It is ſtill ſo uſed in our Liturgy. In the *Merry Wives of Windſor*, Mrs. Quickly addreſſes Fenton in the ſame language as is here uſed by Launcelot:—"I'll be *ſworn on a book* ſhe loves you:" a vulgariſm that is now ſuperſeded by another of the ſame import—"I'll take my bible-oath of it." MALONE.

Without examining the expoſitions of this paſſage, given by the three learned annotators, [Mr. T. Dr. W. and Dr. J.] I ſhall briefly ſet down what appears to me to be the whole meaning of it. Launcelot, applauding himſelf for his ſucceſs with Baſſanio, and looking into the palm of his hand, which by fortune-tellers is called *the table*, breaks out into the following reflection: *Well: if any man in Italy have a fairer table; which doth offer to ſwear upon a book, I ſhall have good fortune*—i. e. a table, *which doth* (not only *promiſe*, but) *offer to ſwear* (and to ſwear *upon a book* too) that *I ſhall have good fortune.*—(He omits the concluſion of the ſentence which might have been) *I am much miſtaken*; or, *I'll be hanged*, &c. TYRWHITT.

[3] *I ſhall have good fortune*;] The whole difficulty of this paſſage (concerning which there is a great difference of opinion among the commentators) aroſe, as I conceive, from a word being omitted by the compoſitor or tranſcriber. I am perſuaded the author wrote—I ſhall have *no* good fortune. Theſe words, are not, I believe, connected with what goes before, but with what follows; and begin a new ſentence. Shakſpeare, I think, meant, that Launcelot, after this abrupt ſpeech—*Well; if any man* that *offers to ſwear upon a book, has a fairer table than mine*—[I am much miſtaken:] ſhould proceed in the ſame manner in which he began:—"I ſhall have *no* good fortune; go to; here's a *ſimple* line of life! &c." So before: "I cannot get a ſervice, *no*;—I have *ne'er* a tongue in my head."— And afterwards: "Alas! fifteen wives is *nothing*." The Nurſe, in *Romeo and Juliet*, expreſſes herſelf exactly in the

go to, here's a ſimple line of life! here's a ſmall trifle of wives: Alas, fifteen wives is nothing; eleven widows, and nine maids, is a ſimple coming-in for one man: And then, to 'ſcape drowning thrice; and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed[4];—here are ſimple 'ſcapes! Well, if fortune be a woman, ſhe's a good wench for this geer.—Father, come; I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye.

[*Exeunt* Launcelot *and old* Gobbo.

Baſſ. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this;
Theſe things being bought, and orderly beſtow'd,
Return in haſte, for I do feaſt to-night
My beſt-eſteem'd acquaintance; hie thee, go.

Leon. My beſt endeavours ſhall be done herein.

Enter GRATIANO.

Gra. Where is your maſter?

Leon. Yonder, ſir, he walks. [*Exit* Leonardo.

Gra. Signior Baſſanio,—

the ſame ſtyle: "Well, you have made a *ſimple* choice; you know *not* how to chooſe a man; Romeo! *no, not* he;—he is *not* the flower of courteſy, &c." So alſo in *K. Hen. IV*, "Here's *no* fine villainy!" Again, more appoſitely, in the anonymous play of *K. Henry V*: "Ha! me have *no* good luck." Again, in the *Merry Wives of Windſor*: "We are *ſimple* men; we do *not* know what's brought about under the profeſſion of fortune-telling."

Almoſt every paſſage in theſe plays, in which the ſenſe is abruptly broken off, as I have more than once obſerved, has been corrupted. See Vol. II. p. 21. n. 4. On the ſubject of omiſſions, ſee Vol. I. p. 220. n. 4.

It is not without ſome reluctance that I have excluded this emendation from a place in the text. Had it been propoſed by any former editor or commentator, I ſhould certainly have adopted it; being convinced that it is juſt. But the danger of innovation is ſo great, and partiality to our own conceptions ſo deluſive, that it becomes every editor to diſtruſt his own emendations; and I am particularly inclined to do ſo in the preſent inſtance, in which I happen to differ from that moſt reſpectable and judicous critick, whoſe name is ſubjoined to the preceding note. According to his idea, the mark of an abrupt ſentence ſhould not be after the word *book*, but *fortune*. MALONE.

4 —*in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed*;] A cant phraſe to ſignify the danger of marrying.—A certain French writer uſes the ſame kind of figure: "*O mon Ami, j'aimerois mieux être tombée ſur la pointe d'un Oreiller, & m' être rompû le Cou.*"— WARBURTON.

Baſſ.

Baſſ. Gratiano!

Gra. I have a ſuit to you.

Baſſ. You have obtain'd it.

Gra. You muſt not deny me; I muſt go with you to Belmont.

Baſſ. Why, then you muſt;—But hear thee, Gratiano;
Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice;—
Parts, that become thee happily enough,
And in ſuch eyes as ours appear not faults;
But where thou art not known, why, there they ſhew
Something too liberal [5];—pray thee, take pain
To allay with ſome cold drops of modeſty
Thy ſkipping ſpirit; leſt, through thy wild behaviour,
I be miſconſtrued in the place I go to,
And loſe my hopes.

Gra. Signior Baſſanio, hear me:
If I do not put on a ſober habit,
Talk with reſpect, and ſwear but now and then,
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely;
Nay more, while grace is ſaying, hood mine eyes [6]
Thus with my hat, and ſigh, and ſay, amen;
Uſe all the obſervance of civility,
Like one well ſtudied in a ſad oſtent [7]
To pleaſe his grandam, never truſt me more.

Baſſ. Well, we ſhall ſee your bearing [8].

Gra. Nay, but I bar to-night; you ſhall not gage me
By what we do to-night.

Baſſ. No, that were pity;
I would entreat you rather to put on

5 *Something too* liberal;] Liberal I have already ſhewn to be mean, groſs, coarſe, licentious. JOHNSON.

6 — hood *mine eyes*] Alluding to the manner of covering a hawk's eyes. STEEVENS.

7 — *ſad oſtent*] Grave appearance; ſhew of ſtaid and ſerious behaviour. JOHNSON.

Oſtent is a word very commonly uſed for *ſhow* among the old dramatick writers. STEEVENS.

8 — *your* bearing.] *Bearing* is demeanour, or deportment. So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

"How I may formally in perſon *bear* me,
"Like a true friar." MALONE.

Your

Your boldeſt ſuit of mirth, for we have friends
That purpoſe merriment: But fare you well,
I have ſome buſineſs.

Gra. And I muſt to Lorenzo, and the reſt;
But we will viſit you at ſupper-time. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The ſame. A Room in Shylock's *Houſe.*

Enter JESSICA *and* LAUNCELOT.

Jeſ. I am ſorry, thou wilt leave my father ſo;
Our houſe is hell, and thou, a merry devil,
Didſt rob it of ſome taſte of tedioufneſs:
But fare thee well; there is a ducat for thee.
And, Launcelot, ſoon at ſupper ſhalt thou ſee
Lorenzo, who is thy new maſter's gueſt;
Give him this letter; do it ſecretly,
And ſo farewel; I would not have my father
See me in talk with thee.

Laun. Adieu!—tears exhibit my tongue.—Moſt beautiful pagan,—moſt ſweet Jew! If a Chriſtian do not play the knave, and get thee[9], I am much deceived: But, adieu! theſe fooliſh drops do ſomewhat drown my manly ſpirit; adieu! [*Exit.*

Jeſ. Farewel, good Launcelot.—
Alack, what heinous ſin is it in me,
To be aſham'd to be my father's child!
But though I am a daughter to his blood,

9 *If a chriſtian* do *not play the knave, and get thee,* &c.] "If a chriſtian (ſays Launcelot, on receiving a love-letter for Lorenzo,) do not play the knave, and carry thee away from thy father's houſe, I am much deceived." I ſhould not have attempted to explain ſo eaſy a paſſage, if the ignorant editor of the ſecond folio, thinking probably that the word *get* muſt neceſſarily mean *beget*, had not altered the text, and ſubſtituted *did* in the place of *do*, the reading of all the old and authentick editions; in which he has been copied by every ſubſequent editor. Launcelot is not talking about Jeſſica's father, but about her future huſband. I am aware that, in a ſubſequent ſcene, he ſays to Jeſſica, "Marry, you may partly hope your *father got you not*;" but he is now on another ſubject. MALONE.

I am not to his manners: O Lorenzo,
If thou keep promiſe, I ſhall end this ſtrife;
Become a chriſtian, and thy loving wife. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

The ſame. A Street.

Enter GRATIANO, LORENZO, SALARINO, *and* SALANIO.

Lor. Nay, we will ſlink away in ſupper-time;
Diſguiſe us at my lodging, and return
All in an hour.

Gra. We have not made good preparation.

Salar. We have not ſpoke us yet of torch-bearers [1].

Salan. 'Tis vile, unleſs it may be quaintly order'd;
And better, in my mind, not undertook.

Lor. 'Tis now but four o'clock; we have two hours
To furniſh us:—

Enter LAUNCELOT, *with a letter.*

Friend Launcelot, what's the news?

Laun. An it ſhall pleaſe you to break up this [2], it ſhall ſeem to ſignify.

Lor. I know the hand: in faith, 'tis a fair hand;
And whiter than the paper it writ on,
Is the fair hand that writ.

Gra. Love-news, in faith.

Laun. By your leave, ſir.

Lor. Whither goeſt thou?

Laun. Marry, ſir, to bid my old maſter the Jew to ſup to-night with my new maſter the Chriſtian.

[1] — *torch-bearers.*] See the note in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I. ſc. iv. We have not *ſpoke us yet* &c. i. e. *we have not yet beſpoke us*, &c. Thus the old copies. It may, however, mean, we have not as yet conſulted on the ſubject of torch-bearers. Mr. Pope reads—"ſpoke *as* yet." STEEVENS.

[2] — to break up *this*,] To *break up* was a term in carving. So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*, Act III. ſc. i:

"———Boyet, you can carve;
"*Break up* this capon." See the note on this paſſage. STEEV.

Lor.

Lor. Hold here, take this :—tell gentle Jeſſica,
I will not fail her ;—ſpeak it privately ; go.—
Gentlemen, [*Exit* Launcelot.
Will you prepare you for this maſque to-night ?
I am provided of a torch-bearer.

Salar. Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it ſtraight.

Salan. And ſo will I.

Lor. Meet me, and Gratiano,
At Gratiano's lodging ſome hour hence.

Salar. 'Tis good we do ſo. [*Exeunt* Salar. *and* Salan.

Gra. Was not that letter from fair Jeſſica ?

Lor. I muſt needs tell thee all : She hath directed,
How I ſhall take her from her father's houſe ;
What gold, and jewels, ſhe is furniſh'd with ;
What page's ſuit ſhe hath in readineſs.
If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,
It will be for his gentle daughter's ſake :
And never dare misfortune croſs her foot,
Unleſs ſhe do it under this excuſe,—
That ſhe is iſſue to a faithleſs Jew.
Come, go with me ; peruſe this, as thou goeſt :
Fair Jeſſica ſhall be my torch-bearer. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The ſame. Before Shylock's *Houſe.*

Enter SHYLOCK, *and* LAUNCELOT.

Shy. Well, thou ſhalt ſee, thy eyes ſhall be thy judge,
The difference of old Shylock and Baſſanio :—
What, Jeſſica !—thou ſhalt not gormandize,
As thou haſt done with me ;—What, Jeſſica !—
And ſleep and ſnore, and rend apparel out ;—
Why, Jeſſica, I ſay !

Laun. Why, Jeſſica !

Shy. Who bids thee call ? I do not bid thee call.

Laun. Your worſhip was wont to tell me, I could do nothing without bidding.

Enter JESSICA.

Jeſ. Call you ? What is your will ?

Shy. I am bid forth [3] to ſupper, Jeſſica;
There are my keys:—But wherefore ſhould I go?
I am not bid for love; they flatter me:
But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon
The prodigal Chriſtian [4].—Jeſſica, my girl,
Look to my houſe:—I am right loth to go;
There is ſome ill a brewing towards my reſt,
For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

Laun. I beſeech you, ſir, go; my young maſter doth expect your reproach.

Shy. So do I his.

Laun. And they have conſpired together,—I will not ſay, you ſhall ſee a maſque; but if you do, then it was not for nothing that my noſe fell a bleeding on Black-Monday laſt [5], at ſix o'clock i' the morning, falling out that year on Aſh Wedneſday was four year in the afternoon.

Shy. What! are there maſques? Hear you me, Jeſſica: Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum [6],

And

3 *I am* bid *forth*—] I am invited. To *bid* in old language meant to *pray*. MALONE.

4 ——— *to feed upon*

The prodigal Chriſtian.] Shylock forgets his reſolution. In a former ſcene he declares he will neither *eat*, *drink*, nor *pray* with Chriſtians. Of this circumſtance the poet was aware, and meant only to heighten the malignity of the character, by making him depart from his moſt ſettled reſolve, for the proſecution of his revenge. STEEVENS.

5 — *then it was not for nothing that my noſe fell a bleeding on* Black-Monday *laſt,*] "*Black-Monday* is *Eaſter-Monday*, and was ſo called on this occaſion: In the 34th of Edward III. (1360) the 14th of April, and the morrow after Eaſter-day, king Edward, with his hoſt, lay before the city of Paris; which day was full dark of miſt and hail, and ſo bitter cold, that many men died on their horſes' backs with the cold. Wherefore, unto this day, it hath been called the *Blacke-Monday*." Stowe, p. 264—6. GREY.

It appears from a paſſage in Lodge's *Roſalynde*, 1592, that ſome ſuperſtitious belief was annexed to the accident of *bleeding at the noſe*: "As he ſtood gazing, *his noſe on a ſudden bled*, which made him conjecture it was ſome friend of his." STEEVENS.

See Vol. I. p. 312:—"with that mine noſe bled, &c." MALONE.

6 *Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,*
And the vile ſqueaking of the wry-neck'd fife, &c.]

Prim-

And the vile ſqueaking of the wry-neck'd fife,
Clamber not you up to the caſements then,
Nor thruſt your head into the publick ſtreet,
To gaze on Chriſtian fools with varniſh'd faces:
But ſtop my houſe's ears, I mean, my caſements;
Let not the ſound of ſhallow foppery enter
My ſober houſe.—By Jacob's ſtaff, I ſwear,
I have no mind of feaſting forth to-night:
But I will go.—Go you before me, ſirrah;
Say, I will come.

Laun. I will go before, ſir.—
Miſtreſs, look out at window, for all this;
There will come a Chriſtian by,
Will be worth a Jewes' eye[7]. [*Exit* Laun.

Shy. What ſays that fool of Hagar's offspring, ha?

Jeſ. His words were, Farewel, miſtreſs; nothing elſe.

Shy. The patch is kind enough[8]; but a huge feeder,
Snail-ſlow in profit, and he ſleeps by day
More than the wild cat; drones hive not with me:
Therefore I part with him; and part with him
To one that I would have him help to waſte
His borrow'd purſe.—Well, Jeſſica, go in;
Perhaps, I will return immediately;
Do, as I bid you,

Primâ nocte domum claude; neque in vias
Sub cantu querulæ deſpice tibiæ. HOR. Lib. iii. Od. 7. MALONE.

The folio and one of the quartos read *ſqueaking*. STEEVENS.

7 *Will be worth a* Jewes' eye.] *It's worth a Jew's eye*, is a proverbial phraſe. WHALLEY.

8 *The* patch *is kind enough*;] This term ſhould ſeem to have come into uſe from the name of a celebrated fool. This I learn from Wilſon's *Art of Rhetorique*, 1553: "A word-making, called of the Grecians Onomatopeia, is when we make words of our own mind, ſuch as be derived from the nature of things;—as to call one *Patche*, or Cowlſon, whom we ſee to do a thing fooliſhly; becauſe theſe two in their time were notable fools."

Probably the dreſs which the celebrated *Patche* wore, was, in alluſion to his name, patched or parti-coloured. Hence the ſtage fool has ever ſince been exhibited in a motley coat. *Patche*, of whom Wilſon ſpeaks, was Cardinal Wolſey's fool. MALONE.

Shut doors [9] after you: Faſt bind, faſt find;
A proverb never ſtale in thriſty mind. [*Exit.*

Jeſ. Farewel; and if my fortune be not croſt,
I have a father, you a daughter, loſt. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

The ſame.

Enter GRATIANO, *and* SALARINO, *maſqued.*

Gra. This is the pent-houſe, under which Lorenzo
Deſir'd us to make ſtand.

Salar. His hour is almoſt paſt.

Gra. And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,
For lovers ever run before the clock.

Salar. O, ten times faſter Venus' pigeons fly [1],
To ſeal love's bonds new made, than they are wont,
To keep obliged faith unforfeited.

Gra. That ever holds: Who riſeth from a feaſt,
With that keen appetite that he ſits down?
Where is the horſe, that doth untread again
His tedious meaſures with the unbated fire
That he did pace them firſt? All things that are,
Are with more ſpirit chaſed than enjoy'd.
How like a younker [2], or a prodigal,
The ſkarfed bark puts from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the ſtrumpet wind [3]!
How like a prodigal doth ſhe return;
With over-weather'd ribs [4], and ragged ſails,
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the ſtrumpet wind!

9 *Shut* doors—] *Doors* is here uſed as a diſſyllable. MALONE.

1 *O, ten times faſter Venus'* pigeons *fly,*] Lovers have in poetry been always called *Turtles* or *Doves*, which in lower language may be pigeons. JOHNSON.

2 — *a younker,*] All the old copies read *a younger.* STEEVENS.
Mr. Rowe made the emendation, which is perhaps unneceſſary. I doubt whether *younker* was a word of our author's time. MALONE.

3 — *embraced by the ſtrumpet wind!*] So, in *Othello:*
"The bawdy wind, that kiſſes all it meets." MALONE.

4 *With over-*weather'd *ribs,*] Thus both the quartos. The folio has over-*wither'd.* MALONE.

Enter

Enter LORENZO.

Salar. Here comes Lorenzo;—more of this hereafter.

Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode;
Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait:
When you ſhall pleaſe to play the thieves for wives,
I'll watch as long for you then.—Approach;
Here dwells my father Jew:—Ho! who's within?

Enter JESSICA *above, in boy's cloaths.*

Jeſ. Who are you? Tell me, for more certainty,
Albeit I'll ſwear that I do know your tongue.

Lor. Lorenzo, and thy love.

Jeſ. Lorenzo, certain; and my love, indeed;
For who love I ſo much? And now who knows,
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?

Lor. Heaven, and thy thoughts, are witneſs that thou art.

Jeſ. Here, catch this caſket; it is worth the pains.
I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me,
For I am much aſham'd of my exchange:
But love is blind, and lovers cannot ſee
The pretty follies that themſelves commit;
For if they could, Cupid himſelf would bluſh
To ſee me thus transformed to a boy.

Lor. Deſcend, for you muſt be my torch-bearer.

Jeſ. What, muſt I hold a candle to my ſhames?
They in themſelves, good ſooth, are too too light.
Why, 'tis an office of diſcovery, love;
And I ſhould be obſcur'd.

Lor. So are you, ſweet,
Even in the lovely garniſh of a boy.
But come at once;
For the cloſe night doth play the runaway,
And we are ſtaid for at Baſſanio's feaſt.

Jeſ. I will make faſt the doors, and gild myſelf
With ſome more ducats, and be with you ſtraight.
[*Exit, from above.*

Gra. Now, by my hood, a Gentile, and no Jew[5].

Lor.

5 *Now, by my* hood, *a* Gentile, *and no Jew.*] A jeſt ariſing from the ambiguity

Lor. Beſhrew me, but I love her heartily:
For ſhe is wiſe, if I can judge of her;
And fair ſhe is, if that mine eyes be true;
And true ſhe is, as ſhe hath prov'd herſelf;
And therefore, like herſelf, wiſe, fair, and true,
Shall ſhe be placed in my conſtant ſoul.

Enter JESSICA, *below.*

What, art thou come?—On, gentlemen, away;
Our maſquing mates by this time for us ſtay.
[*Exit, with* JESSICA *and* SALARINO.

Enter ANTHONIO.

Ant. Who's there?
Gra. Signior Anthonio?
Ant. Fie, fie, Gratiano! where are all the reſt?
'Tis nine o'clock; our friends all ſtay for you:—
No maſque to-night; the wind is come about,
Baſſanio preſently will go aboard;
I have ſent twenty out to ſeek for you.
Gra. I am glad on't; I deſire no more delight,
Than to be under ſail, and gone to-night. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Belmont. *A Room in* Portia's *Houſe.*

Flouriſh of Cornets. Enter PORTIA, *with the Prince of* Morocco, *and both their trains.*

Por. Go, draw aſide the curtains, and diſcover
The ſeveral caſkets to this noble prince:—
Now make your choice.
Mor. The firſt, of gold, who this inſcription bears;—
Who chooſeth me, ſhall gain what many men deſire.
The ſecond, ſilver, which this promiſe carries;—
Who chooſeth me, ſhall get as much as he deſerves.

ambiguity of *Gentile*, which ſignifies both a *Heathen*, and *one well born*. JOHNSON.

To underſtand Gratiano's oath, it ſhould be recollected that he is in a maſqued habit, to which it is probable that formerly, as at preſent, a large cape or hood was affixed. MALONE.

This

This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt[6];—
Who chooſeth me, muſt give and hazard all he hath.—
How ſhall I know if I do chooſe the right?

Por. The one of them contains my picture, prince;
If you chooſe that, then I am yours withal.

Mor. Some god direct my judgment! Let me ſee,
I will ſurvey the inſcriptions back again:
What ſays this leaden caſket?
Who chooſeth me, muſt give and hazard all he hath.
Muſt give,—For what? for lead? hazard for lead?
This caſket threatens: Men, that hazard all,
Do it in hope of fair advantages:
A golden mind ſtoops not to ſhows of droſs;
I'll then nor give, nor hazard, aught for lead.
What ſays the ſilver, with her virgin hue?
Who chooſeth me, ſhall get as much as he deſerves.
As much as he deſerves?—Pauſe there, Morocco,
And weigh thy value with an even hand:
If thou be'ſt rated by thy eſtimation,
Thou doſt deſerve enough; and yet enough
May not extend ſo far as to the lady;
And yet to be afeard of my deſerving,
Were but a weak diſabling of myſelf.
As much as I deſerve!—Why, that's the lady:
I do in birth deſerve her, and in fortunes,
In graces, and in qualities of breeding;
But, more than theſe, in love I do deſerve.
What if I ſtray'd no farther, but choſe here?
Let's ſee once more this ſaying grav'd in gold.
Who chooſeth me, ſhall gain what many men deſire.
Why, that's the lady; all the world deſires her:
From the four corners of the earth they come,
To kiſs this ſhrine, this mortal breathing ſaint.
The Hyrcanian deſerts, and the vaſty wilds
Of wide Arabia, are as through-fares now,
For princes to come view fair Portia:
The watry kingdom, whoſe ambitious head
Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar

[6] — *as blunt*;] That is, as groſs as the dull metal. JOHNSON.

To

To ſtop the foreign ſpirits; but they come,
As o'er a brook, to ſee fair Portia.
One of theſe three contains her heavenly picture.
Is't like, that lead contains her? 'Twere damnation,
To think ſo baſe a thought; it were too groſs
To rib her cerecloth in the obſcure grave.
Or ſhall I think, in ſilver ſhe's immur'd,
Being ten times undervalu'd to try'd gold?
O ſinful thought! Never ſo rich a gem
Was ſet in worſe than gold. They have in England
A coin, that bears the figure of an angel
Stamped in gold; but that's inſculp'd upon[7];
But here an angel in a golden bed
Lies all within.—Deliver me the key;
Here do I chooſe, and thrive I as I may!

Por. There, take it, prince, and if my form lie there,
Then I am yours. [*he unlocks the golden caſket.*

Mor. O hell! what have we here?
A carrion death, within whoſe empty eye
There is a written ſcroll? I'll read the writing.

All that gliſters is not gold;
Often have you heard that told:
Many a man his life hath ſold,
But my outſide to behold:
Gilded tombs do worms infold[8].
Had you been as wiſe as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgment old,
Your anſwer had not been inſcrol'd:
Fare you well; your ſuit is cold.

[7] — *inſculp'd* upon;] To *inſculp* is to engrave. STEEVENS.

[8] *Gilded* tombs *do worms infold.*] The old copies read—Gilded *timber*. The emendation was made by Dr. Johnſon, who obſerves, that "a tomb is the proper repoſitory of a death's head." *Tombes* (for ſuch was the old ſpelling) and *timber* were eaſily confounded. Yet perhaps the old reading may be right. The conſtruction may be—Worms do infold gilded timber. This, however, is very harſh, and the ear is offended. In a poem entitled, *Of the Silke Wormes and their flies*, 4to. 1599, is this line:

"Before thou waſt, were *timber-worms* in price." MALONE.

Cold,

Cold, indeed; and labour loſt:
Then, farewel, heat; and, welcome, froſt.—
Portia, adieu! I have too griev'd a heart
To take a tedious leave: thus loſers part. [*Exit.*
Por. A gentle riddance:—Draw the curtains, go:—
Let all of his complexion chooſe me ſo[9], [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Venice. *A Street.*

Enter SALARINO *and* SALANIO.

Salar. Why man, I ſaw Baſſanio under ſail;
With him is Gratiano gone along;
And in their ſhip, I am ſure, Lorenzo is not.
Salan. The villain Jew with outcries rais'd the duke;
Who went with him to ſearch Baſſanio's ſhip.
Salar. He came too late, the ſhip was under ſail:
But there the duke was given to underſtand,
That in a gondola were ſeen together
Lorenzo and his amorous Jeſſica:
Beſides, Anthonio certify'd the duke,
They were not with Baſſanio in his ſhip.
Salan. I never heard a paſſion ſo confus'd,
So ſtrange, outrageous, and ſo variable,
As the dog Jew did utter in the ſtreets:
My daughter!—O my ducats!—O my daughter!
Fled with a Chriſtian?—O my chriſtian ducats!—
Juſtice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter!—
A ſealed bag, two ſealed bags of ducats,
Of double ducats, ſtol'n from me by my daughter!
And jewels; two ſtones, two rich and precious ſtones,
Stol'n by my daughter!—Juſtice! find the girl!
She hath the ſtones upon her, and the ducats!
Salar. Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,
Crying,—his ſtones, his daughter, and his ducats.
Salan. Let good Anthonio look he keep his day,

9 — *chooſe me ſo.*] Here Dr. Johnſon would cloſe the ſecond Act, to give time for Baſſanio's paſſage to Belmont. MALONE.

Or

Or he ſhall pay for this.

Salar. Marry, well remember'd:
I reaſon'd[1] with a Frenchman yeſterday;
Who told me,—in the narrow ſeas, that part
The French and Engliſh, there miſcarried
A veſſel of our country, richly fraught:
I thought upon Anthonio, when he told me;
And wiſh'd in ſilence, that it were not his.

Salan. You were beſt to tell Anthonio what you hear;
Yet do not ſuddenly, for it may grieve him.

Salar. A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.
I ſaw Baſſanio and Anthonio part:
Baſſanio told him, he would make ſome ſpeed
Of his return; he anſwer'd,—*Do not ſo,*
Slubber not[2] *buſineſs for my ſake, Baſſanio,*
But ſtay the very riping of the time;
And for the Jew's bond, which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of love[3]*:*
Be merry; and employ your chiefeſt thoughts
To courtſhip, and ſuch fair oſtents of love
As ſhall conveniently become you there:
And even there, his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him[4],

And

[1] *I* reaſon'd—] i. e. I converſed. So, in *King John:*
" Our griefs, and not our manners, *reaſon* now." STEEVENS.

[2] Slubber *not*—] To *ſlubber* is to do any thing careleſly, imperfectly. STEEVENS.

[3] —*your mind of love:*] *Of love*, is an adjuration ſometimes uſed by Shakſpeare. So, in *Merry Wives*, Act II. ſc. vii: " *Quick.*—deſires you to ſend her your little page, of *all loves:*" i. e. ſhe deſires you to ſend him *by all means.*

Your mind of love may, however, in this inſtance, mean—*your loving mind.* So, in the *Tragedie of Cræſus*, 1604, a *mind of treaſon* is a *treaſonable mind.*

" Thoſe that ſpeak freely, have no *mind of treaſon.*" STEEVENS.

If the phraſe is to be underſtood in the former ſenſe, there ſhould be a comma after *mind*, as Mr. Langton and Mr. Heath have obſerved. MALONE.

[4] *And even there, his eye being big with tears,*
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him, &c.] So curious an obſerver of nature was our author, and ſo minutely had he traced the operation

And with affection wondrous ſenſible
He wrung Baſſanio's hand, and ſo they parted.

Salan. I think, he only loves the world for him.
I pray thee, let us go, and find him out,
And quicken his embraced heavineſs[5]
With ſome delight or other.

Salar. Do we ſo. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Belmont. *A Room in* Portia's *Houſe.*

Enter NERISSA, *with a Servant.*

Ner. Quick, quick, I pray thee, draw the curtain ſtraight;
The prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,
And comes to his election preſently.

Flouriſh of Cornets. Enter the Prince of Arragon, PORTIA, *and their trains.*

Por. Behold, there ſtand the caſkets, noble prince:
If you chooſe that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight ſhall our nuptial rites be ſolemniz'd;
But if you fail, without more ſpeech, my lord,
You muſt be gone from hence immediately.

Ar. I am enjoin'd by oath to obſerve three things:
Firſt, never to unfold to any one
Which caſket 'twas I choſe; next, if I fail
Of the right caſket, never in my life
To woo a maid in way of marriage; laſtly
If I do fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you and be gone.

Por. To theſe injunctions every one doth ſwear,

operation of the paſſions, that many paſſages of his works might furniſh hints to painters. It is indeed ſurprizing that they do not ſtudy his plays with this view. In the paſſage before us, we have the outline of a beautiful picture. MALONE.

5 — embraced *heavineſs*] The heavineſs which he indulges, and is fond of. EDWARDS.

So we ſay of a man now that he *hugs* his ſorrows. JOHNSON.

So, in this play, Act III. ſc. ii:

" —doubtful thoughts and raſh-*embrac'd* deſpair." STEEVENS.

That

That comes to hazard for my worthleſs ſelf.

Ar. And ſo have I addreſt me[6]: Fortune now
To my heart's hope!—Gold, ſilver, and baſe lead.
Who chooſeth me, muſt give and hazard all he hath:
You ſhall look fairer, ere I give, or hazard.
What ſays the golden cheſt? ha! let me ſee:—
Who chooſeth me, ſhall gain what many men deſire.
What many men deſire.—That many may be meant
By the fool multitude[7], that chooſe by ſhow,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach;
Which pries not to the interior, but, like the martlet
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the force[8] and road of caſualty.
I will not chooſe what many men deſire,
Becauſe I will not jump with common ſpirits,
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.
Why, then to thee, thou ſilver treaſure-houſe;
Tell me once more what title thou doſt bear:
Who chooſeth me, ſhall get as much as he deſerves;
And well ſaid too; For who ſhall go about
To cozen fortune, and be honourable
Without the ſtamp of merit! Let none preſume
To wear an undeſerved dignity.
O, that eſtates, degrees, and offices,
Were not deriv'd corruptly! and that clear honour

[6] *And ſo have I addreſt me:*] To *addreſs* is to *prepare*. The meaning is, I have prepared myſelf by the ſame ceremonies. STEEVENS.

I believe we ſhould read:

"And ſo have I. *Addreſs* me, Fortune, now,
"To my heart's hope!"

So, in the *Merry Wives of Windſor*, Act III. ſcene the laſt, Falſtaff ſays, "I will then *addreſs me to* my appointment." TYRWHITT.

[7] ——— *That many may be meant*
By the fool multitude,—] i. e. By that many may be meant the fooliſh multitude, &c. The fourth folio firſt introduced a phraſeology more agreeable to our ears at preſent,—"*Of* the fool multitude,"—which has been adopted by all the ſubſequent editors;—but change merely for the ſake of elegance is always dangerous. Many modes of ſpeech were familiar in Shakſpeare's age, that are now no longer uſed. MALONE.

[8] —*in the force*] i. e. the power. STEEVENS.

Were

Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!
How many then ſhould cover, that ſtand bare?
How many be commanded, that command?
How much low peaſantry would then be glean'd
From the true ſeed of honour[9]? and how much honour
Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,
To be new varniſh'd? Well, but to my choice:
Who chooſeth me, ſhall get as much as he deſerves:
I will aſſume deſert;—Give me a key for this,
And inſtantly unlock my fortunes here.

Por. Too long a pauſe for that which you find there.

Ar. What's here? the portrait of a blinking idiot,
Preſenting me a ſchedule? I will read it.
How much unlike art thou to Portia?
How much unlike my hopes, and my deſervings?
Who chooſeth me, ſhall have as much as he deſerves.
Did I deſerve no more than a fool's head?
Is that my prize? are my deſerts no better?

Por. To offend, and judge, are diſtinct offices,
And of oppoſed natures.

Ar. What is here?

The fire ſeven times tried this;
Seven times try'd that judgment is,
That did never chooſe amiſs:
Some there be, that ſhadows kiſs;
Such have but a ſhadow's bliſs:
There be fools alive, I wis[1],
Silver'd o'er; and ſo was this.

[9] *How much low peaſantry would then be glean'd*
From the true ſeed of honour?] The meaning is, *How much meanneſs would be found among the great, and how much greatneſs among the mean.* But ſince men are always ſaid to *glean* corn though they may *pick* chaff, the ſentence had been more agreeable to the common manner of ſpeech if it had been written thus:

How much low peaſantry would then be pick'd
From the true ſeed of honour? how much honour
Glean'd *from the chaff?* JOHNSON.

[1] — *I* wis,] I know. *Wiſſen*, German. *Sydney*, *Aſcham*, and *Waller* uſe the word. STEEVENS.

Take

Take what wife you will to bed[2],
I will ever be your head:
So be gone, ſir[3], *you are ſped.*

Still more fool I ſhall appear
By the time I linger here:
With one fool's head I came to woo,
But I go away with two.—
Sweet, adieu! I'll keep my oath,
Patiently to bear my wroth[4].

[*Exeunt* Arragon *and train.*

Por. Thus hath the candle ſing'd the moth.
O theſe deliberate fools! when they do chooſe,
They have the wiſdom by their wit to loſe.

Ner. The ancient ſaying is no hereſy;—
Hanging and wiving goes by deſtiny.

Por. Come, draw the curtain, Neriſſa.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Where is my lady?

Por. Here; what would my lord[5]?

Serv. Madam, there is alighted at your gate
A young Venetian, one that comes before
To ſignify the approaching of his lord:
From whom he bringeth ſenſible regreets[6];
To wit, beſides commends, and courteous breath,
Gifts of rich value; yet I have not ſeen
So likely an embaſſador of love;
A day in April never came ſo ſweet,

2 *Take what wife you will to bed,*] Perhaps the poet had forgotten that he who miſſed Portia was never to marry any woman. JOHNSON.

3 *So be gone,* Sir,—] *Sir,* which is not in the old copies, was ſupplied by the editor of the ſecond folio, for the ſake of the metre. MALONE.

4 — *to bear my* wroth.] The old editions read—"to bear my *wroath.*" *Wroath* is uſed in ſome of the old books for *misfortune*; and is often ſpelt *ruth,* which at preſent ſignifies only *pity,* or *ſorrow for the miſery of another.* The modern editors read—my *wrath.* STEEV.

5 Por. *Here; what would my lord?*] Would not this ſpeech to the ſervant be more proper in the mouth of *Neriſſa?* TYRWHITT.

6 — regreets;] i. e. ſalutations. So, in another of Shakſpeare's plays: "Unyoke this ſeizure, and this kind *regreet.*" STEEVENS.

To

To ſhow how coſtly ſummer was at hand,
As this fore-ſpurrer comes before his lord.

Por. No more, I pray thee; I am half afeard,
Thou wilt ſay anon, he is ſome kin to thee,
Thou ſpend'ſt ſuch high-day wit in praiſing him.—
Come, come, Neriſſa; for I long to ſee
Quick Cupid's poſt, that comes ſo mannerly.

Ner. Baſſanio, lord love, if thy will it be! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Venice. *A Street.*

Enter SALANIO *and* SALARINO.

Salan. Now, what news on the Rialto?

Salar. Why, yet it lives there uncheck'd, that Anthonio hath a ſhip of rich lading wreck'd on the narrow ſeas; the Goodwins, I think, they call the place; a very dangerous flat, and fatal, where the carcaſſes of many a tall ſhip lie buried, as they ſay, if my goſſip report be an honeſt woman of her word.

Salan. I would ſhe were as lying a goſſip in that, as ever knapt ginger [1], or made her neighbours believe ſhe wept for the death of a third huſband: But it is true,—without any ſlips of prolixity, or croſſing the plain highway of talk,—that the good Anthonio, the honeſt Anthonio,—O that I had a title good enough to keep his name company!—

Salar. Come, the full ſtop.

Salan. Ha,—what ſay'ſt thou?—Why, the end is, he hath loſt a ſhip.

Salar. I would it might prove the end of his loſſes!

Salan. Let me ſay amen betimes, leſt the devil croſs

[1] —knapt *ginger*,] To *knap* is to break ſhort. The word occurs in the *Pſalms*. STEEVENS.

my prayer[2]; for here he comes in the likeneſs of a Jew.—

Enter SHYLOCK.

How now, Shylock? what news among the merchants?

Shy. You knew, none ſo well, none ſo well as you, of my daughter's flight.

Salar. That's certain; I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings ſhe flew withal.

Salan. And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledge; and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

Shy. She is damn'd for it.

Salar. That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

Shy. My own fleſh and blood to rebel!

Salan. Out upon it, old carrion! rebels it at theſe years?

Shy. I ſay, my daughter is my fleſh and blood.

Salar. There is more difference between thy fleſh and hers, than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods, than there is between red wine and rheniſh:—But tell us, do you hear, whether Anthonio have had any loſs at ſea or no?

Shy. There I have another bad match: a bankrupt, a prodigal[3], who dare ſcarce ſhew his head on the Rialto;

[2] —my *prayer*;] i. e. the prayer or wiſh, which you have juſt now uttered, and which I devoutly join in by ſaying amen to it. Mr. Theobald and Dr. Warburton unneceſſarily, I think, read—*thy* prayer. MALONE.

The people pray as well as the prieſt, though the latter only pronounces the words, which the people make their own by ſaying *Amen* to them. It is, after this, needleſs to add, that the Devil (in the ſhape of a Jew) could not croſs *Salarino's* prayer, which as far as it was ſingly his, was already ended. HEATH.

[3] —*a bankrupt, a prodigal,*] Dr. Warburton aſks, "Why a prodigal?" and capriciouſly reads, a bankrupt *for* a prodigal. MALONE.

There could be, in Shylock's opinion, no prodigality more culpable than ſuch liberality as that by which a man expoſes himſelf to ruin for his friend. JOHNSON.

His lending money without intereſt, "*for a chriſtian courteſy*," was [likewiſe] a reaſon for the Jew to call Anthonio prodigal. EDWARDS.

a beggar,

a beggar, that was uſed to come ſo ſmug upon the mart;—let him look to his bond: he was wont to call me uſurer;—let him look to his bond: he was wont to lend money for a Chriſtian courteſy;—let him look to his bond.

Salar. Why, I am ſure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his fleſh; What's that good for?

Shy. To bait fiſh withal: if it will feed nothing elſe, it will feed my revenge. He hath diſgraced me, and hinder'd me half a million; laugh'd at my loſſes, mock'd at my gains, ſcorn'd my nation, thwarted my bargains, cool'd my friends, heated mine enemies; And what's his reaſon? I am a Jew: Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands; organs, dimenſions, ſenſes, affections, paſſions? fed with the ſame food, hurt with the ſame weapons, ſubject to the ſame diſeaſes, heal'd by the ſame means, warm'd and cool'd by the ſame winter and ſummer, as a Chriſtian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed [4]? If you tickle us, do we not laugh? If you poiſon us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, ſhall we not revenge? If we are like you in the reſt, we will reſemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Chriſtian, what is his humility? revenge: If a Chriſtian wrong a Jew, what ſhould his ſufferance be by Chriſtian example? why, revenge. The villainy you teach me, I will execute; and it ſhall go hard, but I will better the inſtruction.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Gentlemen, my maſter Anthonio is at his houſe, and deſires to ſpeak with you both.

Salar. We have been up and down to ſeek him.

Enter TUBAL.

Salan. Here comes another of the tribe; a third cannot be match'd, unleſs the devil himſelf turn Jew.

[*Exeunt* SALAN. SALAR. *and* Servant.

4 *If you prick us, do we not bleed?*] Thus Plutarch's Life of Cæſar, p. 140, quarto, v. iv. "Cæſar does not conſider that his ſubjects are mortal, and *bleed when* they are *pricked*." οὐδὲ ἀπὸ τῶν τραυμάτων λογιζεῖται Καισαρ εἰ θνητῶν μεν ἀρχει. S. W.

Shy. How now, Tubal, what news from Genoa? haſt thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shy. Why there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, coſt me two thouſand ducats in Frankfort! The curſe never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now:—two thouſand ducats in that; and other precious, precious jewels.—I would, my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! 'would ſhe were hears'd at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them?—Why, ſo:—and I know not what's ſpent in the ſearch. Why, thou loſs upon loſs! the thief gone with ſo much, and ſo much to find the thief; and no ſatisfaction, no revenge: nor no ill luck ſtirring, but what lights o' my ſhoulders; no ſighs, but o' my breathing; no tears, but o' my ſhedding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too; Anthonio, as I heard in Genoa,—

Shy. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

Tub. —hath an argoſy caſt away, coming from Tripolis.

Shy. I thank God, I thank God:—Is it true? is it true?

Tub. I ſpoke with ſome of the ſailors that eſcaped the wreck.

Shy. I thank thee, good Tubal;—Good news, good news: ha! ha!—Where? in Genoa[5]?

Tub. Your daughter ſpent in Genoa, as I heard, one night, fourſcore ducats.

Shy. Thou ſtick'ſt a dagger in me:—I ſhall never ſee my gold again: Fourſcore ducats at a ſitting! fourſcore ducats!

Tub. There came divers of Anthonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that ſwear he cannot chooſe but break.

[5] —Where? *in Genoa?*] The old copies read—*Here* in Genoa. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

Shy.

Shy. I am very glad of it; I'll plague him; I'll torture him; I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them ſhewed me a ring, that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Shy. Out upon her! Thou tortureſt me, Tubal: it was my turquoiſe; I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor [6]: I would not have given it for a wilderneſs of monkies.

Tub. But Anthonio is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true: Go, Tubal, fee me an officer, beſpeak him a fortnight before: I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandize I will: Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our ſynagogue; go, good Tubal; at our ſynagogue, Tubal. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Belmont. *A Room in* Portia's *Houſe.*

Enter BASSANIO, PORTIA, GRATIANO, NERISSA, *and Attendants. The caſkets are ſet out.*

Por. I pray you, tarry; pauſe a day or two,

[6] — *it was my* turquoiſe; *I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor:*] A *turquoiſe* is a precious ſtone found in the veins of the mountains on the confines of Perſia to the eaſt, ſubject to the Tartars. As Shylock had been married long enough to have a daughter grown up, it is plain he did not value this turquoiſe on account of the money for which he might hope to ſell it, but merely in reſpect of the imaginary virtues formerly aſcribed to the ſtone. It was ſaid of the Turkey-ſtone, that it faded or brightened in its colour, as the health of the wearer encreaſed or grew leſs. To this Ben Jonſon refers, in his *Sejanus:*

" And true as *Turkiſe* in my dear lord's ring,
" Look well or ill with him."

Again, Edward Fenton in *Secrete Wonders of Nature*, bl. l. quarto, 1569: " The *Turkeys* doth move when there is any peril prepared to him that weareth it." P. 51. b.

But Leah (if we may believe Thomas Nicols, ſometimes of Jeſus College in Cambridge, in his *Lapidary* &c.) might have preſented Shylock with his *Turquoiſe* for a better reaſon; as this ſtone " is likewiſe ſaid to take away all enmity, and to reconcile man and wife."

Other ſuperſtitious qualities are imputed to it, all of which were either monitory, or preſervative of the wearer. STEEVENS.

Before you hazard; for, in chooſing wrong,
I loſe your company; therefore, forbear a while:
There's ſomething tells me, (but it is not love,)
I would not loſe you; and you know yourſelf,
Hate counſels not in ſuch a quality:
But leſt you ſhould not underſtand me well,
(And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought,)
I would detain you here ſome month or two,
Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to chooſe right, but then I am forſworn;
So will I never be: ſo may you miſs me;
But if you do, you'll make me wiſh a ſin,
That I had been forſworn. Beſhrew your eyes,
They have o'er-look'd me, and divided me;
One half of me is yours, the other half yours,—
Mine own, I would ſay; but if mine, then yours,
And ſo all yours [7]: O, theſe naughty times
Put bars between the owners and their rights;
And ſo, though yours, not yours.—Prove it ſo,
Let fortune go to hell for it,—not I [8].
I ſpeak too long; but 'tis to peize the time [9];
To eke it, and to draw it out in length,
To ſtay you from election.

Baſſ. Let me chooſe;
For, as I am, I live upon the rack.

Por. Upon the rack, Baſſanio? then confeſs

[7] *And ſo all* yours:—] The latter word is here uſed as a diſſyllable. In the next line but one below, where the ſame word occurs twice, our author, with his uſual licence, employs one as a word of two ſyllables, and the other as a monoſyllable. MALONE.

[8] *Let fortune go to hell for it,—not I.*] The meaning is, "If the worſt I fear ſhould happen, and it ſhould prove in the event, that I, who am juſtly yours by the free donation I have made you of myſelf, ſhould yet not be yours in conſequence of an unlucky choice, let fortune go to hell for robbing you of your juſt due, not I for violating my oath. HEATH.

[9] — *to* peize *the time*;] To *peize* is from *peſer*, Fr. So, in *King Richard III*:

"Leſt leaden ſlumber *peize* me down to-morrow."

To *peize the time*, therefore, is *to retard it by hanging weights upon it.* STEEVENS.

What

What treaſon there is mingled with your love.
Baſſ. None, but that ugly treaſon of miſtruſt,
Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love:
There may as well be amity and life
'Tween ſnow and fire, as treaſon and my love.
Por. Ay, but, I fear, you ſpeak upon the rack,
Where men enforced do ſpeak any thing.
Baſſ. Promiſe me life, and I'll confeſs the truth.
Por. Well then, confeſs, and live.
Baſſ. Confeſs, and love,
Had been the very ſum of my confeſſion:
O happy torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me anſwers for deliverance!
But let me to my fortune and the caſkets.
Por. Away then: I am lock'd in one of them;
If you do love me, you will find me out.—
Neriſſa, and the reſt, ſtand all aloof.—
Let muſick ſound, while he doth make his choice;
Then, if he loſe, he makes a ſwan-like end,
Fading in muſick: that the compariſon
May ſtand more proper, my eye ſhall be the ſtream,
And wat'ry death-bed for him: He may win;
And what is muſick then? then muſick is
Even as the flouriſh when true ſubjects bow
To a new-crowned monarch: ſuch it is,
As are thoſe dulcet ſounds in break of day,
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
And ſummon him to marriage. Now he goes,
With no leſs preſence[1], but with much more love,
Than young Alcides, when he did redeem
The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy
To the ſea-monſter[2]: I ſtand for ſacrifice;
The reſt aloof are the Dardanian wives,

1 *With no leſs preſence,*] With the ſame *dignity of mien.* JOHNSON.
2 *To the ſea-monſter:*] See Ovid. Metamorph. Lib. XI. ver. 199, et ſeqq. Shakſpeare however, I believe, had read an account of this adventure in *The Deſtruction of Troy:*—"Laomedon caſt his eyes all bewept on him, [Hercules] and was all abaſhed to ſee his *greatneſs* and his *beauty*." See B. I. p. 221, edit. 1617. MALONE.

With bleared viſages, come forth to view
The iſſue of the exploit. Go, Hercules!
Live thou, I live:—With much much more diſmay
I view the fight, than thou that mak'ſt the fray.

Muſick, whilſt BASSANIO *comments on the caſkets to himſelf.*

SONG.

1. *Tell me, where is fancy* * *bred,*
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nouriſhed?

Reply.

2. *It is engender'd in the eyes,*
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies:
Let us all ring fancy's knell;
I'll begin it,—Ding dong, bell.

All. *Ding dong, bell.*

Baſſ.—So may the outward ſhows be leaſt themſelves [3];
The world is ſtill deceiv'd with ornament.
In law, what plea ſo tainted and corrupt,
But, being ſeaſon'd with a gracious voice [4],
Obſcures the ſhow of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but ſome ſober brow
Will bleſs it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the groſſneſs with fair ornament?
There is no vice [5] ſo ſimple, but aſſumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.
How many cowards, whoſe hearts are all as falſe
As ſtairs of ſand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules, and frowning Mars;
Who, inward ſearch'd, have livers white as milk?

* — *fancy*] here, as in many other places, ſignifies *love*. MALONE.

3 *So may the outward ſhows* &c.] He begins abruptly; the firſt part of the argument has paſſed in his mind. JOHNSON.

4 — *gracious voice,*] Pleaſing; winning favour. JOHNSON.

5 *There is no vice*—] The old copies read—*voice*. The emendation was made by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

And

And these assume but valour's excrement [6],
To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,
And you shall see 'tis purchas'd by the weight [7];
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of it:
So are those crisped [8] snaky golden locks,
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,
Upon supposed fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The skull that bred them, in the sepulchre [9].
Thus ornament is but the guiled shore [1]
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee:
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge

6 — *valour's* excrement,] i. e. what a little higher is called the *beard* of Hercules. So, "pedler's *excrement*," in *the Winter's Tale*. MALONE.

7 — *by the weight*;] That is, *artificial beauty* is purchased so; as, false hair, &c. STEEVENS.

8 — crisped—] i. e. curled. STEEVENS.

9 — *in the sepulchre*.] See a note on *Timon of Athens*, Act IV. sc. iii. Shakspeare has likewise satirized this yet prevailing fashion in *Love's Labour's Lost*. STEEVENS.

See also Vol. I. p. 176. The prevalence of this fashion in Shakspeare's time is evinced by the following passage in an old pamphlet entitled *The Honestie of this Age, proving by good circumstance that the world was never honest till now*, by Barnabe Rich, quarto. 1615:—"My lady holdeth on her way, perhaps to the tire-maker's shop, where she shaketh her crownes to bestow upon some new fashioned attire, upon such artificial deformed *periwigs*, that they were fitter to furnish a theatre, or for her that in a stage-play should represent some hag of hell, than to be used by a christian woman." Again, ibid: "These attire-makers within these fortie yeares were not known by that name; and but now very lately they kept their lowzie commodity of *periwigs*, and their monstrous attires closed in boxes;—and those women that used to weare them would not buy them but in secret. But now they are not ashamed to set them forth upon their stalls,—such monstrous mop-powles of haire, so proportioned and deformed, that but within these twenty or thirty yeares would have drawne the passers-by to stand and gaze, and to wonder at them." MALONE.

1 — *the* guiled *shore*] i. e. the *treacherous* shore. STEEVENS.
Guiled for *beguiling*; the passive for the active participle. MALONE.

'Tween

'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meager lead,
Which rather threatneſt, than doſt promiſe aught,
Thy plainneſs moves me more than eloquence [2],
And here chooſe I; Joy be the conſequence!

Por. How all the other paſſions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and raſh-embrac'd deſpair,
And ſhudd'ring fear, and green-ey'd jealouſy.
O love, be moderate, allay thy ecſtaſy,
In meaſure rain thy joy [3], ſcant this exceſs;
I feel too much thy bleſſing, make it leſs,

For

[2] *Thy* paleneſs *moves me more than eloquence,*] Baſſanio is diſpleaſed at the golden *caſket* for its *gaudineſs*, and the ſilver one for its *paleneſs*; but what! is he charmed with the leaden one for having the very ſame quality that diſpleaſed him in the ſilver? The poet certainly wrote—*Thy* plainneſs *moves me* &c. This characterizes the lead from the ſilver, which *paleneſs* does not, they being both *pale*. Beſides, there is a beauty in the antitheſis between *plainneſs* and *eloquence*; between *paleneſs* and *eloquence* none. So it is ſaid before of the *leaden caſket*:

This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt. WARBURTON.

It may be that Dr. Warburton has altered the wrong word, if any alteration be neceſſary. I would rather give the character of *ſilver*, "— thou *pale*, and common drudge &c." The *paleneſs* of *lead* is for ever alluded to. "Diane declining, *pale* as any *ledde*," ſays *Stephen Hawes*. In *Fairfax's Taſſo*, we have

"The lord Tancredie, *pale* with rage as *lead*."

As to the antitheſis, Shakſpeare has already made it in the *Midſummer Night's Dream*. "When (ſays Theſeus) I have ſeen great clerks look *pale*,

"I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
"Of ſaucy and audacious *eloquence*." FARMER.

Our author again mentions the *paleneſs* of lead in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"Unwieldy, ſlow, heavy, and *pale* as *lead*."

By laying an emphaſis on *Thy*, [*Thy* paleneſs moves me &c.] Dr. W's. objection is obviated. Though Baſſanio might object to ſilver, that "pale and *common drudge*," lead, though *pale* alſo, yet not being in daily uſe, might, in his opinion, deſerve a preference. I have therefore great doubts concerning Dr. Warburton's emendation. MALONE.

[3] *In meaſure* rain *thy joy*,] The folio and one of the quartos read —*raine*. The other quarto—*range*. Dr. Johnſon once thought that *rein* was the word intended by the author. The words *rein* and *rain* (he obſerves) were not at that time diſtinguiſhed by regular orthography. Having frequent occaſion to make the ſame obſervation in the peruſal of the firſt folio, I am alſo ſtrongly inclined to the former word; but as the text is intelligible, have made no change. *Rein* in the ſecond in-

For fear I ſurfeit!

Baſſ. What find I here[4]? [*opening the leaden caſket.*
Fair Portia's counterfeit[5]? What demy-god
Hath come ſo near creation? Move theſe eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? Here are ſever'd lips,
Parted with ſugar breath; ſo ſweet a bar
Should ſunder ſuch ſweet friends: Here in her hairs
The painter plays the ſpider; and hath woven
A golden meſh to entrap the hearts of men,
Faiſter than gnats in cobwebs: But her eyes,—
How could he ſee to do them? having made one,
Methinks, it ſhould have power to ſteal both his,
And leave itſelf unfurniſh'd[6]: Yet look, how far
The ſubſtance of my praiſe doth wrong this ſhadow
In underprizing it, ſo far this ſhadow

ſtance quoted below by Mr. Steevens is ſpelt in the old copy as it is here;—*raine*. So, in *the Tempeſt*, edit. 1623:

" —— do not give dalliance
" Too much the *raigne*." MALONE.

I believe Shakſpeare alluded to the well-known proverb, *It cannot rain, but it pours*. So, in the *Laws of Candy*, by B. and Fletcher:

" —— pour not too faſt joys on me,
" But ſprinkle them ſo gently, I may ſtand them."

Mr. Tollet is of opinion that *rein* is the true word, as it better agrees with the context: and more eſpecially on account of the following paſſage in *Coriolanus*, which approaches very near to the preſent reading:

" —— being once chaf'd, he cannot
" Be *rein'd* again to temperance."

So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*, Act V. ſc. ii:

" *Rein* thy tongue." STEEVENS.

4 *What find I here?*] The latter word is here employed as a diſſyllable. MALONE.

5 *Fair Portia*'s counterfeit?] *Counterfeit*, which is at preſent uſed only in a bad ſenſe, anciently ſignified a *likeneſs*, a *reſemblance*, without comprehending any idea of fraud. STEEVENS.

6 *And leave itſelf* unfurniſh'd:] i. e. and leave itſelf incomplete; unaccompanied with the other uſual component parts of a portrait, viz. another eye &c. The various features of the face our author ſeems to have conſidered as the *furniture* of a picture. So, in *As you like it*: "—he was *furniſh'd* like a huntſman;" i. e. had all the appendages belonging to a huntſman. MALONE.

Perhaps it might be—And leave *himſelf* unfurniſh'd. JOHNSON.

Doth

Doth limp behind the ſubſtance.—Here's the ſcroll,
The continent and ſummary of my fortune.

You that chooſe not by the view,
Chance as fair, and chooſe as true!
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content, and ſeek no new.
If you be well pleas'd with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliſs,
Turn you where your lady is,
And claim her with a loving kiſs.

A gentle ſcroll;—Fair lady, by your leave; [*kiſſing her.*
I come by note, to give, and to receive.
Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
Hearing applauſe, and univerſal ſhout,
Giddy in ſpirit, ſtill gazing, in a doubt
Whether thoſe peals of praiſe [7] be his or no;
So, thrice fair lady, ſtand I, even ſo;
As doubtful whether what I ſee be true,
Until confirm'd, ſign'd, ratify'd by you.

Por. You ſee me, lord Baſſanio, where I ſtand,
Such as I am: though, for myſelf alone,
I would not be ambitious in my wiſh,
To wiſh myſelf much better; yet, for you,
I would be trebled twenty times myſelf;
A thouſand times more fair, ten thouſand times
More rich;
That only to ſtand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account: but the full ſum of me
Is ſum of ſomething [8]; which, to term in groſs,

7 — peals *of praiſe*] The ſecond quarto reads—*pearles* of praiſe. JOHNSON.

This reading may be the true one. So, in Whetſtone's *Arbour of Virtue*, 1576:—"The *pearles of praiſe* that deck a noble name."

Again, in R. C's verſes in praiſe of the ſame author's *Rock of Regard*:

"But that that beares the *pearle of praiſe* away." STEEVENS.

8 *Is* ſum *of ſomething*;] i. e. is not entirely ideal, but amounts to as much as can be found in—*an unleſſon'd girl*, &c. STEVENS.

Is

Is an unleſſon'd girl, unſchool'd, unpractis'd:
Happy in this, ſhe is not yet ſo old
But ſhe may learn [9]; happier than this,
She is not bred ſo dull but ſhe can learn;
Happieſt of all, is, that her gentle ſpirit
Commits itſelf to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myſelf, and what is mine, to you, and yours
Is now converted: but now I was the lord
Of this fair manſion, maſter of my ſervants,
Queen o'er myſelf; and even now, but now,
This houſe, theſe ſervants, and this ſame myſelf,
Are yours, my lord; I give them with this ring;
Which when you part from, loſe, or give away,
Let it preſage the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

Baſſ. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Only my blood ſpeaks to you in my veins:
And there is ſuch confuſion in my powers,
As, after ſome oration fairly ſpoke
By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleaſed multitude;
Where every ſomething, being blent together [1],
Turns to a wild of nothing, ſave of joy,
Expreſt, and not expreſt: But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence;
O, then be bold to ſay, Baſſanio's dead.

Ner. My lord and lady, it is now our time,
That have ſtood by, and ſeen our wiſhes proſper,
To cry, good joy; Good joy, my lord, and lady!

Gra. My lord Baſſanio, and my gentle lady,
I wiſh you all the joy that you can wiſh;
For, I am ſure, you can wiſh none from me [2]:
And, when your honours mean to ſolemnize

9 *But ſhe may* learn;] The latter word is here uſed as a diſſyllable. MALONE.

1 — *being* blent *together*,] i. e. *blended*. STEEVENS.

2 — *you can wiſh none from me*:] That is, none *away from* me; none that I ſhall loſe, if you gain it. JOHNSON.

The

The bargain of your faith, I do beſeech you,
Even at that time I may be marry'd too.

Baſſ. With all my heart, ſo thou canſt get a wife.

Gra. I thank your lordſhip; you have got me one.
My eyes, my lord, can look as ſwift as yours:
You ſaw the miſtreſs, I beheld the maid;
You lov'd, I lov'd; for intermiſſion [3]
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune ſtood upon the caſkets there;
And ſo did mine too, as the matter falls:
For wooing here, until I ſweat again;
And ſwearing, till my very roof was dry
With oaths of love; at laſt,—if promiſe laſt,—
I got a promiſe of this fair one here,
To have her love, provided that your fortune
Achiev'd her miſtreſs.

Por. Is this true, Neriſſa?

Ner. Madam, it is, ſo you ſtand pleas'd withal.

Baſſ. And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?

Gra. Yes, 'faith, my lord.

Baſſ. Our feaſt ſhall be much honour'd in your marriage.

Gra. We'll play with them, the firſt boy, for a thouſand ducats.

Ner. What, and ſtake down?

Gra. No; we ſhall ne'er win at that ſport, and ſtake down.—
But who comes here? Lorenzo, and his infidel?
What, and my old Venetian friend, Salerio?

Enter LORENZO, JESSICA, *and* SALERIO.

Baſſ. Lorenzo, and Salerio, welcome hither;
If that the youth of my new intereſt here
Have power to bid you welcome:—By your leave,
I bid my very friends, and countrymen,
Sweet Portia, welcome.

[3] —*for* intermiſſion—] *Intermiſſion* is *pauſe, intervening time, delay.* So, in *Macbeth*:

" ——— gentle heaven,
" Cut ſhort all *intermiſſion!*" STEEVENS.

Por.

Por. So do I, my lord;
They are entirely welcome.
Lor. I thank your honour:—For my part, my lord,
My purpose was not to have seen you here;
But meeting with Salerio by the way,
He did intreat me, past all saying nay,
To come with him along.
Sale. I did, my lord;
And I have reason for it. Signior Anthonio
Commends him to you. [*gives* Bassanio *a letter.*
Bass. Ere I ope his letter,
I pray you, tell me how my good friend doth.
Sale. Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind;
Nor well, unless in mind: his letter there
Will shew you his estate.
Gra. Nerissa, cheer yon' stranger; bid her welcome.
Your hand, Salerio; What's the news from Venice?
How doth that royal merchant, good Anthonio?
I know, he will be glad of our success;
We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece.
Sale. Would you had won the fleece that he hath lost!
Por. There are some shrewd contents in yon' same paper,
That steal the colour from Bassanio's cheek:
Some dear friend dead; else nothing in the world
Could turn so much the constitution
Of any constant man. What, worse and worse?—
With leave, Bassanio; I am half yourself,
And I must freely have the half of any thing
That this same paper brings you.
Bass. O sweet Portia,
Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words,
That ever blotted paper! Gentle lady,
When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman;
And then I told you true: and yet, dear lady,
Rating myself at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a braggart: When I told you
My state was nothing, I should then have told you
That I was worse than nothing; for, indeed,

I have

I have engag'd myſelf to a dear friend,
Engag'd my friend to his mere enemy,
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady;
The paper as the body[4] of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound,
Iſſuing life-blood.—But is it true, Salerio?
Have all his ventures fail'd? What, not one hit?
From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,
From Liſbon, Barbary, and India?
And not one veſſel 'ſcape the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks?

Sale. Not one, my lord.
Beſides, it ſhould appear, that if he had
The preſent money to diſcharge the Jew,
He would not take it: Never did I know
A creature, that did bear the ſhape of man,
So keen and greedy to confound a man:
He plies the duke at morning, and at night;
And doth impeach the freedom of the ſtate,
If they deny him juſtice: twenty merchants,
The duke himſelf, and the magnificoes
Of greateſt port, have all perſuaded with him;
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of juſtice, and his bond.

Jeſ. When I was with him, I have heard him ſwear,
To Tubal, and to Chus, his countrymen,
That he would rather have Anthonio's fleſh,
Than twenty times the value of the ſum
That he did owe him: and I know, my lord,
If law, authority, and power deny not,
It will go hard with poor Anthonio.

Por. Is it your dear friend, that is thus in trouble?

Baſſ. The deareſt friend to me, the kindeſt man,
The beſt condition'd and unweary'd ſpirit
In doing courteſies; and one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appears,

[4] *The paper* as *the body*—] I believe, the author wrote—*is* the body—. The two words are frequently confounded in the old copies. So, in the firſt quarto edition of this play, Act IV. "Is dearly bought, *as* mine," &c. inſtead of—*is* mine. MALONE.

Than

Than any that draws breath in Italy.
Por. What ſum owes he the Jew?
Baſſ. For me, three thouſand ducats.
Por. What, no more?
Pay him ſix thouſand, and deface the bond;
Double ſix thouſand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this deſcription
Shall loſe a hair through Baſſanio's fault.
Firſt, go with me to church, and call me wife;
And then away to Venice to your friend;
For never ſhall you lie by Portia's ſide
With an unquiet ſoul. You ſhall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over;
When it is paid, bring your true friend along:
My maid Neriſſa, and myſelf, mean time,
Will live as maids and widows. Come, away;
For you ſhall hence upon your wedding-day:
Bid your friends welcome, ſhew a merry cheer;
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.—
But let me hear the letter of your friend.

Baſſ. [reads.] *Sweet Baſſanio, my ſhips have all miſcarry'd, my creditors grow cruel, my eſtate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit; and ſince, in paying it, it is impoſſible I ſhould live, all debts are clear'd between you and I*, if I might but ſee you at my death: notwithſtanding, uſe your pleaſure: if your love do not perſuade you to come, let not my letter.*

Por. O love, diſpatch all buſineſs, and be gone.
Baſſ. Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make haſte: but, till I come again,
No bed ſhall e'er be guilty of my ſtay,
No reſt be interpoſer 'twixt us twain. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Venice. *A Street.*

Enter SHYLOCK, SALANIO, ANTHONIO, *and* Jailer.

Shy. Jailer, look to him;—Tell not me of mercy;—
This is the fool that lent out money gratis;—

* —*and* I,] This inaccuracy, I believe, was our author's. Mr. Pope reads—and *me*. MALONE.

Jailer, look to him.

Ant. Hear me yet, good Shylock.

Shy. I'll have my bond; ſpeak not againſt my bond;
I have ſworn an oath, that I will have my bond:
Thou call'dſt me dog, before thou had'ſt a cauſe;
But, ſince I am a dog, beware my fangs:
The duke ſhall grant me juſtice.—I do wonder,
Thou naughty jailer, that thou art ſo fond [5]
To come abroad with him at his requeſt.

Ant. I pray thee, hear me ſpeak.

Shy. I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee ſpeak:
I'll have my bond; and therefore ſpeak no more.
I'll not be made a ſoft and dull-ey'd fool,
To ſhake the head, relent, and ſigh, and yield
To chriſtian interceſſors. Follow not;
I'll have no ſpeaking; I will have my bond. [*Exit* SHY.

Salan. It is the moſt impenetrable cur,
That ever kept with men.

Ant. Let him alone;
I'll follow him no more with bootleſs prayers.
He ſeeks my life; his reaſon well I know;
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
Many that have at times made moan to me;
Therefore he hates me.

Salan. I am ſure, the duke
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.

Ant. The duke cannot deny the courſe of law;
For the commodity that ſtrangers have
With us in Venice, if it be deny'd [6],
Will much impeach the juſtice of the ſtate;
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Conſiſteth of all nations. Therefore, go:

5 —*ſo fond*] i. e. ſo fooliſh. STEEVENS.

6 *For the* commodity *that ſtrangers have*
With us in Venice, if it be denied, &c.] i. e. for the denial of thoſe rights to ſtrangers, which render their abode at Venice ſo commodious and agreeable to them, would much impeach the juſtice of the ſtate. The conſequence would be, that ſtrangers would not reſide or carry on traffick here; and the wealth and ſtrength of the ſtate would be diminiſhed.—In *The Hiſtorye of Italye*, by W. Thomas, quarto, 1567, there is a ſection *On the libertes of ſtraungers* at Venice. MALONE.

Theſe

These griefs and losses have so 'bated me,
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
To-morrow to my bloody creditor.—
Well, jailer, on:—Pray God, Bassanio come
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Belmont. *A Room in* Portia's *House.*

Enter PORTIA, NERISSA, LORENZO, JESSICA, *and* BALTHAZAR.

Lor. Madam, although I speak it in your presence,
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of god-like amity; which appears most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
But, if you knew to whom you shew this honour,
How true a gentleman you send relief,
How dear a lover of my lord your husband,
I know, you would be prouder of the work,
Than customary bounty can enforce you.

Por. I never did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now: for in companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit;
Which makes me think, that this Anthonio,
Being the bosom lover of my lord [7],
Must needs be like my lord: If it be so,
How little is the cost I have bestow'd,
In purchasing the semblance of my soul
From out the state of hellish cruelty?
This comes too near the praising of myself;

7 — *the bosom* lover *of my lord,*] In our author's time this term was applied to those of the same sex who had an esteem for each other. Ben Jonson concludes one of his letters to Dr. Donne, by telling him, "he is his true *lover.*" So, in *Coriolanus*: "I tell thee, fellow, thy general is my *lover.*" Many more instances might be added. See our author's Sonnets, passim. MALONE.

Therefore, no more of it: hear other things [8].—
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
The husbandry and manage of my house,
Until my lord's return: for mine own part,
I have toward heaven breath'd a secret vow,
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by Nerissa here,
Until her husband and my lord's return:
There is a monastery two miles off,
And there we will abide. I do desire you,
Not to deny this imposition;
The which my love, and some necessity,
Now lays upon you.

Lor. Madam, with all my heart;
I shall obey you in all fair commands.

Por. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and Jessica
In place of lord Bassanio and myself.
So fare you well, till we shall meet again.

Lor. Fair thoughts, and happy hours, attend on you!

Jes. I wish your ladyship all heart's content.

Por. I thank you for your wish, and am well pleas'd
To wish it back on you: fare you well, Jessica.—

[*Exeunt* JESSICA, *and* LORENZO.

Now, Balthazar,
As I have ever found thee honest, true,
So let me find thee still: Take this same letter,
And use thou all the endeavour of a man,
In speed to Padua [9]; see thou render this
Into my cousin's hands, doctor Bellario;
And, look, what notes and garments he doth give thee,
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd speed
Unto the traject [1], to the common ferry

Which

[8] — hear *other things.*] The old copies, by an evident misprint, read—*here.* Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

[9] *In speed to* Padua;] The old copies read—*Mantua.* The correction, which was made by Mr. Theobald, is fully supported by several subsequent passages. See p. 78, 79. MALONE.

[1] *Unto the* traject,] The old copies concur in this reading, which

Which trades to Venice :—waſte no time in words,
But get thee gone ; I ſhall be there before thee.
Balth. Madam, I go with all convenient ſpeed. [*Exit.*
Por. Come on, Neriſſa ; I have work in hand,
That you yet know not of : we'll ſee our huſbands
Before they think of us.
Ner. Shall they ſee us ?
Por. They ſhall, Neriſſa ; but in ſuch a habit,
That they ſhall think we are accompliſhed
With what we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both accouter'd [2] like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with the braver grace ;
And ſpeak, between the change of man and boy,
With a reed voice ; and turn two mincing ſteps
Into a manly ſtride ; and ſpeak of frays,
Like a fine bragging youth : and tell quaint lies,
How honourable ladies ſought my love,
Which I denying, they fell ſick and dy'd ;
I could not do with all [3] ;—then I'll repent,
And wiſh, for all that, that I had not kill'd them :
And twenty of theſe puny lies I'll tell,
That men ſhall ſwear, I have diſcontinued ſchool
Above a twelvemonth :—I have within my mind
A thouſand raw tricks of theſe bragging Jacks [4],

appears to be derived from *tranare*, and was probably a word current in the time of our author, though I can produce no example of it. STEEVENS.

Mr. Rowe reads—*traject*, which was adopted by all the ſubſequent editors.—Twenty miles from Padua, on the river Brenta there is a dam or ſluice, to prevent the water of that river from mixing with that of the marſhes of Venice. Here the paſſage-boat is drawn out of the river, and lifted over the dam by a crane. From hence to Venice the diſtance is five miles. Perhaps ſome novel-writer of Shakſpeare's time might have called this dam by the name of the *traneet*. See Du Cange in v. *Trana*. MALONE.

[2] — *accouter'd*—] So the earlieſt quarto, and the folio. The other quarto—*apparel'd*. MALONE.

[3] — do *with all* ;] For the ſenſe of the word *do* in this place, ſee Vol. II. p. 11, n. 4. COLLINS.

The old copy reads—*withall*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

[4] — *theſe bragging* Jacks,] See Vol. II. p. 208, n. 5. MALONE.

Which I will practise.

Ner. Why, shall we turn to men?

Por. Fie! what a question's that,
If thou wert near a lewd interpreter?
But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my coach, which stays for us
At the park-gate; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twenty miles to-day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The same. A Garden.

Enter LAUNCELOT *and* JESSICA.

Laun. Yes, truly:—for, look you, the sins of the father are to be laid upon the children; therefore, I promise you, I fear you[5]. I was always plain with you, and so now I speak my agitation of the matter: Therefore be of good cheer; for, truly, I think, you are damn'd. There is but one hope in it that can do you any good; and that is but a kind of bastard hope neither.

Jes. And what hope is that, I pray thee?

Laun. Marry, you may partly hope that your father got you not, that you are not the Jew's daughter.

Jes. That were a kind of bastard hope, indeed; so the sins of my mother should be visited upon me.

Laun. Truly then I fear you are damn'd both by father and mother: thus when I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother[6]; well, you are gone both ways.

Jes.

[5] — *I fear you.*] I suspect *for* has been inadvertently omitted; and would read—"I fear *for* you." MALONE.

[6] *Thus when I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother:*] Alluding to the well known line of a modern Latin poet, Philippe Gualtier, in his poem entitled ALEXANDREIS, Lib. V. v. 301:

——— Quo tendis inertem
Rex periture fugam? Nescis, heu! perdite, nescis
Quem fugias; hostes incurris dum fugis hostem:
Incidis in Scyllam, cupiens vitare Charybdim. MALONE.

Shakspeare might have met with a translation of this line in many places

Jeſ. I ſhall be ſaved by my huſband [7]; he hath made me a Chriſtian.

Laun. Truly, the more to blame he: we were Chriſtians enough before; e'en as many as could well live, one by another: This making of Chriſtians will raiſe the price of hogs; if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we ſhall not ſhortly have a raſher on the coals for money.

Enter LORENZO.

Jeſ. I'll tell my huſband, Launcelot, what you ſay; here he comes.

Lor. I ſhall grow jealous of you ſhortly, Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into corners.

Jeſ. Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo; Launcelot and I are out: he tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heaven, becauſe I am a Jew's daughter: and he ſays, you are no good member of the commonwealth; for, in converting Jews to Chriſtians, you raiſe the price of pork.

Lor. I ſhall anſwer that better to the commonwealth, than you can the getting up of the negro's belly: the Moor is with child by you, Launcelot.

Laun. It is much, that the Moor ſhould be more [8] than reaſon: but if ſhe be leſs than an honeſt woman, ſhe is, indeed, more than I took her for.

Lor. How every fool can play upon the word! I think,

places. Among others in "A Dialogue between *Cuſtom and Veritie*, concerning the uſe and abuſe of Dauncing and Minſtrelſie." bl. l. no date:

"While *Silla* they do ſeem to ſhun,
"In *Charybd* they doo fall, &c." STEEVENS.

7 *I ſhall be ſaved by my huſband*;] From St. Paul:—"The unbelieving wife is ſanctified by the huſband." HENLEY.

8 —*that the* Moor *ſhould be* more, *&c.*] This reminds us of the quibbling epigram of Milton, which has the ſame kind of humour to boaſt of:

"*Galli* ex concubitu gravidam te *Pontia Mori*,
Quis bene *moratam morigeramque* negat?

So, in the *Fair Maid of the Weſt*, 1615:

"And for you *Moors* thus much I mean to ſay,
"I'll ſee if *more* I eat the *more* I may." STEEVENS.

the beſt grace of wit will ſhortly turn into ſilence; and diſcourſe grow commendable in none only but parrots.—Go in, ſirrah; bid them prepare for dinner.

Laun. That is done, ſir; they have all ſtomachs.

Lor. Goodly lord[9], what a wit-ſnapper are you! then bid them prepare dinner.

Laun. That is done too, ſir; only, cover is the word.

Lor. Will you cover then, ſir?

Laun. Not ſo, ſir, neither; I know my duty.

Lor. Yet more quarrelling with occaſion! Wilt thou ſhew the whole wealth of thy wit in an inſtant? I pray thee, underſtand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellows; bid them cover the table, ſerve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

Laun. For the table, ſir, it ſhall be ſerved in; for the meat, ſir, it ſhall be cover'd; for your coming in to dinner, ſir, why, let it be as humours and conceits ſhall govern. [*Exit* Launcelot.

Lor. O dear diſcretion, how his words are ſuited[1]!
The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words! And I do know
A many fools, that ſtand in better place,
Garniſh'd like him, that for a tricky word
Defy the matter. How cheer'ſt thou, Jeſſica?
And now, good ſweet, ſay thy opinion,
How doſt thou like the lord Baſſanio's wife?

Jeſ. Paſt all expreſſing: It is very meet,
The lord Baſſanio live an upright life;
For, having ſuch a bleſſing in his lady,
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth;
And, if on earth he do not mean it, it
Is reaſon he ſhould never come to heaven.
Why, if two gods ſhould play ſome heavenly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,

[9] *Goodly lord,*] Surely this ſhould be corrected *Good lord!* as it is in Theobald's edition. TYRWHITT.

[1] —*how his words are ſuited!*] I believe the meaning is:—What a *ſeries* or *ſuite* of *words* he has independent of meaning; how one word draws on another without relation to the matter. JOHNSON.

And

And Portia one, there muſt be ſomething elſe
Pawn'd with the other; for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow.

Lor. Even ſuch a huſband
Haſt thou of me, as ſhe is for a wife.

Jeſ. Nay, but aſk my opinion too of that.

Lor. I will anon; firſt, let us go to dinner.

Jeſ. Nay, let me praiſe you, while I have a ſtomach.

Lor. No, pray thee, let it ſerve for table-talk;
Then, howſoe'er thou ſpeak'ſt, 'mong other things
I ſhall digeſt it.

Jeſ. Well, I'll ſet you forth. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Venice. *A Court of Juſtice.*

Enter the Duke, *the Magnificoes*; ANTHONIO, BASSANIO, GRATIANO, SALARINO, SALANIO, *and others.*

Duke. What, is Anthonio here?

Ant. Ready, ſo pleaſe your grace.

Duke. I am ſorry for thee; thou art come to anſwer
A ſtony adverſary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.

Ant. I have heard,
Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous courſe; but ſince he ſtands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach[a], I do oppoſe
My patience to his fury; and am arm'd
To ſuffer, with a quietneſs of ſpirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.

Duke. Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

Salan. He's ready at the door: he comes, my lord.

[a] — *his* envy's *reach,*] *Envy* in this place means *hatred* or *malice.* STEEVENS.
See p. 216:—"they had ſlaine him for verie *envie.*" MALONE.

Enter

Enter SHYLOCK.

Duke. Make room, and let him ſtand before our face.—
Shylock, the world thinks, and I think ſo too,
That thou but lead'ſt this faſhion of thy malice
To the laſt hour of act; and then, 'tis thought,
Thou'lt ſhew thy mercy, and remorſe [3], more ſtrange
Than is thy ſtrange apparent [4] cruelty:
And, where [5] thou now exact'ſt the penalty,
(Which is a pound of this poor merchant's fleſh,)
Thou wilt not only loſe the forfeiture,
But touch'd with human gentleneſs and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal;
Glancing an eye of pity on his loſſes,
That have of late ſo huddled on his back;
Enough to preſs a royal merchant down [6],
And pluck commiſeration of his ſtate
From braſſy boſoms, and rough hearts of flint,
From ſtubborn Turks, and Tartars, never train'd
To offices of tender courteſy.
We all expect a gentle anſwer, Jew.

Shy. I have poſſeſs'd your grace of what I purpoſe;
And by our holy Sabbath have I ſworn,
To have the due and forfeit of my bond:
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter, and your city's freedom.
You'll aſk me, why I rather chooſe to have
A weight of carrion fleſh, than to receive
Three thouſand ducats: I'll not anſwer that:
But, ſay, it is my humour [5]; Is it anſwer'd?

What

3 — *thy mercy and* remorſe,] *Remorſe* in our author's time generally ſignified *pity, tenderneſs.* MALONE.

4 — *apparent*] That is, *ſeeming*; not real. JOHNSON.

5 — *where*] for *whereas.* JOHNSON.

6 *Enough to preſs a* royal merchant *down,*] This epithet was in our poet's time more ſtriking and better underſtood, becauſe Greſham was then commonly dignified with the title of the *royal merchant.* JOHNSON.

7 —— *I'll* not *anſwer that:*
But, ſay, it is my humour;——] The Jew being aſked a queſtion which the law does not require him to anſwer, ſtands upon his right, and

What if my houſe be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleas'd to give ten thouſand ducats
To have it baned? What, are you anſwer'd yet?
Some men there are, love not a gaping pig [8];
Some, that are mad, if they behold a cat;
And others, when the bag-pipe ſings i' the noſe,
Cannot contain their urine for affection [9]:

Maſters

and refuſes; but afterwards gratifies his own malignity by ſuch anſwers as he knows will aggravate the pain of the enquirer. I will not anſwer, ſays he, as to a legal or ſerious queſtion, but ſince you want an anſwer, will this ſerve you? JOHNSON.

— *ſay*, it is my humour;] ſuppoſe it is my particular fancy. HEATH.

[8] — *a gaping pig*;] So, in the *Maſtive*, &c. or, *A Collection of Epigrams and Satires*:

" Darkas cannot endure to ſee a cat,
" A breaſt of mutton, or a *pig's head gaping*." STEEVENS.

By a *gaping* pig, Shakſpeare, I believe, meant a pig prepared for the table; for in that ſtate is the epithet, *gaping*, moſt applicable to this animal. So, in Fletcher's *Elder Brother*:

" And they ſtand *gaping* like a *roaſted pig*."

A paſſage in one of Naſhe's pamphlets (which, perhaps furniſhed our author with his inſtance) may ſerve to confirm the obſervation: " The cauſes conducting unto wrath are as diverſe as the actions of a man's life. Some will take on like a madman, if they ſee a *pig come to the table*. Sotericus the ſurgeon was cholerick at the ſight of ſturgeon, &c." *Pierce Pennyleſs his Supplication to the Devil*, 1592. MALONE.

[9] *Cannot contain their urine for affection* &c.] Of this much controverted paſſage, my opinion was formerly very different from what it is at preſent. *Sways*, the reading of the old copies, I conceived, could not agree with *maſters* as a ſubſtantive; but very ſoon after my former note on theſe words was printed, I found that this was not only our author's uſual phraſeology, but the common language of the time. Innumerable inſtances of the ſame kind occur in theſe plays; in all of which I have followed the practice of my predeceſſors, and ſilently reduced the ſubſtantive and the verb to concord. (See Vol. I. p. 46. n. 8.) This is the only change that is now made in the preſent paſſage; for all the ancient copies read—*affection*, not *affections*, as the word has been printed in late editions, in order to connect it with the following line.

" Cannot contain their urine for *affection*," I believe, means only—Cannot &c. on account of *their being affected* by the noiſe of the bagpipe; or, in other words, on account of an involuntary antipathy to ſuch a noiſe. In the next line, which is put in appoſition with that preceding, the word *it* may refer either to *paſſion*, or *affection*. To explain it, I ſhall

Masters of passion sway it to the mood
Of what it likes, or loaths: Now, for your answer:
As there is no firm reason to be render'd,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
Why he, a harmless necessary cat;
Why he, a woollen bag-pipe[1]; but of force

Must

I shall borrow Dr. Johnson's words, with a slight variation: "Those who know how to operate on the passion of men, rule it, (or rule the sympathetick feeling,) by making it operate in obedience to the notes which please or disgust it." *It*, ("sway *it*") in my opinion, refers to *affection*, that is, to the sympathetick feeling. MALONE.

The true meaning undoubtedly is,—The masters of passion, that is, such as are possessed of the art of engaging and managing the human passions, influence them by a skilful application to the particular likings or loathings of the person they are addressing; this is a proof that men are generally governed by their likings and loathings, and therefore it is by no means strange or unnatural that I should be so too in the present instance. HEATH.

[1] *Why he, a woollen* bag-pipe;—] This incident Shakspeare seems to have taken from J. C. Scaliger's *Exot. Exercit.* against Cardan. In his 344 *Exercit.* sect. 6. he has these words: "*Narrabo nunc tibi jocosam* sympathiam *Reguli Vasconis equitis. Is dum viveret, audito phormingis sono, urinam illico facere cogebatur.*"—And to make this jocular story still more ridiculous, Shakspeare, I suppose, translated *phorminx* by *bag-pipes*. But what I would chiefly observe from hence is this, that as Scaliger uses the word *sympathiam*, which signifies, and so he interprets it, *communem* AFFECTIONEM *duabus rebus*, so Shakspeare translates it by AFFECTION:

Cannot contain their urine for AFFECTION.

which shews the truth of the preceding emendation of the text according to the old copies; which have a full stop at *affection*, and read—*Masters of passion*. WARBURTON.

In an old translation from the French of Peter de Loier, intitled, *A Treatise of Spectres, or strange Sights, Visions*, &c. we have this identical story from Scaliger; and what is still more, a marginal note gives us in all probability the very fact alluded to, as well as the *word* of Shakspeare. "Another gentleman of this quality lived of late in Devon, neere Excester, who could not endure the playing on a *bag-pipe*." We may justly add, as some observation has been made upon it, that *affection* in the sense of *sympathy*, was formerly *technical*; and so used by lord Bacon, Sir K. Digby, and many other writers. FARMER.

I never saw a *woollen bag-pipe*, nor can well conceive it. I suppose the author wrote *wooden* bag-pipe, meaning that the bag was of leather, and the pipe of *wood*. JOHNSON.

Sir

Muſt yield to ſuch inevitable ſhame,
As to offend, himſelf being offended;
So can I give no reaſon, nor I will not,
More than a lodg'd hate, and a certain loathing,
I bear Anthonio, that I follow thus
A loſing ſuit againſt him. Are you anſwer'd?

Baſſ. This is no anſwer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuſe the current of thy cruelty.

Shy. I am not bound to pleaſe thee with my anſwers.

Baſſ. Do all men kill the things they do not love?

Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

Baſſ. Every offence is not a hate at firſt.

Shy. What, would'ſt thou have a ſerpent ſting thee twice?

Ant. I pray you, think you queſtion [2] with the Jew:
You may as well go ſtand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his uſual height;
You may as well uſe queſtion with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noiſe,
When they are fretted with the guſts of heaven;
You may as well do any thing moſt hard,
As ſeek to ſoften that (than which what's harder?)
His Jewiſh heart:—Therefore, I do beſeech you,
Make no more offers, uſe no farther means,
But, with all brief and plain conveniency,
Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.

Baſſ. For thy three thouſand ducats here is ſix.

Shy. If every ducat in ſix thouſand ducats
Were in ſix parts, and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them, I would have my bond.

Duke. How ſhalt thou hope for mercy, rend'ring none?

Sir John Hawkins propoſes to read—*ſwelling* or *ſwollen* bag-pipe. An anonymous writer, in ſupport of the old reading, obſerves, that the ſkin or bladder of a bag-pipe is frequently covered with flannel.

The ſtory of the Devonſhire gentleman, I believe, firſt appeared in the margin of De Loier's book in 1605, ſome years after this play was printed; but it might have been current in converſation before. MALONE.

[2] —*you* queſtion *&c.*] To queſtion is to converſe. STEEVENS.

See Vol. II. p. 54, n. 8. MALONE.

Shy.

Shy. What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchas'd slave [3],
Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them:—Shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs;
Why sweat they under burdens; let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be season'd with such viands? You will answer,
The slaves are ours:—So do I answer you:
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought, is mine [4], and I will have it:
If you deny me, fie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice:
I stand for judgment: answer; shall I have it?

Duke. Upon my power, I may dismiss this court,
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor [5],
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.

Salar. My lord, here stays without
A messenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from Padua.

Duke. Bring us the letters; Call the messenger.

Bass. Good cheer, Anthonio! What, man? courage yet!
The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,

3 — *many a purchas'd slave,*] This argument considered as used to the particular persons, seems conclusive. I see not how Venetians or Englishmen, while they practise the purchase and sale of slaves, can much enforce or demand the law of *doing to others as we would that they should do to us.* JOHNSON.

4 — is *mine,*] The first quarto reads—*as* mine, evidently a misprint for *is.* The other quarto and the folio—*'tis* mine. MALONE.

5 — *Bellario, a learned doctor,*] The doctor and the court are here somewhat unskilfully brought together. That the duke would, on such an occasion, consult a doctor of great reputation, is not unlikely; but how this should be foreknown by Portia? JOHNSON.

I do not see any necessity for supposing that *this* was *foreknown by Portia.* She consults Bellario as an eminent lawyer, and her relation. If the Duke had not consulted him, the only difference would have been, that she would have come into court, as an advocate perhaps, instead of a judge. TYRWHITT.

Ere

Ere thou ſhalt loſe for me one drop of blood.
Ant. I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meeteſt for death; the weakeſt kind of fruit
Drops earlieſt to the ground, and ſo let me:
You cannot better be employ'd, Baſſanio,
Than to live ſtill, and write mine epitaph.

Enter NERISSA, *dreſs'd like a lawyer's clerk.*

Duke. Came you from Padua, from Bellario?
Ner. From both my lord: Bellario greets your grace.
[*preſents a letter.*
Baſſ. Why doſt thou whet thy knife ſo earneſtly!
Shy. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there.
Gra. Not on thy ſoal, but on thy ſoul, harſh Jew[6],
Thou mak'ſt thy knife keen: but no metal can,
No, not the hangman's ax, bear half the keenneſs
Of thy ſharp envy[7]. Can no prayers pierce thee?
Shy. No, none that thou haſt wit enough to make.
Gra. O, be thou damn'd, inexorable dog[8]!
And for thy life let juſtice be accus'd.
Thou almoſt mak'ſt me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That ſouls of animals infuſe themſelves
Into the trunks of men: thy curriſh ſpirit
Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human ſlaughter,
Even from the gallows did his fell ſoul fleet,
And, whilſt thou lay'ſt in thy unhallow'd dam,
Infus'd itſelf in thee; for thy deſires
Are wolfiſh, bloody, ſtarv'd and ravenous.
Shy. Till thou canſt rail the ſeal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'ſt thy lungs to ſpeak ſo loud:

[6] *Not on thy ſoal, but on thy ſoul, harſh Jew,*] The conceit is, that his ſoul was ſo hard that it had given an edge to his knife. WARBUR.

[7] *Of thy ſharp* envy.] *Envy* again in this place ſignifies *hatred* or *malice.* STEEVENS.

[8] — inexorable *dog!*] The old copies read—*inexecrable.* Corrected by the editor of the third folio; perhaps, however, unneceſſarily. *In* was ſometimes uſed in our author's time, in compoſition, as an augmentative or intenſive particle. MALONE.

Repair

Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureleſs ruin.—I ſtand here for law.

Duke. This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our court:—
Where is he?

Ner. He attendeth here hard by,
To know your anſwer, whether you'll admit him.

Duke. With all my heart:—ſome three or four of you,
Go give him courteous conduct to this place.—
Mean time, the court ſhall hear Bellario's letter.

[Clerk *reads.*] *Your grace ſhall underſtand, that, at the receipt of your letter, I am very ſick: but in the inſtant that your meſſenger came, in loving viſitation was with me a young doctor of Rome, his name is Balthaſar: I acquainted him with the cauſe in controverſy between the Jew and Anthonio the merchant: we turn'd o'er many books together: he is furniſh'd with my opinion; which, better'd with his own learning, (the greatneſs whereof I cannot enough commend,) comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your grace's requeſt in my ſtead. I beſeech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend eſtimation; for I never knew ſo young a body with ſo old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whoſe trial ſhall better publiſh his commendation.*

Duke. You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he writes:
And here, I take it, is the doctor come.—

Enter PORTIA, *dreſs'd like a doctor of laws.*

Give me your hand: Came you from old Bellario?

Por. I did, my lord.

Duke. You are welcome: take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this preſent queſtion in the court?

Por. I am informed throughly of the cauſe.
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

Duke. Anthonio and old Shylock, both ſtand forth.

Por. Is your name Shylock?

Shy. Shylock is my name.

Por.

Por. Of a ſtrange nature is the ſuit you follow;
Yet in ſuch rule, that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you [9], as you do proceed.—
You ſtand within his danger [1], do you not? [*To* Ant.

Ant. Ay, ſo he ſays.

Por. Do you confeſs the bond?

Ant. I do.

Por. Then muſt the Jew be merciful.

Shy. On what compulſion muſt I? tell me that.

Por. The quality of mercy is not ſtrain'd;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bleſs'd;
It bleſſeth him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightieſt in the mightieſt; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown:
His ſcepter ſhews the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majeſty,
Wherein doth ſit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this ſcepter'd ſway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himſelf;
And earthly power doth then ſhew likeſt God's,
When mercy ſeaſons juſtice [2]: Therefore, Jew,
Though juſtice be thy plea, conſider this,—
That, in the courſe of juſtice, none of us

9 *Cannot* impugn *you*,] To *impugn* is to oppoſe, to controvert. STEEVENS.

1 *You ſtand* within his danger,] So, in the *Corwyſor's Play*, among the collection of Whitſun Myſteries repreſented at Cheſter. See Mſ. Harl. 1013, p. 106:

"Two detters ſome tyme there were
"Oughten money to one uſurere,
"The one was *in his daungere*
"Fyve hundred poundes tolde." STEEVENS.

Again, in Powel's *Hiſtory of Wales*, 1587: "—laying for his excuſe that he had offended manie noblemen of England, and therefore would not come *in their danger*." MALONE.

2 *And earthly power doth then ſhew likeſt God's,*
When mercy ſeaſons juſtice:] So, in *K. Edw. III.* a tragedy, 1596:

"And kings approach the neareſt unto God,
"By giving life and ſafety unto men." MALONE.

Should see salvation [3] : we do pray for mercy ;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much,
To mitigate the justice of thy plea ;
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

Shy. My deeds upon my head [4] ! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Por. Is he not able to discharge the money ?

Bass. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court ;
Yea, twice the sum : if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart :
If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bears down truth [5]. And I beseech you,
Wrest once the law to your authority :
To do a great right, do a little wrong ;
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Por. It must not be ; there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established :
'Twill be recorded for a precedent ;
And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the state : it cannot be.

Shy. A Daniel come to judgment ! yea, a Daniel !—
O wise young judge, how I do honour thee !

Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

Shy. Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.

Por. Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.

Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven :
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul ?
No, not for Venice.

3 — *in the course of justice, none of us*
Should see salvation.] Portia's referring the *Jew* to the Christian doctrine of salvation, and the Lord's Prayer, is a little out of character. BLACKSTONE.

4 *My deeds upon my head !*] An imprecation adopted from that of the Jews to Pilate : " His blood be on us, and our children !" HENLEY.

5 — *malice bears down truth.*] Malice oppresses honesty. A *true man* in old language is an *honest man*. We now call the jury *good men and true*. JOHNSON.

Por.

Por. Why, this bond is forfeit;
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart:—Be merciful;
Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.
Shy. When it is paid according to the tenour.—
It doth appear, you are a worthy judge;
You know the law, your exposition
Hath been most sound: I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment: by my soul I swear,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me: I stay here on my bond.
Ant Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgment.
Por. Why then, thus it is.
You must prepare your bosom for his knife:
Shy. O noble judge! O excellent young man!
Por. For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.
Shy. 'Tis very true: O wise and upright judge!
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!
Por. Therefore, lay bare your bosom.
Shy. Ay, his breast:
So says the bond;—Doth it not, noble judge?—
Nearest his heart, those are the very words.
Por. It is so. Are there balance here, to weigh
The flesh?
Shy. I have them ready.
Por. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.
Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond?
Por. It is not so express'd; But what of that?
'Twere good, you do so much for charity.
Shy. I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.
Por. Come, merchant, have you any thing to say?
Ant. But little; I am arm'd, and well prepar'd.—
Give me your hand, Bassanio; fare you well!

Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;
For herein fortune shews herself more kind
Than is her custom: it is still her use,
To let the wretched man out-live his wealth,
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,
An age of poverty; from which lingering penance
Of such misery doth she cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable wife:
Tell her the process of Anthonio's end,
Say, how I lov'd you, speak me fair in death;
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge,
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.
Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt;
For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

Bass. Anthonio, I am married to a wife,
Which is as dear to me as life itself;
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteem'd above thy life:
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all
Here to this devil, to deliver you.

Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If she were by to hear you make the offer.

Gra. I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love;
I would she were in heaven, so she could
Intreat some power to change this currish Jew.

Ner. 'Tis well you offer it behind her back;
The wish would make else an unquiet house.

Shy. These be the Christian husbands: I have a daughter;
Would, any of the stock of Barrabas [6]

6 — *the stock of* Barrabas] The name of this robber is differently spelt as well as accented in the *New Testament*; [Μὴ τοῦτον, ἀλλὰ τὸν Βαραββᾶν. ἦν δὲ ὁ Βαραββᾶς λῃστής;] but Shakspeare seems to have followed the pronunciation usual to the theatre, *Barabbas* being sounded Barabas throughout Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*. Our poet might otherwise have written

"Would any of Barabbas' stock had been
"Her husband, rather than a christian!" STEEVENS.

Had

Had been her husband, rather than a Christian! [*aside.*
We trifle time; I pray thee, pursue sentence.

Por. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine;
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

Shy. Most rightful judge!

Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast;
The law allows it, and the court awards it.

Shy. Most learned judge!—A sentence; come, prepare.

Por. Tarry a little;—there is something else.—
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expressly are, a pound of flesh:
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate
Unto the state of Venice.

Gra. O upright judge!—Mark, Jew;—O learned judge!

Shy. Is that the law?

Por. Thyself shall see the act:
For, as thou urgest justice, be assur'd,
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desir'st.

Gra. O learned judge!—Mark, Jew;—a learned judge!

Shy. I take this offer then [7];—pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.

Bass. Here is the money.

Por. Soft;
The Jew shall have all justice;—soft!—no haste;
He shall have nothing but the penalty.

Gra. O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!

7 *I take this* offer *then*;] Perhaps we should read—*bis*, i. e. Bassanio's, who offers *twice* the sum, &c. STEEVENS.

He means, I think, to say, "I take *this* offer that has been made me." Bassanio had offered at first but *twice* the sum, but Portia had gone further—"Shylock there's *thrice* thy money" &c. The Jew naturally insists on the larger sum. MALONE.

Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh[8].
Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less, nor more,
But just a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more,
Or less, than a just pound,—be it but so much
As makes it light, or heavy, in the substance,
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple; nay, if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair,—
Thou dieſt, and all thy goods are confiscate.

Gra. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

Por. Why doth the Jew pause? take thy forfeiture.

Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.

Bass. I have it ready for thee; here it is.

Por. He hath refus'd it in the open court;
He shall have merely justice, and his bond.

Gra. A Daniel, still say I: a second Daniel!—
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

Shy. Shall I not have barely my principal?

Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

Shy. Why then the devil give him good of it!
I'll stay no longer question.

Por. Tarry, Jew;
The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,—
If it be prov'd against an alien,

[8] *Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh.*] This judgment is related by *Gracian*, the celebrated Spanish jesuit, in his *Hero*, with a reflection at the conclusion of it. "—Compite con la del Salomon la promptitud de aquel gran Turco. Pretendia un Judio cortar una onza de carne a un Christiano, pena sobre usura. Insistia en ello con igual terqueria a su Principe, que perfidia a su Dios. Mando el gran Juez traer peso, y cuchillo; conminole el deguello si cortava mas ni menos. *Y fue dar agudo corte a la lid, y al mundo milagro del ingenio.*" El Heroe de Lorenzo Gracian. Primor. 3.

Gregorio Leti, in his *Life of Sixtus V.* has a similar story. The papacy of Sixtus began in 1583. He died Aug. 29, 1590. The reader will find an extract from *Farnworth's Translation*, at the conclusion of the play. STEEVENS.

That by direct, or indirect attempts,
He seek the life of any citizen,
The party, 'gainst the which he doth contrive,
Shall seize on half his goods; the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the state;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st:
For it appears by manifest proceeding,
That, indirectly, and directly too,
Thou hast contriv'd against the very life
Of the defendant; and thou hast incur'd
The danger formerly by me rehears'd.
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.

Gra. Beg, that thou may'st have leave to hang thyself:
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord;
Therefore, thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.

Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it:
For half thy wealth, it is Anthonio's;
The other half comes to the general state,
Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

Por. Ay, for the state; not for Anthonio *.

Shy. Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that:
You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house; you take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live.

Por. What mercy can you render him, Anthonio.

Gra. A halter gratis; nothing else, for God's sake.

Ant. So please my lord the duke, and all the court,
To quit the fine for one half of his goods;
I am content [9], so he will let me have

The

* *Ay, for the state,* &c.] That is, the state's moiety may be commuted for a fine, but not Anthonio's. MALONE.

9 *I am content,* &c.] The terms proposed have been misunderstood. Anthonio declares, that as the duke quits one half of the forfeiture, he is likewise content to abate his claim, and desires not the property but the *use* or produce only of the half, and that only for the Jew's life; unless we read, as perhaps is right, *upon* my *death*. JOHNSON.

The other half in uſe,—to render it,
Upon his death, unto the gentleman
That lately ſtole his daughter:
Two things provided more,—That, for this favour,
He preſently become a Chriſtian;
The other, that he do record a gift,
Here in the court, of all he dies poſſeſs'd,
Unto his ſon Lorenzo, and his daughter.

Duke. He ſhall do this; or elſe I do recant
The pardon, that I late pronounced here.

Por. Art thou contented, Jew? what doſt thou ſay?

Shy. I am content.

Por. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

Shy. I pray you, give me leave to go from hence;
I am not well; ſend the deed after me,
And I will ſign it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.

Gra. In chriſtening thou ſhalt have two god-fathers;
Had I been judge, thou ſhould'ſt have had ten more [1],
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font. [*Exit* SHY.

Duke. Sir, I intreat you home with me to dinner.

Por. I humbly do deſire your grace of pardon [2];
I muſt away this night toward Padua,
And it is meet, I preſently ſet forth.

Duke. I am ſorry, that your leiſure ſerves you not.
Anthonio, gratify this gentleman;

The learned commentator is, I think, not quite exact in the *firſt* part of his note. The Duke has already ſaid that perhaps he may give up the moiety due to the ſtate, and compound with the Jew by taking only a *fine* for it. Anthonio now declares that if the Duke will go farther, and give up the *fine* alſo, he is likewiſe content to abate his claim, and to have only the *uſe* of the moiety allotted to him, during the life of Shylock. MALONE.

[1] — *thou ſhouldſt have had* ten *more*,] i. e. a jury of *twelve* men, to condemn thee to be hanged. THEOBALD.

[2] — *grace of pardon*;] Thus the old copies: the modern editors read—leſs harſhly, but without authority,—*your* grace's *pardon*. The ſame kind of expreſſion occurs in *Othello*: "*I humbly do beſeech you of your pardon.*" In the notes to *As you like it*, and the *Midſummer Night's Dream*, I have given repeated inſtances of this phraſeology. STEEVENS.

Your grace's *pardon* was found in a copy of no authority, the quarto of 1637. MALONE.

For,

For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.

[*Exeunt* Duke, *Magnificoes, and Train.*

Baſſ. Moſt worthy gentleman, I, and my friend,
Have by your wiſdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof,
Three thouſand ducats, due unto the Jew,
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.

Ant. And ſtand indebted, over and above,
In love and ſervice to you evermore.

Por. He is well paid, that is well ſatisfy'd;
And I, delivering you, am ſatisfy'd,
And therein do account myſelf well paid;
My mind was never yet more mercenary.
I pray you, know me, when we meet again;
I wiſh you well, and ſo I take my leave.

Baſſ. Dear ſir, of force I muſt attempt you further;
Take ſome remembrance of us, as a tribute,
Not as a fee: grant me two things, I pray you,
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

Por. You preſs me far, and therefore I will yield.
Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your ſake;
And, for your love, I'll take this ring from you:—
Do not draw back your hand; I'll take no more;
And you in love ſhall not deny me this.

Baſſ. This ring, good ſir,—alas, it is a trifle;
I will not ſhame myſelf to give you this.

Por. I will have nothing elſe but only this;
And now, methinks, I have a mind to it.

Baſſ. There's more depends on this, than on the value.
The deareſt ring in Venice will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation;
Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.

Por. I ſee, ſir, you are liberal in offers:
You taught me firſt to beg; and now, methinks,
You teach me how a beggar ſhould be anſwer'd.

Baſſ. Good ſir, this ring was given me by my wife;
And, when ſhe put it on, ſhe made me vow,
That I ſhould neither ſell, nor give, nor loſe it.

Por. That 'ſcuſe ſerves many men to ſave their gifts.

An

An if your wife be not a mad woman,
And know how well I have deſerv'd this ring,
She would not hold out enemy for ever,
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you!
[*Exeunt* PORTIA *and* NERISSA.

Ant. My lord Baſſanio, let him have the ring;
Let his deſervings, and my love withal,
Be valued 'gainſt your wife's commandement.

Baſſ. Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him,
Give him the ring; and bring him, if thou canſt,
Unto Anthonio's houſe:—away, make haſte. [*Exit* GRA.
Come, you and I will thither preſently;
And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward Belmont: Come, Anthonio. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The ſame. A Street.

Enter PORTIA *and* NERISSA.

Por. Enquire the Jew's houſe out, give him this deed,
And let him ſign it; we'll away to-night,
And be a day before our huſbands home:
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Enter GRATIANO.

Gra. Fair ſir, you are well overtaken:
My lord Baſſanio, upon more advice [3],
Hath ſent you here this ring; and doth intreat
Your company at dinner.

Por. That cannot be:
This ring I do accept moſt thankfully,
And ſo, I pray you, tell him: Furthermore,
I pray you, ſhew my youth old Shylock's houſe.

Gra. That will I do.

Ner. Sir, I would ſpeak with you:—
I'll ſee if I can get my huſband's ring, [*to* PORTIA.
Which I did make him ſwear to keep for ever.

3 — *upon more* advice,] i. e. more *reflection.* STEEVENS.

Por.

Por. Thou may'ſt, I warrant: We ſhall have old ſwearing,
That they did give the rings away to men;
But we'll out-face them, and out-ſwear them too.
Away, make haſte; thou know'ſt where I will tarry.

Ner. Come, good ſir, will you ſhew me to this houſe?

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Belmont. *Avenue to* Portia's *Houſe.*

Enter LORENZO *and* JESSICA.

Lor. The moon ſhines bright:—In ſuch a night as this,
When the ſweet wind did gently kiſs the trees,
And they did make no noiſe; in ſuch a night,
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls [4],
And ſigh'd his ſoul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Creſſid lay that night.

Jeſ. In ſuch a night,
Did Thiſbe fearfully o'er-trip the dew;
And ſaw the lion's ſhadow ere himſelf,
And ran diſmay'd away.

Lor. In ſuch a night,
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand [5]

Upon

4 *Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,*] This image is from Chaucer's *Troilus and Creſſeide*, 5 B. 666 and 1142:

" Upon the *wallis* faſt eke would he walke,
" And on the Grekis hoſt he would yſe &c.
" The daie goth faſt, and after that came eve,
" And yet came not to Troïlus Creſſeide,
" He lokith forth, by hedge, by tre, by greve,
" And ferre his heade *ovir the walle* he leide, &c."

Again, *ibid:*

" And up and doune by weſt and eke by eſt,
" *Upon the wallis* made he many a went." STEEVENS.

5 *In ſuch a night,*
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand] This paſſage contains a ſmall inſtance out of many that might be brought to prove that Shakſpeare was no reader of the claſſicks. STEEVENS.

Mr.

Upon the wild ſea-banks, and waft her love
To come again to Carthage.

Jeſ. In ſuch a night [6],
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æſon.

Lor. In ſuch a night,
Did Jeſſica ſteal from the wealthy Jew;
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice,
As far as Belmont.

Jeſ. In ſuch a night, did
Young Lorenzo ſwear * he lov'd her well;
Stealing her ſoul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.

Lor. In ſuch a night, did
Pretty Jeſſica, like a little ſhrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

Jeſ. I would out-night you, did no body come;
But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter a Servant.

Lor. Who comes ſo faſt in ſilence of the night?

Serv. A friend.

Lor. A friend? what friend? your name, I pray you, friend?

Serv. Stephano is my name; and I bring word,
My miſtreſs will before the break of day
Be here at Belmont: ſhe doth ſtray about
By holy croſſes [7], where ſhe kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.

Lor.

Mr. Warton ſuggeſts in his *Hiſt. of Eng. Poetry*, that Shakſpeare might have taken this image from ſome ballad on the ſubject. MALONE.

[6] *In ſuch a night*, &c.] So, Gower, ſpeaking of Medea:

"Thus it befell upon a night
"Whann there was nought but ſterre light,
"She was vaniſhed right as hir liſt,
"That no wight but herſelf wiſt:
"And that was at midnight tide,
"The world was ſtill on every ſide, &c.

Confeſſio Amantis, 1554. STEEVENS.

* —*ſwear*] is here, as in many other places, a diſſyllable. MALONE.

[7] *By holy croſſes*,] So, in the *Merry Devil of Edmonton*, 1608:

"But

Lor. Who comes with her?

Serv. None, but a holy hermit, and her maid.
I pray you, is my maſter yet return'd?

Lor. He is not, nor we have not heard from him.—
But go we in, I pray thee, Jeſſica,
And ceremoniouſly let us prepare
Some welcome for the miſtreſs of the houſe.

Enter Launcelot.

Laun. Sola, ſola, wo ha, ho, ſola, ſola!

Lor. Who calls?

Laun. Sola! did you ſee maſter Lorenzo, and miſtreſs Lorenzo? ſola, ſola!

Lor. Leave hollaing, man; here.

Laun. Sola! where? where?

Lor. Here.

Laun. Tell him, there's a poſt come from my maſter, with his horn full of good news; my maſter will be here ere morning. [*Exit.*

Lor. Sweet ſoul,[8] let's in, and there expect their coming.
And yet no matter;—Why ſhould we go in?
My friend Stephano, ſignify, I pray you,
Within the houſe, your miſtreſs is at hand;
And bring your muſick forth into the air.— [*Exit* Serv.
How ſweet the moon-light ſleeps upon this bank!
Here will we ſit, and let the ſounds of muſick
Creep in our ears; ſoft ſtillneſs, and the night,
Become the touches of ſweet harmony.
Sit, Jeſſica; Look, how the floor of heaven

> "But there are *Croſſes*, wife; here's one in Waltham,
> "Another at the Abbey, and the third
> "At Ceſton; and 'tis ominous to paſs
> "Any of theſe without a Pater-noſter."

and this is a reaſon aſſigned for the delay of a wedding. STEEVENS.

8 *Sweet ſoul*, &c.] Theſe words in the old copies are placed at the end of Launcelot's ſpeech. Mr. Rowe firſt made the preſent regulation, which appears to me to be right. Inſtead of *ſoul* he reads—*love*, the latter word having been capriciouſly ſubſtituted in the place of the former by the editor of the ſecond folio, who introduced a large portion of the corruptions which for a long time diſfigured the modern editions. That judicious commentator Mr. Tyrwhitt likewiſe approves of the regulation that is here adopted. MALONE.

Is thick inlay'd with patines of bright gold[9];
There's not the ſmalleſt orb, which thou behold'ſt,
But in his motion like an angel ſings,
Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubins:
Such harmony is in immortal ſouls[1];
But, whilſt this muddy veſture of decay
Doth groſly cloſe it in, we cannot hear it.—

Enter Muſicians.

Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn[2];
With ſweeteſt touches pierce your miſtreſs' ear,

9 — *with* patines *of bright gold*;] A *patine*, from *patina*, Lat. is the ſmall flat diſh or plate uſed with the chalice, in the adminiſtration of the euchariſt. In the time of Popery, and probably in the following age, it was commonly made of gold. MALONE.

1 *Such harmony is in immortal* ſouls; &c.] This paſſage having been much miſunderſtood, it may be proper to add a ſhort explanation of it. "*Such harmony* &c." is not an exclamation ariſing from the foregoing line—"So great is the harmony!" but an illuſtration:—"Of the *ſame kind* is the harmony."—The whole runs thus:

There is not one of the heavenly orbs but ſings as it moves, ſtill quiring to the cherubin. Similar to the harmony they make, is that of immortal ſouls; or, (in other words) *each of us have as perfect harmony in our ſouls as the harmony of the ſpheres, inaſmuch as we have the quality of being moved by ſweet ſounds* (as he expreſſes it afterwards); *but our groſs terreſtrial part, which environs us, deadens the ſound, and prevents our hearing it.*—*It*, [Doth groſsly cloſe *it* in,] I apprehend, refers to *harmony*. This is the reading of the firſt quarto printed by Heyes; the quarto printed by Roberts and the folio read—cloſe *in it*.

It may be objected that this *internal* harmony is not an object of ſenſe, cannot be heard;—but Shakſpeare is not always exact in his language: he confounds it with that external and artificial harmony which *is* capable of being heard.—Dr. Warburton (who appears to have entirely miſunderſtood this paſſage,) for *ſouls* reads *ſounds*. MALONE.

The old reading, "in immortal *ſouls*," is certainly right, and the whole line may be well explained by Hooker, in his *Eccleſiaſtical Polity*, B. V. "Touching muſical harmony whether by inſtrument or by voice, it being but high and low in ſounds in a due proportionable diſpoſition, ſuch notwithſtanding is the force thereof, and ſo pleating effects it hath in that very part of man which is moſt divine, that ſome have been thereby induced to think that the ſoul itſelf, by nature, is or hath in it harmony." For this quotation I am indebted to Dr. Farmer. STEEVENS.

The fifth book of the *E. P.* was publiſhed ſingly, in 1597. MALONE.

2 — *wake Diana with a hymn*;] Diana is the moon, who is in the next ſcene repreſented as ſleeping. JOHNSON.

And

And draw her home with muſick [3]. [*Muſick.*

Jeſ. I am never merry, when I hear ſweet muſick.

Lor. The reaſon is, your ſpirits are attentive:
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood;
If they but hear perchance a trumpet ſound,
Or any air of muſick touch their ears,
You ſhall perceive them make a mutual ſtand,
Their ſavage eyes turn'd to a modeſt gaze,
By the ſweet power of muſick: Therefore, the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, ſtones, and floods;
Since nought ſo ſtockiſh, hard, and full of rage,
But muſick for the time doth change his nature:
The man that hath no muſick in himſelf,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of ſweet ſounds,
Is fit for treaſons, ſtratagems, and ſpoils;
The motions of his ſpirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no ſuch man be truſted.—Mark the muſick.

Enter PORTIA *and* NERISSA, *at a diſtance.*

Por. That light we ſee, is burning in my hall.
How far that little candle throws his beams!
So ſhines a good deed in a naughty world.

Ner. When the moon ſhone, we did not ſee the candle.

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the leſs:
A ſubſtitute ſhines brightly as a king,
Until a king be by; and then his ſtate
Empties itſelf, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters. Muſick! hark!

Ner. It is your muſick, madam, of the houſe.

Por. Nothing is good, I ſee, without reſpect [4];
Methinks, it ſounds much ſweeter than by day.

3 *And* draw *her* home with muſick.] Shakſpeare, I believe, was here thinking of the cuſtom of accompanying the laſt waggon-load, at the end of harveſt, with ruſtick muſick. He again alludes to this yet common practice, in *As you like it.* MALONE.

4 — *without reſpect*;] Not abſolutely good, but relatively good as it is modified by circumſtances. JOHNSON.

Ner.

Ner. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.

Por. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,
When neither is attended; and, I think,
The nightingale [5], if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.
How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise, and true perfection!—
Peace, hoa! the moon sleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awak'd [6]. [*Musick ceases.*

Lor. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceiv'd, of Portia.

Por. He knows me, as the blind man knows the cuckoo,
By the bad voice.

Lor. Dear lady, welcome home.

5 *The nightingale*, &c.] So, in our author's 102d Sonnet:

" Our love was new, and then but in the spring,
" When I was wont to greet it with my lays;
" As *Philomel* in summer's front doth sing,
" And stops his pipe in growth of riper days;
" Not that the summer is less pleasant now,
" Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night;
" *But that wild musick burdens every bough,*
" *And sweets grown common lose their dear delight.*" MALONE.

6 *Peace, hoa! the moon sleeps with Endymion,*
And would not be awak'd.] The old copies read—Peace *how* &c. For the emendation now made the present editor is answerable. The oddness of the phrase, " *How* the moon would not be awak'd!" first made me suspect the passage to be corrupt; and the following lines in *Romeo and Juliet* suggested the emendation, and appear to me to put it beyond a doubt:

" *Peace, hoa*, for shame! confusion's cure lives not
" In these confusions."

Again, in *As you like it*, Act I. " *Peace, hoa!* I bar confusion."
Again, in *Measure for Measure*: " *Hoa! peace* be in this place!"
Again, ibid: " *Peace, hoa*, be here!"

In *Antony and Cleopatra* the same mistake, I think, has happened. In the passage before us, as exhibited in the old copies, there is not a note of admiration after the word *awak'd*. Portia first enjoins the musick to cease, " Peace, hoa!" and then subjoins the reason for her injunction; " The moon &c."

Mr. Tyrwhitt seems to be of opinion that the interjection *Ho* was formerly used to command a cessation of noise, as well as of fighting. See *Cant. Tales* of Chaucer, Vol. IV. p. 230. MALONE.

Por.

Por. We have been praying for our husbands' welfare,
Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they return'd?

Lor. Madam, they are not yet;
But there is come a messenger before,
To signify their coming.

Por. Go in, Nerissa,
Give order to my servants, that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence;—
Nor you, Lorenzo;—Jessica, nor you. [*Trumpet sounds.*

Lor. Your husband is at hand, I hear his trumpet:
We are no tell-tales, madam; fear you not.

Por. This night, methinks, is but the day-light sick,
It looks a little paler; 'tis a day,
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

Enter BASSANIO, ANTHONIO, GRATIANO, *and their followers.*

Bass. We should hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walk in absence of the sun [7].

Por. Let me give light [8], but let me not be light;
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,
And never be Bassanio so for me;
But, God sort all!—You are welcome home, my lord.

Bass. I thank you, madam: give welcome to my friend.—
This is the man, this is Anthonio,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.

Por. You should in all sense be much bound to him,
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

Ant. No more than I am well acquitted of.

Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our house:

7 *We should hold day* &c.] If you would always walk in the night, it would be day with us, as it now is on the other side of the globe. MALONE.

8 *Let me give light,* &c.] There is scarcely any word with which Shakspeare so much delights to trifle as with *light*, in its various significations. JOHNSON.

Most of the old dramatick writers are guilty of the same quibble. STEEVENS.

It muſt appear in other ways than words,
Therefore I ſcant this breathing courteſy [9].

[GRATIANO *and* NERISSA *ſeem to talk apart.*

Gra. By yonder moon, I ſwear, you do me wrong;
In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk:
Would he were gelt that had it, for my part,
Since you do take it, love, ſo much at heart.

Por. A quarrel, ho, already? what's the matter?

Gra. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring
That ſhe did give me; whoſe poſy was
For all the world, like cutler's poetry [1]
Upon a knife, *Love me, and leave me not.*

Ner. What talk you of the poſy, or the value?
You ſwore to me, when I did give it you,
That you would wear it till your hour of death;
And that it ſhould lie with you in your grave:
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You ſhould have been reſpective [2], and have kept it.
Gave it a judge's clerk!—but well I know,
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on his face, that had it.

Gra. He will, an if he live to be a man.

Ner. Ay, if a woman live to be a man.

Gra. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,—
A kind of boy; a little ſcrubbed boy [3],
No higher than thyſelf, the judge's clerk;
A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee;
I could not for my heart deny it him.

[9] — *this* breathing *courteſy.*] This verbal complimentary form, made up only of *breath*, i. e. words. So, in *Timon of Athens*, a ſenator replies to Alcibiades, who had made a long ſpeech,—"You *breathe* in vain." MALONE.

[1] — *like cutler's poetry*] Knives were formerly inſcribed by means of *aqua fortis* with ſhort ſentences in diſtich. Sir J. HAWKINS.

[2] — *have been* reſpective,] *Reſpective* has the ſame meaning as *reſpectful.* See *K. John*, Act I. STEEVENS.

Chapman, Marſton, and other poets of that time, uſe this word in the ſame ſenſe. MALONE.

[3] — *a little* ſcrubbed *boy,*] I believe *ſcrubbed* and *ſtubbed* have a like meaning, and ſignify *ſtunted*, or *ſhrub-like.* STEEVENS.

Scrubbed perhaps meant *dirty*, as well as *ſhort.* Cole, in his Dictionary, 1679, renders it by the Latin word *ſqualidus.* MALONE.

Por.

Por. You were to blame, I muſt be plain with you,
To part ſo ſlightly with your wife's firſt gift;
A thing ſtuck on with oaths upon your finger,
And ſo riveted with faith unto your fleſh.
I gave my love a ring, and made him ſwear
Never to part with it; and here he ſtands;
I dare be ſworn for him, he would not leave it,
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world maſters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,
You give your wife too unkind a cauſe of grief;
An 'twere to me, I ſhould be mad at it.

Baſſ. Why, I were beſt to cut my left hand off,
And ſwear, I loſt the ring defending it. [*aſide.*

Gra. My lord Baſſanio gave his ring away
Unto the judge that begg'd it, and, indeed,
Deſerv'd it too; and then the boy, his clerk,
That took ſome pains in writing, he begg'd mine:
And neither man, nor maſter, would take aught
But the two rings.

Por. What ring gave you, my lord?
Not that, I hope, which you receiv'd of me.

Baſſ. If I could add a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it; but you ſee, my finger
Hath not the ring upon it, it is gone.

Por. Even ſo void is your falſe heart of truth.
By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed
Until I ſee the ring.

Ner. Nor I in yours,
Till I again ſee mine.

Baſſ. Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When nought would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the ſtrength of your diſpleaſure.

Por. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthineſs that gave the ring,

Or your own honour to contain the ring [4],
You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleas'd to have defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony [5]?
Nerissa teaches me what to believe;
I'll die for't, but some woman had the ring.

Bass. No, by my honour, madam, by my soul,
No woman had it, but a civil doctor,
Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me,
And begg'd the ring; the which I did deny him,
And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away;
Even he that had held up the very life
Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady?
I was enforc'd to send it after him;
I was beset with shame and courtesy;
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much besmear it: Pardon me, good lady;
For, by these blessed candles of the night [6],
Had you been there, I think, you would have begg'd
The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.

4 — *to* contain *the ring*,] Mr. Pope and the other modern editors read—to *retain*, but *contain* might in our author's time have had nearly the same meaning. Or he might have meant, "if you had known that the ring contained your own honour,—that they were involved together;"—and made the transposition for the sake of the jingle. MALONE.

5 *What man——wanted the modesty*
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?] This is a very licentious expression. The sense is, *What man could have so little modesty* or *wanted modesty so much*, as to urge the demand of a thing kept on account in some sort religious. JOHNSON.

Thus Calphurnia says to Julius Cæsar:
"Cæsar, I never stood on *ceremonies*." STEEVENS.

6 — *candles of the night*,] We have again the same expression in one of our author's Sonnets, in *Macbeth*, and *Romeo and Juliet*. It likewise occurs in *Diella, Certaine Sonnets adjoyned to the amorous poeme of Dom Diego and Gineura*, by R. L. 1596:
"He who can count the *candles of the skie*,
"Reckon the sands whereon Pactolus flows &c." MALONE.

Por.

Por. Let not that doctor e'er come near my houſe:
Since he hath got the jewel that I lov'd,
And that which you did ſwear to keep for me,
I will become as liberal as you;
I'll not deny him any thing I have,
No, not my body, nor my huſband's bed:
Know him I ſhall, I am well ſure of it:
Lie not a night from home; watch me, like Argus:
If you do not, if I be left alone,
Now, by mine honour, which is yet my own,
I'll have that doctor for my bed-fellow.

Ner. And I his clerk; therefore be well advis'd,
How you do leave me to mine own protection.

Gra. Well, do you ſo: let not me take him then;
For, if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.

Ant. I am the unhappy ſubject of theſe quarrels.

Por. Sir, grieve not you; You are welcome notwithſtanding.

Baſſ. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong;
And, in the hearing of theſe many friends,
I ſwear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I ſee myſelf,—

Por. Mark you but that!
In both my eyes he doubly ſees himſelf:
In each eye, one:—ſwear by your double ſelf[7],
And there's an oath of credit.

Baſſ. Nay, but hear me:
Pardon this fault, and by my ſoul I ſwear,
I never more will break an oath with thee.

Ant. I once did lend my body for his wealth[8];
Which, but for him that had your huſband's ring,
Had quite miſcarry'd: I dare be bound again,
My ſoul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith adviſedly.

[7] — *ſwear by your* double *ſelf,*] *Double* is here uſed in a bad ſenſe for—*full of duplicity.* MALONE.

[8] — *for his wealth*;] For his advantage; to obtain his happineſs. *Wealth* was, at that time, the term oppoſite to *adverſity*, or *calamity*. JOHNSON.

Por. Then you shall be his surety: Give him this;
And bid him keep it better than the other.

Ant. Here, lord Bassanio; swear to keep this ring.

Bass. By heaven, it is the same I gave the doctor!

Por. I had it of him: pardon me, Bassanio;
For by this ring the doctor lay with me.

Ner. And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano;
For that same scrubbed boy, the doctor's clerk,
In lieu of this, last night did lie with me.

Gra. Why, this is like the mending of highways
In summer, where the ways are fair enough:
What! are we cuckolds, ere we have deserv'd it?

Por. Speak not so grossly.—You are all amaz'd:
Here is a letter, read it at your leisure;
It comes from Padua, from Bellario:
There you shall find, that Portia was the doctor;
Nerissa there, her clerk: Lorenzo here
Shall witness, I set forth as soon as you,
And but even now return'd; I have not yet
Enter'd my house.—Anthonio, you are welcome;
And I have better news in store for you,
Than you expect: unseal this letter soon;
There you shall find, three of your argosies
Are richly come to harbour suddenly:
You shall not know by what strange accident
I chanced on this letter.

Ant. I am dumb.

Bass. Were you the doctor, and I knew you not?

Gra. Were you the clerk, that is to make me cuckold?

Ner. Ay; but the clerk, that never means to do it,
Unless he live until he be a man.

Bass. Sweet doctor, you shall be my bedfellow;
When I am absent, then lie with my wife.

Ant. Sweet lady, you have given me life, and living;
For here I read for certain, that my ships
Are safely come to road.

Por. How now, Lorenzo?
My clerk hath some good comforts too for you.

Ner. Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee.—

There

There do I give to you, and Jeſſica,
From the rich Jew, a ſpecial deed of gift,
After his death, of all he dies poſſeſs'd of.

Lor. Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of ſtarved people.

Por. It is almoſt morning,
And yet, I am ſure, you are not ſatisfy'd
Of theſe events at full: Let us go in;
And charge us there upon intergatories,
And we will anſwer all things faithfully.

Gra. Let it be ſo: The firſt intergatory,
That my Neriſſa ſhall be ſworn on, is,
Whether till the next night ſhe had rather ſtay;
Or go to bed now, being two hours to day:
But were the day come, I ſhould wiſh it dark,
That I were couching with the doctor's clerk.
Well, while I live, I'll fear no other thing
So ſore, as keeping ſafe Neriſſa's ring [9]. [*Exeunt.*

9 It has been lately diſcovered, that this fable is taken from a ſtory in the *Pecorone* of Ser Giovanni Fiorentino, a noveliſt, who wrote in 1378. [The firſt novel of the fourth day.] The ſtory has been publiſhed in Engliſh, and I have epitomized the tranſlation. The tranſlator is of opinion, that the choice of the caſkets is borrowed from a tale of *Boccace*, [the firſt novel of the tenth day,] which I have likewiſe abridged, though I believe that Shakſpeare muſt have had ſome other novel in view*. JOHNSON.

THERE lived at Florence, a merchant whoſe name was Bindo. He was rich, and had three ſons. Being near his end, he called for the two eldeſt, and left them heirs: to the youngeſt he left nothing. This youngeſt, whoſe name was Giannetto, went to his father, and ſaid, what has my father done? The father replied, Dear Giannetto, there is none to whom I wiſh better than to you. Go to Venice to your godfather, whoſe name is Anſaldo; he has no child, and has wrote to me often to ſend you thither to him. He is the richeſt merchant amongſt the Chriſtians: if you behave well, you will be certainly a rich man. The ſon anſwered, I am ready to do whatever my dear father ſhall command: upon which he gave him his benediction, and in a few days died.

Gianetto went to Anſaldo, and preſented the letter given by the father before his death. Anſaldo reading the letter, cried out, My deareſt

* See Dr. Farmer's note at the beginning of this play, from which it appears that Dr. Johnſon was right in this conjecture. MALONE.

godſon is welcome to my arms. He then aſked news of his father. Giannetto replied, He is dead. I am much grieved, replied Anſaldo, to hear of the death of Bindo; but the joy I feel, in ſeeing you, mitigates my ſorrow. He conducted him to his houſe, and gave orders to his ſervants, that Giannetto ſhould be obeyed, and ſerved with more attention than had been paid to himſelf. He then delivered him the keys of his ready money; and told him, Son, ſpend this money, keep a table, and make yourſelf known: remember, that the more you gain the good will of every body, the more you will be dear to me.

Giannetto now began to give entertainments. He was more obedient and courteous to Anſaldo, than if he had been an hundred times his father. Every body in Venice was fond of him. Anſaldo could think of nothing but him; ſo much was he pleaſed with his good manners and behaviour.

It happened, that two of his moſt intimate acquaintance deſigned to go with two ſhips to Alexandria, and told Giannetto, he would do well to take a voyage and ſee the world. I would go willingly, ſaid he, if my father Anſaldo will give leave. His companions go to Anſaldo, and beg his permiſſion for Giannetto to go in the ſpring with them to Alexandria; and deſire him to provide him a ſhip. Anſaldo immediately procured a very fine ſhip, loaded it with merchandize, adorned it with ſtreamers, and furniſhed it with arms; and, as ſoon as it was ready, he gave orders to the captain and ſailors to do every thing that Giannetto commanded. It happened one morning early, that Giannetto ſaw a gulph, with a fine port, and aſked the captain how the port was called. He replied, That place belongs to a widow lady, who has ruined many gentlemen. In what manner? ſays Giannetto. He anſwered, This lady is a fine and beautiful woman, and has made a law, that whoever arrives here is obliged to go to bed with her, and if he can have the enjoyment of her, he muſt take her for his wife, and be lord of all the country; but if he cannot enjoy her, he loſes every thing he has brought with him. Giannetto, after a little reflection, tells the captain to get into the port. He was obeyed; and in an inſtant they ſlide into the port ſo eaſily that the other ſhips perceived nothing.

The lady was ſoon informed of it, and ſent for Giannetto, who waited on her immediately. She, taking him by the hand, aſked him, who he was? whence he came? and if he knew the cuſtom of the country? He anſwered, That the knowledge of that cuſtom was his only reaſon for coming. The lady paid him great honours, and ſent for barons, counts, and knights in great numbers, who were her ſubjects, to keep Giannetto company. Theſe nobles were highly delighted with the good breeding and manners of Giannetto; and all would have rejoiced to have him for their lord.

The night being come, the lady ſaid, it ſeems to be time to go to bed. Giannetto told the lady, he was entirely devoted to her ſervice; and immediately two damſels enter with wine and ſweetmeats. The lady intreats him to taſte the wine: he takes the ſweetmeats, and drinks ſome of the wine, which was prepared with ingredients to cauſe ſleep.

ſleep. He then goes into the bed, where he inſtantly falls aſleep, and never wakes till late in the morning, but the lady roſe with the ſun, and gave orders to unload the veſſel, which ſhe found full of rich merchandize. After nine o'clock the women ſervants go to the bed-ſide, order Giannetto to riſe and be gone, for he had loſt the ſhip. The lady gave him a horſe and money, and he leaves the place very melancholy, and goes to Venice. When he arrives, he dares not return home for ſhame: but at night goes to the houſe of a friend, who is ſurpriſed to ſee him, and inquires of him the cauſe of his return: He anſwers, his ſhip had ſtruck on a rock in the night, and was broke in pieces.

This friend, going one day to make a viſit to Anſaldo, found him very diſconſolate. I fear, ſays Anſaldo, ſo much, that this ſon of mine is dead, that I have no reſt. His friend told him, that he had been ſhipwreck'd, and had loſt his all, but that he himſelf was ſafe. Anſaldo inſtantly gets up, and runs to find him. My dear ſon, ſaid he, you need not fear my diſpleaſure; it is a common accident; trouble yourſelf no further. He takes him home, all the way telling him to be chearful and eaſy.

The news was ſoon known all over Venice, and every one was concerned for Giannetto. Some time after, his companions arriving from Alexandria very rich, demanded what was become of their friend, and having heard the ſtory, ran to ſee him, and rejoiced with him for his ſafety; telling him that next ſpring he might gain as much as he had loſt the laſt. But Giannetto had no other thoughts than of his return to the lady; and was reſolved to marry her, or die. Anſaldo told him frequently, not to be caſt down. Giannetto ſaid, he ſhould never be happy, till he was at liberty to make another voyage. Anſaldo provided another ſhip of more value than the firſt. He again entered the port of Belmonte, and the lady looking on the port from her bed-chamber, and ſeeing the ſhip, aſked her maid, if ſhe knew the ſtreamers; the maid ſaid, it was the ſhip of the young man who arrived the laſt year. You are in the right, anſwered the lady; he muſt ſurely have a great regard for me, for never any one came a ſecond time: the maid ſaid, ſhe had never ſeen a more agreeable man. He went to the caſtle, and preſented himſelf to the lady; who, as ſoon as ſhe ſaw him, embraced him, and the day was paſſed in joy and revels. Bed-time being come, the lady entreated him to go to reſt: when they were ſeated in the chamber, the two damſels enter with wine and ſweet-meats; and having eat and drank of them, they go to bed, and immediately Giannetto falls aſleep; the lady undreſſed, and lay down by his ſide; but he waked not the whole night. In the morning, the lady riſes, and gives orders to ſtrip the ſhip. He has a horſe and money given to him, and away he goes, and never ſtops till he gets to Venice; and at night goes to the ſame friend, who with aſtoniſhment aſked him, what was the matter: I am undone, ſays Giannetto. His friend anſwered, You are the cauſe of the ruin of Anſaldo, and your ſhame ought to be greater than the loſs you have ſuffered. Giannetto lived privately many days. At laſt he took

took the reſolution of ſeeing Anſaldo, who roſe from his chair, and running to embrace him, told him he was welcome: Giannetto with tears returned his embraces. Anſaldo heard his tale: Do not grieve, my dear ſon, ſays he, we have ſtill enough: the ſea enriches ſome men, others it ruins.

Poor Giannetto's head was day and night full of the thoughts of his bad ſucceſs. When Anſaldo enquired what was the matter, he confeſſed, he could never be contented till he ſhould be in a condition to regain all that he loſt. When Anſaldo found him reſolved, he began to ſell every thing he had, to furniſh this other fine ſhip with merchandize: but, as he wanted ſtill ten thouſand ducats, he applied himſelf to a Jew at Meſtri, and borrowed them on condition, that if they were not paid on the feaſt of St. John in the next month of June, that the Jew might take a pound of fleſh from any part of his body he pleaſed. Anſaldo agreed, and the Jew had an obligation drawn, and witneſſed, with all the form and ceremony neceſſary; and then counted him the ten thouſand ducats of gold, with which Anſaldo bought what was ſtill wanting for the veſſel. This laſt ſhip was finer and better freighted than the other two; and his companions made ready for their voyage, with a deſign that whatever they gained ſhould be for their friend. When it was time to depart, Anſaldo told Giannetto, that ſince he well knew the obligation to the Jew, he entreated, that if any misfortune happened, he would return to Venice, that he might ſee him before he died; and then he could leave the world with ſatisfaction: Giannetto promiſed to do every thing that he conceived might give him pleaſure. Anſaldo gave him his bleſſing, they took their leave, and the ſhips ſet out.

Giannetto had nothing in his head but to ſteal into Belmonte; and he prevailed with one of the ſailors in the night to ſail the veſſel into the port. It was told the lady, that Giannetto was arrived in port. She ſaw from the window the veſſel, and immediately ſent for him.

Giannetto goes to the caſtle, the day is ſpent in joy and feaſting; and to honour him, a tournament is ordered, and many barons and knights tilted that day. Giannetto did wonders, ſo well did he underſtand the lance, and was ſo graceful a figure on horſe-back: he pleaſed ſo much, that all were deſirous to have him for their lord.

The lady, when it was the uſual time, catching him by the hand, begged him to take his reſt. When he paſſed the door of the chamber, one of the damſels in a whiſper ſaid to him, Make a pretence to drink the liquor, but touch not one drop. The lady ſaid, I know you muſt be thirſty, I muſt have you drink before you go to bed: immediately two damſels entered the room, and preſented the wine. Who can refuſe wine from ſuch beautiful hands? cries Giannetto: at which the lady ſmiled. Giannetto takes the cup, and making as if he drank, pours the wine into his boſom. The lady thinking he had drank, ſays aſide to herſelf with great joy, You muſt go, young man, and bring another ſhip,

ſhip, for this is condemned. Giannetto went to bed, and began to ſnore as if he ſlept ſoundly. The lady perceiving this, laid herſelf down by his ſide. Giannetto loſes no time, but turning to the lady, embraces her, ſaying, Now am I in poſſeſſion of my utmoſt wiſhes. When Giannetto came out of his chamber, he was knighted, and placed in the chair of ſtate, had the ſceptre put into his hand, and was proclaimed ſovereign of the country, with great pomp and ſplendour; and when the lords and ladies were come to the caſtle, he married the lady in great ceremony.

Giannetto governed excellently, and cauſed juſtice to be adminiſtered impartially. He continued ſome time in his happy ſtate, and never entertained a thought of poor Anſaldo, who had given his bond to the Jew for ten thouſand ducats. But one day, as he ſtood at the window of the palace with his bride, he ſaw a number of people paſs along the piazza, with lighted torches in their hands. What is the meaning of this? ſays he. The lady anſwered, They are artificers, going to make their offerings at the church of St. John, this day being his feſtival. Giannetto inſtantly recollected Anſaldo, gave a great ſigh, and turned pale. His lady enquired the cauſe of his ſudden change. He ſaid, he felt nothing. She continued to preſs with great earneſtneſs, till he was obliged to confeſs the cauſe of his unneaſineſs; that Anſaldo was engaged for the money; that the term was expired; and the grief he was in was leſt his father ſhould loſe his life for him: that if the ten thouſand ducats were not paid that day, he muſt loſe a pound of his fleſh. The lady told him to mount on horſe-back, and go by land the neareſt way, to take ſome attendants, and an hundred thouſand ducats; and not ſtop till he arrived at Venice; and if he was not dead, to endeavour to bring Anſaldo to her. Giannetto takes horſe with twenty attendants, and makes the beſt of his way to Venice.

The time being expired, the Jew had ſeized Anſaldo, and inſiſted on having a pound of his fleſh. He entreated him only to wait ſome days, that if his dear Giannetto arrived, he might have the pleaſure of embracing him: the Jew replied he was willing to wait; but, ſays he, I will cut off the pound of fleſh, according to the words of the obligation. Anſaldo anſwered, that he was content.

Several merchants would have jointly paid the money; the Jew would not hearken to the propoſal, but inſiſted that he might have the ſatisfaction of ſaying, that he had put to death the greateſt of the Chriſtian merchants. Giannetto making all poſſible haſte to Venice, his lady ſoon followed him in a lawyer's habit, with two ſervants attending her. Giannetto, when he came to Venice, goes to the Jew, and (after embracing Anſaldo) tells him, he is ready to pay the money, and as much more as he ſhould demand. The Jew ſaid, he would take no money, ſince it was not paid at the time due; but that he would have the pound of fleſh. Every one blamed the Jew; but as Venice was a place where juſtice was ſtrictly adminiſtered, and the Jew had his pretenſions grounded on publick and received forms, their only reſource was entreaty;

entreaty; and when the merchants of Venice applied to him, he was inflexible. Giannetto offered him twenty thousand, then thirty thousand, afterwards forty, fifty, and at last an hundred thousand ducats. The Jew told him, if he would give him as much gold as Venice was worth, he would not accept it; and says he, you know little of me, if you think I will desist from my demand.

The lady now arrives at Venice, in her lawyer's dress; and alighting at an inn, the landlord asks of one of the servants, who his master was: The servant answered, that he was a young lawyer who had finished his studies at Bologna. The landlord upon this shews his guest great civility: and when he attended at dinner, the lawyer enquiring how justice was administered in that city, he answered, justice in this place is too severe; and related the case of Ansaldo. Says the lawyer, this question may be easily answered. If you can answer it, says the landlord, and save this worthy man from death, you will get the love and esteem of all the best men of this city. The lawyer caused a proclamation to be made, that whoever had any law matters to determine, they should have recourse to him: so it was told to Giannetto, that a famous lawyer was come from Bologna, who could decide all cases in law. Giannetto proposed to the Jew to apply to this lawyer. With all my heart, says the Jew; but let who will come, I will stick to my bond. They came to this judge, and saluted him. Giannetto did not remember him: for he had disguised his face with the juice of certain herbs. Giannetto, and the Jew, each told the merits of the cause to the judge; who, when he had taken the bond and read it, said to the Jew, I must have you take the hundred thousand ducats, and release this honest man, who will always have a grateful sense of the favour done to him. The Jew replied, I will do no such thing. The judge answered, it will be better for you. The Jew was positive to yield nothing. Upon this they go to the tribunal appointed for such judgments: and our judge says to the Jew, Do you cut a pound of this man's flesh where you chuse. The Jew ordered him to be stripped naked; and takes in his hand a razor, which had been made on purpose. Giannetto seeing this, turning to the judge, this, says he, is not the favour I asked of you. Be quiet, says he, the pound of flesh is not yet cut off. As soon as the Jew was going to begin, Take care what you do, says the judge, if you take more or less than a pound, I will order your head to be struck off: and beside, if you shed one drop of blood, you shall be put to death. Your paper makes no mention of the shedding of blood; but says expressly, that you may take a pound of flesh, neither more nor less. He immediately sent for the executioner to bring the block and ax; and now, says he, if I see one drop of blood, off goes your head. At length the Jew, after much wrangling, told him, Give me the hundred thousand ducats, and I am content. No, says the judge, cut off your pound of flesh according to your bond: why did not you take the money when it was offered? The Jew came down to ninety, and then to eighty thousand: but the judge was still resolute.

Giannetto

Giannetto told the judge to give what he required, that Anſaldo might have his liberty: but he replied, let me manage him. Then the Jew would have taken fifty thouſand: he ſaid, I will not give you a penny. Give me at leaſt, ſays the Jew, my own ten thouſand ducats, and a curſe confound you all. The judge replies, I will give you nothing: if you will have the pound of fleſh, take it; if not, I will order your bond to be proteſted and annulled. The Jew ſeeing he could gain nothing, tore in pieces the bond in a great rage. Anſaldo was releaſed, and conducted home with great joy by Giannetto, who carried the hundred thouſand ducats to the inn to the lawyer. The lawyer ſaid, I do not want money; carry it back to your lady, that ſhe may not ſay, that you have ſquandered it away idly. Says Giannetto, my lady is ſo kind, that I might ſpend four times as much without incurring her diſpleaſure. How are you pleaſed with the lady? ſays the lawyer. I love her better than any earthly thing, anſwers Giannetto: nature ſeems to have done her utmoſt in forming her. If you will come and ſee her, you will be ſurpriſed at the honours ſhe will ſhew you. I cannot go with you, ſays the lawyer; but ſince you ſpeak ſo much good of her, I muſt deſire you to preſent my reſpects to her. I will not fail, Giannetto anſwered; and now, let me entreat you to accept of ſome of the money. While he was ſpeaking, the lawyer obſerved a ring on his finger, and ſaid, if you will give me this ring, I ſhall ſeek no other reward. Willingly, ſays Giannetto; but as it is a ring given me by my lady, to wear for her ſake, I have ſome reluctance to part with it, and ſhe, not ſeeing it on my finger, will believe, that I have given it to a woman. Says the lawyer, ſhe eſteems you ſufficiently to credit what you tell her, and you may ſay you made a preſent of it to me; but I rather think you want to give it to ſome former miſtreſs here in Venice. So great, ſays Giannetto, is the love and reverence I bear to her, that I would not change her for any woman in the world. After this he takes the ring from his finger, and preſents it to him. I have ſtill a favour to aſk, ſays the lawyer. It ſhall be granted, ſays Giannetto. It is, replied he, that you do not ſtay any time here, but go as ſoon as poſſible to your lady. It appears to me a thouſand years till I ſee her, anſwered Giannetto: and immediately they take leave of each other. The lawyer embarked, and left Venice. Giannetto took leave of his Venetian friends, and carried Anſaldo with him, and ſome of his old acquaintance accompanied them. The lady arrived ſome days before; and having reſumed her female habit, pretended to have ſpent the time at the baths; and now gave order to have the ſtreets lined with tapeſtry: and when Giannetto and Anſaldo were landed, all the court went out to meet them. When they arrived at the palace, the lady ran to embrace Anſaldo, but feigned anger againſt Giannetto, though ſhe loved him exceſſively: yet the feaſtings, tilts, and diverſions went on as uſual, at which all the lords and ladies were preſent. Giannetto ſeeing that his wife did not receive him with her accuſtomed good countenance, called her, and would have ſaluted her. She told him, ſhe wanted none of his careſſes: I am ſure,

ſays

ſays ſhe, you have been laviſh of them to ſome of your former miſtreſſes. Giannetto began to make excuſes. She aſked him, where was the ring ſhe had given him: It is no more than what I expected, cries Giannetto, and I was in the right to ſay you would be angry with me; but, I ſwear, by all that is ſacred, and by your dear ſelf, that I gave the ring to the lawyer who gained our cauſe. And I can ſwear, ſays the lady, with as much ſolemnity, that you gave the ring to a woman: therefore ſwear no more. Giannetto proteſted that what he had told her was true, and that he ſaid all this to the lawyer, when he aſked for the ring. The lady replied, you would have done much better to ſtay at Venice with your miſtreſſes, for I fear they all wept when you came away. Giannetto's tears began to fall, and in great ſorrow he aſſured her, that what ſhe ſuppoſed could not be true. The lady ſeeing his tears, which were daggers in her boſom, ran to embrace him, and in a fit of laughter ſhewed the ring, and told him, that ſhe was herſelf the lawyer, and how ſhe obtained the ring. Giannetto was greatly aſtoniſhed, finding it all true, and told the ſtory to the nobles and to his companions; and this heightened greatly the love between him and his lady. He then called the damſel who had given him the good advice in the evening not to drink the liquor, and gave her to Anſaldo for a wife: and they ſpent the reſt of their lives in great felicity and contentment.

Ruggieri de Figiovanni took a reſolution of going, for ſome time, to the court of Alfonſo king of Spain. He was graciouſly received, and living there ſome time in great magnificence, and giving remarkable proofs of his courage, was greatly eſteemed. Having frequent opportunities of examining minutely the behaviour of the king, he obſerved, that he gave, as he thought, with little diſcernment, caſtles, and baronies, to ſuch who were unworthy of his favours; and to himſelf, who might pretend to be of ſome eſtimation, he gave nothing: he therefore thought the fitteſt thing to be done, was to demand leave of the king to return home.

His requeſt was granted, and the king preſented him with one of the moſt beautiful and excellent mules, that had ever been mounted. One of the king's truſty ſervants was commanded to accompany Ruggieri, and riding along with him, to pick up, and recollect every word he ſaid of the king, and then mention that it was the order of his ſovereign, that he ſhould go back to him. The man watching the opportunity, joined Ruggieri when he ſet out, ſaid he was going towards Italy, and would be glad to ride in company with him. Ruggieri jogging on with his mule, and talking of one thing or other, it being near nine o'clock, told his companion, that they would do well to put up their mules a little; and as ſoon as they entered the ſtable, every beaſt, except his, began to ſtale. Riding on further, they came to a river, and watering the beaſts, his mule ſtaled in the river: you untoward beaſt, ſays he, you are like your maſter, who gave you to me. The ſervant remembered this

this expreſſion, and many others as they rode on all day together; but he heard not a ſingle word drop from him, but what was in praiſe of the king. The next morning Ruggieri was told the order of the king, and inſtantly turned back. When the king had heard what he had ſaid of the mule, he commanded him into his preſence, and with a ſmile, aſked him, for what reaſon he had compared the mule to him. Ruggieri anſwered, My reaſon is plain, you give where you ought not to give, and where you ought to give, you give nothing; in the ſame manner the mule would not ſtale where ſhe ought, and where ſhe ought not, there ſhe ſtaled. The king ſaid upon this, If I have not rewarded you as I have many, do not entertain a thought that I was inſenſible to your great merit; it is Fortune who hindered me; ſhe is to blame, and not I; and I will ſhew you manifeſtly that I ſpeak truth. My diſcontent, ſir, proceeds not, anſwered Ruggieri, from a deſire of being enriched, but from your not having given the ſmalleſt teſtimony to my deſerts in your ſervice: nevertheleſs your excuſe is valid, and I am ready to ſee the proof you mention, though I can eaſily believe you without it. The king conducted him to a hall, where he had already commanded two large caſkets, ſhut cloſe, to be placed: and before a large company told Ruggieri, that in one of them was contained his crown, ſcepter, and all his jewels, and that the other was full of earth: chooſe which of them you like beſt, and then you will ſee that it is not I, but your fortune that has been ungrateful. Ruggieri choſe one. It was found to be the caſket full of earth. The king ſaid to him with a ſmile, Now you may ſee Ruggieri, that what I told you of fortune is true; but for your ſake, I will oppoſe her with all my ſtrength. You have no intention, I am certain, to live in Spain, therefore I will offer you no preferment here; but that caſket which fortune denied you, ſhall be yours in deſpite of her: carry it with you into your own country, ſhew it to your friends, and neighbours, as my gift to you; and you have my permiſſion to boaſt, that it is a reward of your virtues.

Of The MERCHANT of VENICE the ſtyle is even and eaſy, with few peculiarities of diction, or anomalies of conſtruction. The comick part raiſes laughter, and the ſerious fixes expectation. The probability of either one or the other ſtory cannot be maintained. The union of two actions in one event is in this drama eminently happy. Dryden was much pleaſed with his own addreſs in connecting the two plots of his *Spaniſh Friar*, which yet, I believe, the critick will find excelled by this play. JOHNSON.

Gregorio Leti, in his *Life of Sixtus V.* tranſlated by Ellis Farneworth, 1745, has likewiſe this kind of ſtory.

"It was currently reported in Rome that Drake had taken and plundered S. Domingoe in Hiſpaniola, and carried off an immenſe booty: this account came in a private letter to *Paul Secchi*, a very conſiderable merchant in the city, who had large concerns in thoſe parts which he had inſured. Upon the receiving this news he ſent for the inſurer Samſon Ceneda, a Jew, and acquainted him with it. The Jew, whoſe intereſt

intereſt it was to have ſuch a report thought falſe, gave many reaſons why it could not poſſibly be true; and at laſt worked himſelf up into ſuch a paſſion, that he ſaid, "I'll lay you a pound of my fleſh it is a lie."

Secchi, who was of a fiery hot temper, replied, "If you like it, I'll lay you a thouſand crowns againſt a pound of your fleſh that it is true." The Jew accepted the wager, and articles were immediately executed between them, the ſubſtance of which was, "That if Secchi won, he ſhould himſelf cut the fleſh with a ſharp knife from whatever part of the Jew's body he pleaſed." Unfortunately for the Jew, the truth of the account was ſoon after confirmed, by other advices from the Weſt-Indies, which threw him almoſt into diſtraction; eſpecially when he was informed that Secchi had ſolemnly ſworn he would compel him to the exact literal performance of his contract, and was determined to cut a pound of fleſh from that part of his body which it is not neceſſary to mention. Upon this he went to the governor of Rome, and begged he would interpoſe in the affair, and uſe his authority to prevail with Secchi to accept of a thouſand piſtoles as an equivalent for the pound of fleſh: but the governor not daring to take upon him to determine a caſe of ſo uncommon a nature, made a report of it to the pope, who ſent for them both, and having heard the articles read, and informed himſelf perfectly of the whole affair from their own mouths, ſaid, "When contracts are made, it is juſt they ſhould be fulfilled, as we intend this ſhall. Take a knife, therefore, Secchi, and cut a pound of fleſh from any part you pleaſe of the Jew's body. We would adviſe you, however, to be very careful; for if you cut but a ſcruple or grain more or leſs than your due, you ſhall certainly be hanged. Go, and bring hither a knife, and a pair of ſcales, and let it be done in our preſence."

The merchant at theſe words began to tremble like an aſpin-leaf, and throwing himſelf at his holineſs's feet, with tears in his eyes proteſted, "It was far from his thoughts to inſiſt upon the performance of the contract." And being aſked by the pope what he demanded; anſwered, "Nothing, holy father, but your benediction, and that the articles may be torn in pieces." Then turning to the Jew, he aſked him, "What he had to ſay, and whether he was content." The Jew anſwered, "That he thought himſelf extremely happy to come off at ſo eaſy a rate, and that he was perfectly content." "But we are not content," replied Sixtus, "nor is there ſufficient ſatisfaction made to our laws. We deſire to know what authority you have to lay ſuch wagers? The ſubjects of princes are the property of the ſtate, and have no right to diſpoſe of their bodies, nor any part of them, without the expreſs conſent of their ſovereigns."

They were both immediately ſent to priſon, and the governor ordered to proceed againſt them with the utmoſt ſeverity of the law, that others might be deterred by their example from laying any more ſuch wagers.—[The governor interceding for them, and propoſing a fine of a thouſand crowns each, Sixtus ordered him to condemn them both to

death, the Jew for selling his life, by consenting to have a pound of flesh cut from his body, which he said was direct suicide, and the merchant for premeditated murder, in making a contract with the other that he knew must be the occasion of his death.]

As Secchi was of a very good family, having many great friends and relations, and the Jew one of the most leading men in the synagogue, they both had recourse to petitions. Strong application was made to cardinal Montalto, to intercede with his holiness at least to spare their lives. Sixtus, who did not really design to put them to death, but to deter others from such practices, at last consented to change the sentence into that of the galleys, with liberty to buy off that too, by paying each of them two thousand crowns, to he applied to the use of the hospital which he had lately founded, before they were released.

Life of Sixtus V. Fol. B. vii. p. 293, &c. STEEVENS.

Of the incident of the *bond* no English original has hitherto been pointed out. I find, however, the following in *The Orator: handling a hundred severall Discourses, in form of Declamations: some of the Arguments being drawne from Titus Livius and other ancient Writers, the rest of the Author's own Invention: Part of which are of Matters happened in our Age.—Written in French by Alexander Silvayn, and Englished by L. P.* [Lazarus Pilot] *London, printed by Adam Islip*, 1596. —(This book is not mentioned by Ames.) See p. 401.

DECLAMATION 95.

"Of a Jew, who would for his debt have a pound of the flesh of a Christian.

"A Jew, unto whom a Christian merchant ought nine hundred crownes, would have summoned him for the same in Turkie: the merchant, because he would not be discredited, promised to pay the said summe within the tearme of three months, and if he paid it not, he was bound to give him a pound of the flesh of his bodie. The tearme being past some fifteene daies, the Jew refused to take his money, and demaunded the pound of flesh: the ordinarie judge of that place appointed him to cut a just pound of the Christian's flesh, and if he cut either more or lesse, then his own head should be smitten off: the Jew appealed from this sentence, unto the chiefe judge, saying:

"Impossible is it to break the credit of trafficke amongst men without great detriment to the commonwealth: wherefore no man ought to bind himselfe unto such covenants which hee cannot or will not accomplish, for by that means should no man feare to be deceived, and credit being maintained, every man might be assured of his owne; but since deceit hath taken place, never wonder if obligations are made more rigorous and strict then they were wont, seeing that although the bonds are made never so strong, yet can no man be very certaine that he shall not be a loser. It seemeth at the first sight that it is a thing no less strange then cruel, to bind a man to pay a pound of the flesh of his bodie, for want of money: surely, in that it is a thing not usuall, it appeareth

peareth to be ſomewhat the more admirable; but there are divers others that are more cruell, which becauſe they are in uſe ſeeme nothing terrible at all: as to binde all the bodie unto a moſt lothſome priſon, or unto an intollerable ſlaverie, where not only the whole bodie but alſo all the ſences and ſpirits are tormented; the which is commonly practiſed, not only betwixt thoſe which are either in ſect or nation contrary, but alſo even amongſt thoſe that are of one ſect and nation; yea amongſt Chriſtians it hath been ſeene that the ſon hath impriſoned the father for monie. Likewiſe in the Roman commonwealth, ſo famous for lawes and armes, it was lawful for debt to impriſon, beat, and afflict with torments the free citizens: how manie of them (do you thinke) would have thought themſelves happie, if for a ſmall debt they might have been excuſed with the paiment of a pounde of their fleſh? Who ought then to marvile if a Jew requireth ſo ſmall a thing of a Chriſtian, to diſcharge him of a good round ſumme? A man may aſke, why I would not rather take ſilver of this man, then his fleſh: I might alleage many reaſons; for I might ſay, that none but my ſelfe can tell what the breach of his promiſe hath coſt me, and what I have thereby paied for want of money unto my creditors, of that which I have loſt in my credit: for the miſerie of thoſe men which eſteem their reputation, is ſo great, that oftentimes they had rather indure any thing ſecretlie, then to have their diſcredit blazed abroad, becauſe they would not be both ſhamed and harmed: nevertheleſſe, I doe freely confeſſe, that I had rather loſe a pound of my fleſh then my credit ſhould be in any ſort cracked: I might alſo ſay, that I have need of this fleſh to cure a friend of mine of a certain maladie, which is otherwiſe incurable; or that I would have it to terrifie thereby the Chriſtians for ever abuſing the Jews once more hereafter: but I will onlie ſay, that by his obligation he oweth it me. It is lawfull to kill a ſouldier if he come unto the warres but an houre too late; and alſo to hang a theefe, though he ſteal never ſo little: is it then ſuch a great matter to cauſe ſuch a one to pay a pound of his fleſh, that hath broken his promiſe manie times, or that putteth another in danger to loſe both credit and reputation, yea and it may be life, and al for grieſe? Were it not better for him to loſe that I demand, then his ſoule, alreadie bound by his faith? Neither am I to take that which he oweth me, but he is to deliver it to me: and eſpeciallie becauſe no man knoweth better than he where the ſame may be ſpared to the leaſt hurt of his perſon; for I might take it in ſuch place as hee might thereby happen to loſe his life: Whatte matter were it then if I ſhould cut off his privie members, ſuppoſing that the ſame would altogether weigh a juſt pound? or els his head, ſhould I be ſuffered to cut it off, although it were with the danger of mine own life? I believe, I ſhould not; becauſe there were as little reaſon therein, as there could be in the amends whereunto I ſhould be bound: or els if I would cut off his noſe, his lips, his ears, and pull out his eies, to make them altogether a pound, ſhould I be ſuffered? ſurely I think not; becauſe the obligation dooth not ſpecifie that I ought either to chooſe, cut, or take the ſame, but that he ought

to give me a pound of his flesh. Of every thing that is sold, he which delivereth the same is to make waight, and he which receiveth, taketh heed that it be just: seeing then that neither the obligation, custome, nor law doth bind me to cut, or weigh, much lesse unto the above mentioned satisfaction, I refuse it all, and require that the same which is due should be delivered unto me."

The Christian's Answer.

"It is no strange matter to here those dispute of equitie which are themselves most unjust; and such as have no faith at all, desirous that others should observe the same inviolable; the which were yet the more tolerable, if such men would be contented with reasonable things, or at the least not altogether unreasonable: but what reason is there that one man should unto his own prejudice desire the hurt of another? as this Jew is content to lose nine hundred crownes, to have a pound of my flesh; whereby is manifestly seene the antient and cruel hate which he beareth not only unto Christians, but unto all others which are not of his sect; yea, even unto the Turkes, who overkindly doe suffer such vermine to dwell amongst them: seeing that this presumptuous wretch dare not onely doubt, but appeale from the judgement of a good and just judge, and afterwards he would by sophisticall reasons prove that his abhomination is equitie. Trulie I confesse that I have suffered fifteen daies of the tearme to passe; yet who can tell whether he or I is the cause thereof? as for me, I thinke that by secret means he hath caused the monie to be delaied, which from sundry places ought to have come unto me before the tearm which I promised unto him; otherwise, I would never have been so rash as to bind myselfe so strictly: but although he were not the cause of the fault, is it therefore said, that he ought to be so impudent as to go about to prove it no strange matter that he should be willing to be paied with mans flesh, which is a thing more natural for tigres, than men, the which also was never heard of? but this divill in shape of a man, seeing me oppressed with necessitie, propounded this cursed obligation unto me. Whereas he alleageth the Romaines for an example; why doth he not as well tell on how for that crueltie in afflicting debtors over grievously, the commonwealth was almost overthrowne, and that shortly after it was forbidden to imprison men any more for debt? To breake promise is, when a man sweareth or promiseth a thing, the which he hath no desire to performe, which yet upon an extreame necessitie is somewhat excuseable; as for me, I have promised, and accomplished my promise, yet not so soon as I would; and although I knew the danger wherein I was to satisfie the crueltie of this mischievous man with the price of my flesh and blood, yet did I not flie away, but submitted my selfe unto the discretion of the judge who hath justly represt his beastlines. Wherein then have I satisfied my promise? is it in that I would not (like him) disobey the judgement of the judge? Behold I will present a part of my bodie unto him, that he may paie himselfe, according to the contents of the judge-

ment: where is then my promiſe broken? But it is no marvaile if this race be ſo obſtinat and cruell againſt us; for they do it of ſet purpoſe to offend our God whom they have crucified: and wherefore? Becauſe he was holie, as he is yet ſo reputed of this worthy Turkiſh nation. But what ſhall I ſay? Their own Bible is full of their rebellion againſt God, againſt their prieſts, judges, and leaders. What did not the very patriarchs themſelves, from whom they have their beginning? They ſold their brother; and had it not been for one amongſt them, they had ſlaine him for verie envie. How many adulteries and abhominations were committed amongſt them? How many murthers? Abſalom, did he not cauſe his brother to be murthered? Did he not perſecute his father? Is it not for their iniquitie that God hath diſperſed them, without leaving them one onlie foot of ground? If then, when they had newlie received their law from God, when they ſaw his wonderous works with their eies, and had yet their judges amongſt them, they were ſo wicked, what may one hope of them now, when they have neither faith nor law, but their rapines and uſuries? and that they believe they do a charitable work, when they do ſome great wrong unto one that is not a Jew? It may pleaſe you then, moſt righteous judge, to conſider all theſe circumſtances, having pittie of him who doth wholly ſubmit himſelfe unto your juſt clemencie: hoping thereby to be delivered from this monſter's crueltie." FARMER.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

Perſons Repreſented.

Duke, *living in exile.*
Frederick, *brother to the* Duke, *and uſurper of his dominions.*
Amiens, Jaques, } *Lords attending upon the* Duke *in his baniſhment.*
Le Beau, *a courtier attending upon* Frederick.
Charles, *his wreſtler.*
Oliver, Jaques, Orlando, } *Sons of Sir* Rowland de Boys.
Adam, Dennis, } *Servants to* Oliver.
Touchſtone, *a clown.*
Sir Oliver Mar-text, *a vicar.*
Corin, Sylvius, } *Shepherds.*
William, *a country fellow, in love with* Audrey.
A perſon repreſenting Hymen.

Roſalind, *daughter to the baniſhed* Duke.
Celia, *daughter to* Frederick.
Phebe, *a ſhepherdeſs.*
Audrey, *a country wench.*

Lords belonging to the two Dukes; pages, foreſters, and other attendants.

The SCENE lies, firſt, near Oliver's houſe; afterwards, partly in the Uſurper's court and partly in the foreſt of Arden.

The liſt of the perſons being omitted in the old editions, was added by Mr. Rowe. JOHNSON.

AS YOU LIKE IT[1].

ACT I. SCENE I.

Oliver's *Garden*.

Enter ORLANDO *and* ADAM.

Orl. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion. He bequeathed me by will but a poor thousand crowns[2]; and, as thou say'st, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well: and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me[3] here at

[1] *As you like it* was *certainly borrowed*, if we believe Dr. Grey, and Mr. Upton, from the *Coke's Tale of Gamelyn*; which by the way was not *printed* till a century afterward: when in truth the old bard, who was no hunter of Mss. contented himself solely with *Lodge's Rosalynd*, or, *Euphues' Golden Legacye*. Quarto, 1590. FARMER.

Shakspeare has followed Lodge's novel more exactly than is his general custom when he is indebted to such worthless originals; and has sketch'd some of his principal characters, and borrowed a few expressions from it. His imitations, &c. however, are in general too insignificant to merit transcription.

It should be observed that the characters of *Jaques*, the *Clown*, and *Audrey*, are entirely of the poet's own formation. STEEVENS.

This comedy, I believe, was written in 1600. See *An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's plays*, Vol. I. MALONE.

[2] *As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion. He bequeathed me by will* &c.] The old copy reads, As I remember, Adam, it was on this fashion bequeathed me—and, as thou say'st, charged my brother, &c. Omission being of all the errors of the press the most common, I have adopted the emendation proposed by Sir W. Blackstone. MALONE.

—*It was upon this fashion bequeathed me*, as Dr. Johnson reads, is but aukward English. I would read: *As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion.*—He *bequeathed me by will* &c. Orlando and Adam enter abruptly in the midst of a conversation on this topick; and Orlando is correcting some misapprehension of the other. As *I* remember (says he) it was thus. He left me a thousand crowns; and, *as thou sayest*, charged my brother, &c. BLACKSTONE.

[3] —stays *me*—] Dr. Warburton reads—*stys* me. MALONE.

home, unkept: For call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the ſtalling of an ox? His horſes are bred better; for, beſides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Beſides this nothing that he ſo plentifully gives me, the ſomething that nature gave me, his countenance ſeems to take from me[4]: he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the ſpirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny againſt this ſervitude: I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wiſe remedy how to avoid it.

Enter OLIVER.

Adam. Yonder comes my maſter, your brother,

Orl. Go apart, Adam, and thou ſhalt hear how he will ſhake me up.

Oli. Now, ſir! what make you here[5]?

Orl. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

Oli. What mar you then, ſir?

Orl. Marry, ſir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleneſs.

Oli. Marry, ſir, be better employ'd, and be naught a while[6].

Orl.

4 — *his* countenance *ſeems to take from me:*] We ſhould certainly read—*his* diſcountenance. WARBURTON.

There is no need of change; a countenance is either good or bad. JOHNSON.

5 — *what* make *you here?*] See Vol. I. p. 240. MALONE.

6 — *be better employ'd, and* be naught a while.] In the ſame ſenſe as we ſay, *it is better to do miſchief, than to do nothing.* JOHNSON.

Naught and *nought* are frequently confounded in old Engliſh books. I once thought that the latter was here intended, in the ſenſe affixed to it by Mr. Steevens:—"Be content to be a *cypher*, till I ſhall elevate you into conſequence." But the following paſſage in *Swetnam*, a comedy,

Orl. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat huſks with them? What prodigal portion have I ſpent, that I ſhould come to ſuch penury?

Oli. Know you where you are, ſir?

Orl. O, ſir, very well: here in your orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom, ſir?

Orl. Ay, better than him I am before knows me[7]. I know you are my eldeſt brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you ſhould ſo know me: The courteſy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the firſt-born; but the ſame tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us: I have as much of my father in me, as you; albeit, I confeſs your coming before me is nearer to his reverence[8].

Oli. What, boy!

Orl. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Orl. I am no villain[9]: I am the youngeſt ſon of ſir Rowland de Boys; he was my father; and he is thrice a villain, that ſays, ſuch a father begot villains: Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, till this other had pulled out thy tongue for ſaying ſo; thou haſt rail'd on thyſelf.

Adam. Sweet maſters, be patient; for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

comedy, 1620, induces me to think that the reading of the old copy (*naught*) and Dr. Johnſon's explanation, are right:

"—get you both in, and be *naught a while.*"

The ſpeaker is a chamber-maid, and ſhe addreſſes herſelf to her miſtreſs and her lover. MALONE.

[7] — *than* him *I am before knows me.*] Mr. Pope and the ſubſequent editors read—*be* I am before; more correctly, but without authority. Our author is equally irregular in *Macbeth*:

"I am appointed *him* to murder you." MALONE.

[8] — *your coming before me is nearer to his* reverence.] The reverence due to my father is, in ſome degree, derived to you, as the firſt-born. WARBURTON.

[9] *I am no* villain:] The word *villain* is uſed by the elder brother, in its preſent meaning, for a *worthleſs, wicked,* or *bloody man*; by Orlando in its original ſignification, for a *fellow of baſe extraction.* JOHNSON.

Oli.

Oli. Let me go, I ſay.

Orl. I will not, till I pleaſe: you ſhall hear me. My father charged you in his will to give me good education: you have train'd me like a peaſant, obſcuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities: the ſpirit of my father grows ſtrong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me ſuch exerciſes as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by teſtament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

Oli. And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is ſpent? Well, ſir, get you in: I will not long be troubled with you: you ſhall have ſome part of your will: I pray you, leave me.

Orl. I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

Oli. Get you with him, you old dog.

Adam. Is old dog my reward? Moſt true, I have loſt my teeth in your ſervice.—God be with my old maſter, he would not have ſpoke ſuch a word.

[*Exeunt* ORLANDO *and* ADAM.

Oli. Is it even ſo? Begin you to grow upon me? I will phyſick your rankneſs, and yet give no thouſand crowns neither. Holla, Dennis!

Enter DENNIS.

Den. Calls your worſhip?

Oli. Was not Charles, the duke's wreſtler, here to ſpeak with me?

Den. So pleaſe you, he is here at the door, and importunes acceſs to you.

Oli. Call him in. [*Exit* DENNIS.]—'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wreſtling is.

Enter CHARLES.

Cha. Good-morrow to your worſhip.

Oli. Good monſieur Charles!—what's the new news at the new court?

Cha. There's no news at the court, ſir, but the old news: that is, the old duke is baniſh'd by his younger brother the new duke; and three or four loving lords have put themſelves into voluntary exile with him, whoſe lands

lands and revenues enrich the new duke; therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

Oli. Can you tell, if Roſalind, the duke's daughter [1], be baniſh'd with her father?

Cha. O, no; for the duke's daughter [2], her couſin, ſo loves her,—being ever from their cradles bred together,—that ſhe would [3] have followed her exile, or have died to ſtay behind her. She is at the court, and no leſs beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

Oli. Where will the old duke live?

Cha. They ſay, he is already in the foreſt of Arden [4], and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England: they ſay, many young gentlemen flock to him every day; and fleet the time careleſly, as they did in the golden world.

Oli. What, you wreſtle to-morrow before the new duke?

Cha. Marry, do I, ſir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, ſir, ſecretly to underſtand, that your younger brother Orlando hath a diſpoſition to come in diſguis'd againſt me to try a fall: To-morrow, ſir, I wreſtle for my credit; and he that eſcapes me with-

1 — *the duke's daughter,*] i. e. the *baniſhed* duke's daughter. MALONE.

2 — *for the duke's daughter,*] i. e. the *uſurping* duke's daughter. The words which follow, *her couſin*, as Mr. Heath has obſerved, ſufficiently point out the perſon meant. Sir T. Hanmer reads here—the *new* duke's; and in the preceding ſpeech—the *old* duke's daughter; but in my opinion unneceſſarily. The ambiguous uſe of the word *duke* in theſe paſſages is much in our author's manner. MALONE.

3 — *that* ſhe *would*—] The old copy reads—*he* would. Corrected by the editor of the third folio. MALONE.

4 — *in the foreſt of* Arden,] *Ardenne* is a foreſt of conſiderable extent in French Flanders, lying near the Meuſe, and between Charlemont and Rocroy. It is mentioned by Spenſer in his *Colin Clout's come home again*, 1595:

"Into a foreſt wide and waſte he came,
"Where ſtore he heard to be of ſavage prey;
"So wide a foreſt, and ſo waſte as this,
"Not famous *Ardeyn*, nor foul Arlo is."

But our author was furniſhed with the ſcene of his play by Lodge's Novel. MALONE.

out

out ſome broken limb, ſhall acquit him well. Your brother is but young, and tender; and, for your love, I would be loth to foil him, as I muſt, for my own honour, if he come in: therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal; that either you might ſtay him from his intendment, or brook ſuch diſgrace well as he ſhall run into; in that it is a thing of his own ſearch, and altogether againſt my will.

Oli. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou ſhalt find I will moſt kindly requite. I had myſelf notice of my brother's purpoſe herein, and have by underhand means laboured to diſſuade him from it; but he is reſolute. I'll tell thee, Charles,—it is the ſtubborneſt young fellow of France; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a ſecret and villainous contriver againſt me his natural brother; therefore uſe thy diſcretion; I had as lief thou didſt break his neck, as his finger; and thou wert beſt look to't; for if thou doſt him any ſlight diſgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himſelf on thee, he will practiſe againſt thee by poiſon; entrap thee by ſome treacherous device; and never leave thee, till he hath ta'en thy life by ſome indirect means or other: for, I aſſure thee, and almoſt with tears I ſpeak it, there is not one ſo young and ſo villainous this day living. I ſpeak but brotherly of him; but ſhould I anatomize him to thee as he is, I muſt bluſh and weep, and thou muſt look pale and wonder.

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you: If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment: If ever he go alone again, I'll never wreſtle for prize more. And ſo, God keep your worſhip! [*Exit.*

Oli. Farewel good Charles.—Now will I ſtir this gameſter: I hope, I ſhall ſee an end of him; for my ſoul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle; never ſchool'd, and yet learned; full of noble device; of all ſorts enchantingly beloved; and, indeed, ſo much in the heart of the world, and eſpecially of my own people, who beſt know him, that I am altogether miſpriſed: but it ſhall not be ſo long; this wreſtler ſhall clear

clear all: nothing remains, but that I kindle the boy thither, which now I'll go about. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Lawn before the Duke's Palace.

Enter ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

Cel. I pray thee, Roſalind, ſweet my coz, be merry.

Roſ. Dear Celia, I ſhow more mirth than I am miſtreſs of; and would you yet I were merrier[5]? Unleſs you could teach me to forget a baniſh'd father, you muſt not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleaſure.

Cel. Herein, I ſee, thou loveſt me not with the full weight that I love thee: if my uncle, thy baniſh'd father, had baniſh'd thy uncle, the duke my father, ſo thou hadſt been ſtill with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine; ſo would'ſt thou, if the truth of thy love to me were ſo righteouſly temper'd as mine is to thee.

Roſ. Well, I will forget the condition of my eſtate, to rejoice in yours.

Cel. You know, my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have; and, truly, when he dies, thou ſhalt be his heir: for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honour, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monſter: therefore, my ſweet Roſe, my dear Roſe, be merry.

Roſ. From henceforth I will, coz, and deviſe ſports: let me ſee; What think you of falling in love?

Cel. Marry, I pr'ythee, do, to make ſport withal: but love no man in good earneſt; nor no further in ſport neither, than with ſafety of a pure bluſh thou may'ſt in honour come off again.

Roſ. What ſhall be our ſport then?

Cel. Let us ſit and mock the good houſewife, Fortune,

5 — I *were merrier?*] *I*, which was inadvertently omitted in the old copy, was ineſrted by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

from

from her wheel [6], that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

Ros. I would, we could do so; for her benefits are mightily misplaced: and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'Tis true; for those, that she makes fair, she scarce makes honest; and those, that she makes honest, she makes very ill-favour'dly.

Ros. Nay, now thou goest from fortune's office to nature's: fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of nature.

Enter TOUCHSTONE.

Cel. No? When nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by fortune fall into the fire?—Though nature hath given us wit to flout at fortune, hath not fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument?

Ros. Indeed, there is fortune too hard for nature; when fortune makes nature's natural the cutter off of nature's wit.

Cel. Peradventure, this is not fortune's work neither, but nature's; who perceiveth our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, and hath sent [7] this natural for our whetstone: for always the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits.—How now, wit? whither wander you?

Touch. Mistress, you must come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the messenger?

Touch. No, by mine honour; but I was bid to come for you.

[6] —*mock the good housewife, Fortune, from her wheel,*] The wheel of Fortune is not the *wheel* of a *housewife*. Shakspeare has confounded Fortune, whose wheel only figures uncertainty and vicissitude, with the destiny that spins the thread of life, though not indeed with a wheel. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare is very fond of this idea. He has the same in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" ——— *and rail so high,*

" *That the false housewife, Fortune, break her wheel.*" STEEV.

[7] — and *hath sent*—] *And* is not in the old copy. This slight emendation is the present editor's. MALONE.

Ros.

Ros. Where learned you that oath, fool?

Touch. Of a certain knight, that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught: now, I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught, and the mustard was good; and yet was not the knight forsworn.

Cel. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

Ros. Ay, marry; now unmuzzle your wisdom.

Touch. Stand you both forth now: stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

Cel. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

Touch. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were: but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight, swearing by his honour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away, before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

Cel. Pr'ythee, who is't that thou mean'st?

Touch. One that old Frederick, your father, loves[8].

Ros. My father's love is enough to honour him. Enough: speak no more of him; you'll be whip'd for taxation[9], one of these days.

Touch. The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely what wise men do foolishly.

[8] *One that old* Frederick, *your father, loves.*] *Frederick* is here clearly a mistake, as appears by the answer of Rosalind, to whom Touchstone addresses himself, though the question was put to him by Celia. I suppose some abbreviation was used in the Ms. for the name of the rightful, or *old* duke, as he is called, [perhaps *Fer.* for *Ferdinand,*] which the transcriber or printer converted into Frederick. *Fernardyne* is one of the persons introduced in the novel on which this comedy is founded. Mr. Theobald solves the difficulty by giving the next speech to Celia, instead of Rosalind; but there is too much of filial warmth in it for Celia:—besides, why should her father be called *old* Frederick? It appears from the last scene of this play that this was the name of the *younger* brother. MALONE.

9 — *for* taxation,] For censure, or satire. So, in *Much ado about nothing*: "Niece, you *tax* Signior Benedick too much; but he'll be meet with you," Again, in the play before us:

"— my *taxing* like a wildgoose flies—". MALONE.

Cel.

Cel. By my troth, thou ſay'ſt true: for ſince the little wit, that fools have, was ſilenced[1], the little foolery, that wiſe men have, makes a great ſhow. Here comes Monſieur Le Beau.

Enter LE BEAU.

Roſ. With his mouth full of news.

Cel. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

Roſ. Then ſhall we be news-cramm'd.

Cel. All the better; we ſhall be the more marketable. Bon jour, Monſieur le Beau; what's the news?

Le Beau. Fair princeſs, you have loſt much good ſport.

Cel. Sport? of what colour?

Le Beau. What colour, madam? How ſhall I anſwer you?

Roſ. As wit and fortune will.

Touch. Or as the deſtinies decree.

Cel. Well ſaid; that was laid on with a trowel[2].

Touch. Nay, if I keep not my rank,—

Roſ. Thou loſeſt thy old ſmell.

Le Beau. You amaze me, ladies[3]: I would have told you of good wreſtling, which you have loſt the ſight of.

Roſ. Yet tell us the manner of the wreſtling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning, and, if it pleaſe your ladyſhips, you may ſee the end; for the beſt is yet to do; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

Cel. Well,—the beginning, that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man and his three ſons,—

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

[1] —*ſince the little wit, that fools have, was ſilenced,*] Shakſpeare probably alludes to the uſe of *fools* or *jeſters*, who for ſome ages had been allowed in all courts an unbridled liberty of cenſure and mockery, and about this time began to be leſs tolerated. JOHNSON.

[2] — *laid on with a trowel.*] I ſuppoſe the meaning is, that there is too heavy a maſs of big words laid upon a ſlight ſubject. JOHNSON.

This is a proverbial expreſſion, which is generally uſed to ſignify a *glaring falſhood*. See Ray's *Proverbs*. STEEVENS.

[3] *You* amaze *me, ladies:*] To *amaze*, here, is not to aſtoniſh or ſtrike with wonder, but to perplex; to confuſe, ſo as to put out of the intended narrative. JOHNSON.

Le Beau.

Le Beau. Three proper [4] young men, of excellent growth and presence:—

Ros. With bills on their necks,—*Be it known unto all men by these presents* [5],—

Le Beau. The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the duke's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: so he served the second, and so the third: Yonder they lie; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Ros. Alas!

Touch. But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

Le Beau. Why this, that I speak of.

Touch. Thus men may grow wiser every day! it is the first time that ever I heard, breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promise thee.

Ros. But is there any else longs to see this broken music in his sides [6]? is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking? Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?

Le Beau.

4 — proper] That is, handsome. See p. 34. MALONE.

5 *With* bills *on their necks*;—*Be it known unto all men by these presents*,—] Dr. Warburton thinks, that there is an equivoque intended between a legal instrument, and the weapon called a bill. The former undoubtedly was in our author's thoughts. In his time a *bill* was a common term for a single bond in English, of which the first words are, *Know all men by these presents*. The passage cited from Lodge's *Rosalynde* adds some support to the supposition that he had the other sense of the word also in view. To carry on the *neck*, (not on the *shoulder*,) was the phraseology of his time. So, (as Dr. Farmer has observed,) in the novel which furnished Shakspeare with the plot of this comedy: "Ganimede on a day sitting with Aliena, (the assumed names, as in the play,) cast up her eye, and saw where Rosader came pacing toward them, with his *forest-bill on his necke*." Again in *Gorboducke*, 1569: "Enter one, bearing a bundle of sagots on his *neck*." Dr. Johnson is of opinion (in which I do not agree with him) that the *whole* conceit is in the resemblance of *presence* and *presents*. Dr. F. thinks that "*With bills on their necks*," should be the conclusion of Le Beau's speech. MALONE.

6 — *to* see *this broken music in his sides?*] *See* is the colloquial term

Le Beau. You muſt, if you ſtay here: for here is the place appointed for the wreſtling, and they are ready to perform it.

Cel. Yonder, ſure, they are coming: Let us now ſtay and ſee it.

Flouriſh. Enter Duke FREDERICK, *Lords,* ORLANDO, CHARLES, *and Attendants.*

Duke F. Come on: ſince the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardneſs.

Roſ. Is yonder the man?

Le Beau. Even he, madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too young: yet he looks ſucceſsfully.

Duke F. How now, daughter, and couſin? are you crept hither to ſee the wreſtling?

Roſ. Ay, my liege, ſo pleaſe you give us leave.

Duke F. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is ſuch odds in the men[7]: In pity of the challenger's youth, I would fain diſſuade him, but he will not be entreated: Speak to him, ladies; ſee if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither, good Monſieur Le Beau.

Duke F. Do ſo; I'll not be by. [Duke *goes apart.*

Le Beau. Monſieur the challenger, the princeſſes call for you[8].

Orl. I attend them with all reſpect and duty.

for perception or experiment. So we ſay every day, *ſee* if the water be hot; I will *ſee* which is the beſt time; ſhe has tried, and *ſees* that ſhe cannot lift it. In this ſenſe *ſee* may be here uſed. Roſalind hints at a whimſical ſimilitude between the ſeries of ribs gradually ſhortening, and ſome muſical inſtruments, and therefore calls *broken ribs, broken muſick.* JOHNSON.

This probably alludes to the pipe of Pan, which conſiſting of reeds of unequal length, and gradually leſſening, bore ſome reſemblance to the ribs of a man. MASON.

[7] — *odds in the* men:] Sir T. Hanmer. In the old editions, the *man.* JOHNSON.

[8] — *the* princeſſes call *for you.*] The old copy reads—the *princeſſe calls.* Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

Roſ.

Roſ. Young man, have you challenged Charles the wreſtler [9]?

Orl. No, fair princeſs; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the ſtrength of my youth.

Cel. Young gentleman, your ſpirits are too bold for your years: You have ſeen cruel proof of this man's ſtrength: if you ſaw yourſelf with your eyes, or knew yourſelf with your judgment [1], the fear of your adventure would counſel you to a more equal enterpriſe. We pray you, for your own ſake, to embrace your own ſafety, and give over this attempt.

Roſ. Do, young ſir; your reputation ſhall not therefore be miſpriſed: we will make it our ſuit to the duke, that the wreſtling might not go forward.

Orl. I beſeech you, puniſh me not with your hard thoughts; wherein I confeſs me much guilty [2], to deny ſo fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes, and gentle wiſhes, go with me to my trial: wherein if I be foil'd, there is but one ſhamed that was never gracious; if kill'd, but one dead that is willing to be ſo: I ſhall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better ſupplied when I have made it empty.

Roſ. The little ſtrength that I have, I would it were with you.

9 — *have you challenged Charles the wreſtler?*] This wreſtling match is minutely deſcribed in Lodge's *Roſalynde*, 1590. MALONE.

1 — *if you ſaw yourſelf with your eyes, or knew yourſelf with your judgment,*] *If you were not blinded and intoxicated,* ſays the princeſs, *with the ſpirit of enterpriſe, if you could uſe* your own eyes to *ſee,* or your own judgment to know *yourſelf, the fear of your adventure would counſel you.* JOHNSON.

2 — *puniſh me not with your hard thoughts*; wherein I confeſs myſelf much guilty, &c.] The meaning I think is, "puniſh me not with your unfavourable opinion (of my abilities); *which, however, I confeſs, I deſerve to incur,* for denying ſuch fair ladies any requeſt." The expreſſion is licentious, but our author's plays furniſh many ſuch. MALONE.

Cel. And mine to eke out hers.

Roſ. Fare you well: Pray heaven I be deceived in you!

Cel. Your heart's deſires be with you!

Cha. Come, where is this young gallant, that is ſo deſirous to lie with his mother earth?

Orl. Ready, ſir; but his will hath in it a more modeſt working.

Duke F. You ſhall try but one fall.

Cha. No, I warrant your grace; you ſhall not entreat him to a ſecond, that have ſo mightily perſuaded him from a firſt.

Orl. You mean to mock me after; you ſhould not have mock'd me before: but come your ways.

Roſ. Now, Hercules be thy ſpeed, young man!

Cel. I would I were inviſible, to catch the ſtrong fellow by the leg! [CHARLES *and* ORLANDO *wreſtle.*

Roſ. O excellent young man!

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who ſhould down. [CHARLES *is thrown. Shout.*

Duke F. No more, no more.

Orl. Yes, I beſeech your grace; I am not yet well breathed.

Duke F. How doſt thou, Charles?

Le Beau. He cannot ſpeak, my lord.

Duke F. Bear him away. What is thy name, young man?

Orl. Orlando, my liege; the youngeſt ſon of ſir Rowland de Boys.

Duke F. I would, thou hadſt been ſon to ſome man elſe.
The world eſteem'd thy father honourable,
But I did find him ſtill mine enemy:
Thou ſhould'ſt have better pleas'd me with this deed,
Hadſt thou deſcended from another houſe.
But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth;
I would, thou hadſt told me of another father.

[*Exeunt Duke* FRED. *Train, and* LE BEAU.

Cel. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

Orl. I am more proud to be ſir Rowland's ſon,

His

His youngeſt ſon [3];—and would not change that calling,
To be adopted heir to Frederick.

Roſ. My father lov'd ſir Rowland as his ſoul,
And all the world was of my father's mind:
Had I before known this young man his ſon,
I ſhould have given him tears unto entreaties,
Ere he ſhould thus have ventur'd.

Cel. Gentle couſin,
Let us go thank him, and encourage him:
My father's rough and envious diſpoſition
Sticks me at heart.—Sir, you have well deſerv'd:
If you do keep your promiſes in love,
But juſtly, as you have exceeded all promiſe,
Your miſtreſs ſhall be happy.

Roſ. Gentleman, [*Giving him a chain from her neck.*
Wear this for me; one out of ſuits with fortune [4];
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.
Shall we go, coz?

Cel. Ay:—Fare you well, fair gentleman.

Orl. Can I not ſay, I thank you? My better parts
Are all thrown down; and that which here ſtands up,
Is but a quintaine, a mere lifeleſs block [5].

Roſ.

[3] *His youngeſt ſon*;—] The words "than to be deſcended from any other houſe, however high," muſt be underſtood. Orlando is replying to the duke, who is juſt gone out, and had ſaid,

Thou ſhould'ſt have better pleas'd me with this deed,
Hadſt thou deſcended from another houſe. MALONE.

[4] —*out of ſuits with fortune*,] I believe means, turned out of her ſervice, and ſtripp'd of her livery. STEEVENS.

So afterwards Celia ſays, "—but turning theſe jeſts *out of ſervice*, let us talk in good earneſt." MALONE.

[5] *Is but a* quintaine, *a mere lifeleſs block*.] A *quintaine* was a *poſt* or *butt* ſet up for ſeveral kinds of martial exerciſes, againſt which they threw their darts and exerciſed their arms. The alluſion is beautiful. *I am*, ſays Orlando, *only a* quintaine, *a lifeleſs block on which love only exerciſes his arms in jeſt; the great diſparity of condition between Roſalind and me not ſuffering me to hope that love will ever make a ſerious matter of it.* WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton's explanation would, I think, have been leſs exceptionable,

Ros. He calls us back: My pride fell with my fortunes:

I'll

tionable, had it been more ſimple: yet he is here charged with a fault of which he is ſeldom guilty, want of refinement. "This," ſays Mr. Guthrie, "is but an imperfect (to call it no worſe) explanation of a beautiful paſſage. The *quintaine* was not the object of the darts and arms; it was a ſtake, driven into a field, upon which were hung a ſhield and trophies of war, at which they ſhot, darted, or rode with a lance. When the ſhield and trophies were all thrown down, the quintaine remained. Without this information, how could the reader underſtand the alluſion of—" my better parts

"Are all thrown down."

In the preſent edition I have avoided as much as poſſible all kind of controverſy; but in thoſe caſes where errors by having been long adopted are become inveterate, it becomes in ſome meaſure neceſſary to the enforcement of truth.

It is a common but a very dangerous miſtake, to ſuppoſe, that the interpretation which gives moſt ſpirit to a paſſage is the true one. In conſequence of this notion two paſſages of our author, one in *Macbeth*, and another in *Othello*, have been refined, as I conceive, into a meaning that, I believe, was not in his thoughts. If the moſt ſpirited interpretation that can be imagined, happens to be inconſiſtent with his general manner, and the phraſeology both of him and his contemporaries, or to be founded on a cuſtom which did not exiſt in his age, moſt aſſuredly it is a falſe interpretation. Of the latter kind is Mr. Guthrie's explanation of the paſſage before us.

The military exerciſe of the *quintaine* is as ancient as the time of the Romans; and we find from Mathew Paris, that it ſubſiſted in England in the thirteenth century. "Tentoria variis ornamentorum generibus venuſtantur; terræ infixis ſudibus ſcuta apponuntur, quibus in craſtinum *quintanæ* ludus, ſcilicet equeſtris, exerceretur." M. Paris, ad ann. 1253. Theſe probably were the very words that Mr. Guthrie had in contemplation. But Mathew Paris made no part of Shakſpeare's library; nor is it at all material to our preſent point what were the cuſtoms of any century preceding that in which he lived. In his time without any doubt the *Quintaine* was not a military exerciſe of tilting, but a mere ruſtick ſport. So Minſheu, in his Dict. 1617: "A *quintaine* or quintelle, a game in requeſt at marriages, when Jac and Tom, Dic, Hob and Will ſtrive for the gay garland." So alſo Randolph at ſomewhat a later period [Poems, 1642.]:

"Foot-ball with us may be with them [the Spaniards] balloone;
"As they at *tilts*, ſo we at *quintaine* runne;
"And thoſe old paſtimes reliſh beſt with me,
"That have leaſt art, and moſt ſimplicitie."

But

I'll ask him what he would :—Did you call, sir?—
Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown
More than your enemies.

Cel. Will you go, coz?

Ros. Have with you :—Fare you well.

[*Exeunt* ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

Orl. What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?
I cannot speak to her, yet she urg'd conference.

Enter LE BEAU.

O poor Orlando! thou art overthrown;
Or Charles, or something weaker, masters thee.

Le Beau. Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you
To leave this place: Albeit you have deserv'd
High commendation, true applause, and love;

But old Stowe has put this matter beyond a doubt; for in his SURVEY OF LONDON, printed only two years before this play appeared, he has given us the figure of a quintaine, as represented in the margin.

"I have seen (says he) a *Quinten* set up on Cornehill, by the Leaden Hall, where the attendants on the lords of merry disports have runne, and made greate pastime; for hee that hit not the broad end of the quinten was of all men laughed to scorne; and hee that hit it full, if he rid not the faster, had a sound blow in his necke with a bagge full of sand hanged on the other end." Here, we see, were no shields hung, no trophies of war to be thrown down. "The great design of the sport," says Dr. Plott in his HIST. *of* OXFORDSHIRE, "is to try both man and horse, and to *break the board*; which whoever does, is for the time *Princeps juventutis*."—Shakspeare's similes seldom correspond on both sides. "My better parts being all thrown down, *my youthful spirit being subdued by the power of beauty*, I am now (says Orlando) as inanimate as a wooden quintaine is (not when its better parts are thrown down, but as that lifeless block is at all times)." Such, perhaps, is the meaning. If however the words, "better parts," are to be applied to the quintaine, as well as to the speaker, the *board* abovementioned, and not any *shield* or *trophy*, must have been alluded to.

Our author has in *Macbeth* used "my better part of man" for *manly spirit*:

"Accursed be the tongue that tells me so,
"For it has cow'd *my better part* of man." MALONE.

Yet such is now the duke's condition[6],
That he misconstrues all that you have done:
The duke is humourous; what he is, indeed,
More suits you to conceive, than me to speak of[7].

Orl. I thank you, sir: and, pray you, tell me this;
Which of the two was daughter of the duke
That here was at the wrestling?

Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners;
But yet, indeed, the smaller[8] is his daughter:
The other is daughter to the banish'd duke,
And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,
To keep his daughter company; whose loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.
But I can tell you, that of late this duke
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece;
Grounded upon no other argument,
But that the people praise her for her virtues,
And pity her for her good father's sake;
And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
Will suddenly break forth.—Sir, fare you well;
Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

6 — *the duke's* condition,] The word *condition* means character, temper, disposition. So Anthonio, the merchant of Venice, is called by his friend the *best-condition'd man*. JOHNSON.

7 — *than* me *to speak of.*] The old copy has—than *I*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

8 — *the* smaller—] The old copy reads—the *taller*. STEEVENS.

For the emendation now made the present editor is answerable. Some change is absolutely necessary, for Rosalind, in a subsequent scene, expressly says that *she* is "more than common *tall*," and assigns that as a reason for her assuming the dress of a man, while her cousin Celia retained her female apparel. Again, in Act IV. sc. iii. Celia is described by these words—"the woman *low*, and browner than her brother;" i. e. Rosalind. Mr. Pope reads—"the *shorter* is his daughter;" which has been admitted in all the subsequent editions: but surely *shorter* and *taller* could never have been confounded by either the eye or the ear. The present emendation, it is hoped, has a preferable claim to a place in the text, as being much nearer to the corrupted reading. MALONE.

Orl.

Orl. I reſt much bounden to you: fare you well!
[*Exit* LE BEAU.
Thus muſt I from the ſmoke into the ſmother;
From tyrant duke, unto a tyrant brother:—
But heavenly Roſalind! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter CELIA *and* ROSALIND.

Cel. Why, couſin; why, Roſalind;—Cupid have mercy!—Not a word?

Roſ. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be caſt away upon curs, throw ſome of them at me; come, lame me with reaſons.

Roſ. Then there were two couſins laid up; when the one ſhould be lamed with reaſons, and the other mad without any.

Cel. But is all this for your father?

Roſ. No, ſome of it is for my child's father[9]: O, how full of briars is this working-day world!

Cel. They are but burs, couſin, thrown upon thee in holyday foolery; if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

Roſ. I could ſhake them off my coat; theſe burs are in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Roſ. I would try; if I could cry hem, and have him.

Cel. Come, come, wreſtle with thy affections.

Roſ. O, they take the part of a better wreſtler than myſelf.

Cel. O, a good wiſh upon you! you will try in time, in deſpight of a fall.—But, turning theſe jeſts out of ſervice, let us talk in good earneſt: Is it poſſible on ſuch a

[9] —*for my child's father:*] i. e. for him whom I hope to marry, and have children by. THEOBALD.

ſudden

ſudden you ſhould fall into ſo ſtrong a liking with old ſir Rowland's youngeſt ſon?

Roſ. The duke my father lov'd his father dearly.

Cel. Doth it therefore enſue, that you ſhould love his ſon dearly? By this kind of chaſe[1], I ſhould hate him, for my father hated his father dearly; yet I hate not Orlando.

Roſ. No, faith, hate him not, for my ſake.

Cel. Why ſhould I not? doth he not deſerve well[2]?

Enter Duke FREDERICK, *with Lords.*

Roſ. Let me love him for that; and do you love him, becauſe I do:—Look, here comes the duke.

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

Duke F. Miſtreſs, diſpatch you with your ſafeſt haſte,
And get you from our court.

Roſ. Me, uncle?

Duke F. You, couſin:
Within theſe ten days if that thou be'ſt found
So near our publick court as twenty miles,
Thou dieſt for it.

Roſ. I do beſeech your grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me:
If with myſelf I hold intelligence,
Or have acquaintance with mine own deſires;

[1] *By this kind of chaſe,*] That is, by this way of *following* the argument. *Dear* is uſed by Shakſpeare in a double ſenſe, for *beloved*, and for *hurtful, hated, baleful.* Both ſenſes are authoriſed, and both drawn from etymology; but properly, *beloved* is *dear*, and *hateful* is *dere.* Roſalind uſes *dearly* in the good, and Celia in the bad ſenſe. JOHNSON.

[2] *Why ſhould I not? doth he not deſerve well?*] Celia anſwers Roſalind, (who had deſired her "*not to hate* Orlando, for her ſake,") as if ſhe had ſaid—"*love* him, for my ſake:" to which the former replies, "Why ſhould I *not* [i. e. love him]? So, in the following paſſage, in *King Henry VIII.*

"——— Which of the peers
"Have uncontemn'd gone by him, or at leaſt
"Sharply neglected?"

uncontemn'd muſt be underſtood as if the author had written—*not* contemn'd; otherwiſe the ſubſequent words would convey a meaning directly contrary to what the ſpeaker intends. MALONE.

If

If that I do not dream, or be not frantick,
(As I do truſt, I am not,) then, dear uncle,
Never, ſo much as in a thought unborn,
Did I offend your highneſs.

Duke F. Thus do all traitors;
If their purgation did conſiſt in words,
They are as innocent as grace itſelf:—
Let it ſuffice thee, that I truſt thee not.

Roſ. Yet your miſtruſt cannot make me a traitor:
Tell me, whereon the likelihoods depend.

Duke F. Thou art thy father's daughter, there's enough.

Roſ. So was I, when your highneſs took his dukedom;
So was I, when your highneſs baniſh'd him:
Treaſon is not inherited, my lord;
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me? my father was no traitor:
Then, good my liege, miſtake me not ſo much,
To think my poverty is treacherous.

Cel. Dear ſovereign, hear me ſpeak.

Duke F. Ay, Celia; we ſtay'd her for your ſake,
Elſe had ſhe with her father rang'd along.

Cel. I did not then entreat to have her ſtay,
It was your pleaſure, and your own remorſe;
I was too young that time to value her,
But now I know her: if ſhe be a traitor,
Why ſo am I; we ſtill have ſlept together,
Roſe at an inſtant, learn'd, play'd, eat together;
And whereſoe'er we went, like Juno's ſwans,
Still we went coupled, and inſeperable.

Duke F. She is too ſubtle for thee; and her ſmoothneſs,
Her very ſilence, and her patience,
Speak to the people, and they pity her.
Thou art a fool: ſhe robs thee of thy name;
And thou wilt ſhow more bright, and ſeem more virtuous [3],

3 *And thou will ſhow more bright, and ſeem more virtuous,*] When ſhe was ſeen alone, ſhe would be more noted. JOHNSON.

When

When she is gone: then open not thy lips;
Firm and irrevocable is my doom
Which I have past upon her; she is banish'd.

Cel. Pronounce that sentence then on me, my liege;
I cannot live out of her company.

Duke F. You are a fool:—You, niece, provide yourself,
If you out-stay the time, upon mine honour,
And in the greatness of my word, you die.

[*Exeunt Duke* FRED. *and Lords.*

Cel. O my poor Rosalind! whither wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.
I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than I am.

Ros. I have more cause.

Cel. Thou hast not, cousin;
Pr'ythee, be cheerful: know'st thou not, the duke
Hath banish'd me his daughter?

Ros. That he hath not.

Cel. No? hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one[4]:
Shall we be sunder'd? shall we part, sweet girl?
No; let my father seek another heir.
Therefore devise with me, how we may fly,
Whither to go, and what to bear with us:
And do not seek to take your change upon you[5],
To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out;
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

Ros. Why, whither shall we go?

Cel. To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.

Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far?
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

4 ——— *Rosalind lacks then the love*
Which teacheth thee *that thou and I am one:*] The sense of the established text [which Dr. Warburton changed to—teacheth *me*—] is not remote or obscure. Where would be the absurdity of saying, *You know not the law which teaches you to do right?* JOHNSON.

5 — *to take your* change *upon you,*] i. e. to take your *change* or *reverse of fortune* upon yourself, without any aid or participation. MALONE.

Cel.

Cel. I'll put myſelf in poor and mean attire,
And with a kind of umber ſmirch my face[6];
The like do you; ſo ſhall we paſs along,
And never ſtir aſſailants.

Roſ. Were it not better,
Becauſe that I am more than common tall,
That I did ſuit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtle-ax[7] upon my thigh,
A boar-ſpear in my hand; and (in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will)
We'll have a ſwaſhing and a martial outſide[8];
As many other manniſh cowards have,
That do outface it with their ſemblances.

Cel. What ſhall I call thee, when thou art a man?

Roſ. I'll have no worſe a name than Jove's own page;
And therefore look you call me Ganimed.
But what will you be call'd?

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my ſtate;
No longer Celia, but Aliena.

Roſ But, couſin, what if we aſſay'd to ſteal
The clowniſh fool out of your father's court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

Cel. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me;
Leave me alone to woo him: Let's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together;
Deviſe the fitteſt time, and ſafeſt way
To hide us from purſuit that will be made
After my flight: Now go we in content *;
To liberty, and not to baniſhment.

[6] *And with a kind of* umber *ſmirch my face*;] *Umber* is a duſky yellow-coloured earth, brought from Umbria in Italy. See a note on "the *umber'd* fires," in *K. Henry V.* Act III. MALONE.

[7] — *curtle-axe*,] or *cutlace*, a broad ſword. JOHNSON.

[8] — *a* ſwaſhing *and a martial outſide*;] A *ſwaſhing* outſide is an appearance of noiſy, bullying valour. *Swaſhing blow* is uſed in *Romeo and Juliet*. STEEVENS.

* *Now go* we in *content*;] The old copy reads—Now go *in we* content. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. I am not ſure that the tranſpoſition is neceſſary. Our author might have uſed *content* as an adjective. MALONE.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The foreſt of Arden.

Enter Duke *ſenior*, AMIENS, *and other Lords, in the dreſs of foreſters.*

Duke S. Now, my co-mates, and brothers in exile,
Hath not old cuſtom made this life more ſweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not theſe woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam [1],
The ſeaſons' difference; as, the icy fang,
And churliſh chiding of the winter's wind;
Which when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I ſhrink with cold, I ſmile, and ſay,—
This is no flattery: theſe are counſellors
That feelingly perſuade me what I am.
Sweet are the uſes of adverſity;
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head [2]:
And this our life, exempt from publick haunt,

[1] *Here feel we* but *the penalty of Adam*,] The old copy reads—*not* the penalty. The emendation is Mr. Theobald's. "*But* and *not* (he obſerves,) are often confounded in the old editions. The being ſenſible of the ſeaſons' difference, (he adds) was the penalty alluded to, which the Duke acknowledges, "feelingly perſuades him what he is."

As *not* has here taken the place of *but*, ſo, in *Coriolanus*, Act II. ſc. iii. *but* is printed inſtead of *not*:

"*Cor.* Ay, *but* mine own deſire.

"1. *Cit.* How! *not* your own deſire?" MALONE.

[2] *Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,*

Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:] It was the current opinion in Shakſpeare's time, that in the head of an old toad was to be found a ſtone, or pearl, to which great virtues were aſcribed. This ſtone has been often ſought, but nothing has been found more than accidental or perhaps morbid indurations of the ſkull. JOHNSON.

In a book called *A Green Foreſt, or a Natural Hiſtory*, &c. by John Maplett, 1567, is the following account of this imaginary gem: "In this ſtone is apparently ſeene verie often the verie forme of a tode, with deſpotted and coloured feete, but thoſe uglye and defuſedly. It is available againſt envenoming." Pliny, in the 32d book of his *Nat. Hiſtory*, aſcribes many wonderful qualities to a *bone* found in the right ſide of a *toad*, but makes no mention of any gem in its head. STEEVENS.

Finds

Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in ſtones, and good in every thing.

Ami. I would not change it[3]: Happy is your grace,
That can tranſlate the ſtubbornneſs of fortune
Into ſo quiet and ſo ſweet a ſtile.

Duke S. Come, ſhall we go and kill us veniſon?
And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools *,
Being native burghers of this deſert city[4],
Should, in their own confines, with forked heads[5]
Have their round haunches gor'd.

1. *Lord.* Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that;
And, in that kind, ſwears you do more uſurp
Than doth your brother that hath baniſh'd you.
To-day my lord of Amiens, and myſelf,
Did ſteal behind him, as he lay along
Under an oak[6], whoſe antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:
To the which place a poor ſequeſter'd ſtag,
That from the hunters' aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languiſh; and, indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth ſuch groans,

[3] *I would not change it:*] Mr. Upton, not without probability, gives theſe words to the Duke, and makes Amiens begin: *Happy is your grace.* JOHNSON.

* — *the* poor *dappled* fools,] See Vol. II. p. 233, n. *. MALONE.

[4] — *native* burghers *of this deſert city,*] In *Sidney's Arcadia,* the deer are called "the wild *burgeſſes* of the foreſt." STEEVENS.

A kindred expreſſion is found in Lodge's *Roſalynde,* 1590:

"About her wond'ring ſtood
"The *citizens* o' the *wood.*"

Our author afterwards uſes this very phraſe:

"Sweep on, you fat and greaſy *citizens.*" MALONE.

[5] — *with forked heads*] i. e. with *arrows,* the points of which were *barbed.* STEEVENS.

[6] ——— *as he lay along*
Under an oak, &c.

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
"That wreathes its old fantaſtick roots ſo high,
"His liſtleſs length at noon-tide would he ſtretch,
"And pore upon the brook that babbles by." *Gray's* Elegy.
STEEVENS.

That

That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting; and the big round tears [7]
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase: and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

Duke S. But what said Jaques?
Did he not moralize this spectacle?

1. *Lord.* O, yes, into a thousand similes.
First, for his weeping in the needless stream [8];
Poor deer, quoth he, *thou mak'st a testament*
As worldings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much [9]: Then, being there alone,
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends [1];
'Tis right, quoth he; *thus misery doth part*
The flux of company: Anon, a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
And never stays to greet him; *Ay*, quoth Jaques,
Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;
'Tis just the fashion: Wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?

7 — *the big round tears* &c.] It is said in one of the marginal notes to a similar passage in the 13th Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*, that "the hart weepeth at his dying: his tears are held to be precious in medicine." STEEVENS.

8 — in *the* needless *stream*;] The stream that wanted not such a supply of moisture. The old copy has *into*, caught probably by the compositor's eye from the line above. The correction was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

9 *To that which had too* much:] Old Copy—too *must*. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

Shakspeare has almost the same thought in his *Lover's Complaint*:

" ——— in a river———
" Upon whose weeping margin she was set,
" Like usury, applying wet to wet."

Again, in *K. Henry VI.* P. III. Act V. sc. iv:

" With tearful eyes add water to the sea,
" And give more strength *to that which hath too much*. STEEV.

1 — *of his velvet* friends;] The old copy has *friend*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

Thus

Thus moſt invectively he pierceth through
The body of country [2], city, court,
Yea, and of this our life: ſwearing, that we
Are mere uſurpers, tyrants, and what's worſe,
To fright the animals, and to kill them up,
In their aſſign'd and native dwelling place.

Duke S. And did you leave him in this contemplation?

2. *Lord.* We did, my lord, weeping and commenting
Upon the ſobbing deer.

Duke S. Show me the place;
I love to cope him [3] in theſe ſullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.

1. *Lord.* I'll bring you to him ſtraight. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter Duke FREDERICK, *Lords, and Attendants.*

Duke F. Can it be poſſible, that no man ſaw them?
It cannot be: ſome villains of my court
Are of conſent and ſufferance in this.

1. *Lord.* I cannot hear of any that did ſee her.
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a-bed; and, in the morning early,
They found the bed untreaſur'd of their miſtreſs.

2. *Lord.* My lord, the roynish clown [4], at whom ſo oft
Your grace was wont to laugh, is alſo miſſing.
Heſperia, the princeſs' gentlewoman,
Confeſſes, that ſhe ſecretly o'er-heard

2 *The body of* country—] *Country* is here uſed as a triſyllable. So again, in *Twelfth Night*:

"The like of him. Know'ſt thou this *country*?"

The editor of the ſecond folio, who appears to have been utterly ignorant of our author's phraſeology and metre, reads—The body of *the* country, &c. which has been followed by all the ſubſequent editors. MALONE.

3 — *to cope him*] To encounter him; to engage with him. JOHNS.

4 — the *roynish* clown,] *Roynish* from *rogneux*, Fr. mangy, ſcurvy. We are not to ſuppoſe the word is literally employed by Shakſpeare, but in the ſame ſenſe that the French ſtill uſe *carogne*, a term of which Moliere is not very ſparing in ſome of his pieces. STEEVENS.

Your daughter and her couſin much commend
The parts and graces of the wreſtler [5]
That did but lately foil the ſinewy Charles;
And ſhe believes, wherever they are gone,
That youth is ſurely in their company.

Duke F. Send to his brother; fetch that gallant hither;
If he be abſent, bring his brother to me,
I'll make him find him: do this ſuddenly;
And let not ſearch and inquiſition quail [6]
To bring again theſe fooliſh runaways. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Before Oliver's *Houſe.*

Enter ORLANDO *and* ADAM, *meeting.*

Orl. Who's there?

Adam. What! my young maſter?—O, my gentle maſter,
O, my ſweet maſter, O you memory [7]
Of old ſir Rowland! why, what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? Why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, ſtrong, and valiant?
Why would you be ſo fond to overcome
The bony priſer [8] of the humorous duke?

Your

[5] —*of the* wreſtler] *Wreſtler* is here uſed as a triſyllable. MALONE.

[6] — quail] To *quail* is to *faint*, to ſink into dejection. So, in *Cymbeline*:

" ——— which my falſe ſpirits
" *Quail* to remember." STEEVENS.

[7] *O you* memory—] *Memory* for *memorial*. STEEVENS.

So (as Mr. Steevens has ſhewn) the word was frequently uſed by our author's contemporaries. MALONE.

[8] *The* bony *priſer*—] In the former editions, *The* bonny *priſer*. We ſhould read—bony *priſer*. For this wreſtler is characteriſed for his ſtrength and bulk, not for his gaiety or good humour. WARBURTON.

So Milton: " *Giants of mighty* bone." JOHNSON.

So, in the Romance of *Syr Degore*, bl. l. no date:

" This is a man all for the nones,
" For he is a man of *great bones*."

Bonny, however, may be the true reading. So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. II. Act V: " Even of the *bonny* beaſt he lov'd ſo well." STEEVENS.

Your praiſe is come too ſwiftly home before you.
Know you not, maſter, to ſome kind of men [9]
Their graces ſerve them but as enemies?
No more do yours; your virtues, gentle maſter,
Are ſanctified and holy traitors to you.
O, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it!

Orl. Why, what's the matter?

Adam. O unhappy youth,
Come not within theſe doors; within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives:
Your brother—(no, no brother; yet the ſon—
Yet not the ſon;—I will not call him ſon—
Of him I was about to call his father,)
Hath heard your praiſes; and this night he means
To burn the lodging where you uſe to lie,
And you within it: if he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off:
I overheard him, and his practices.
This is no place [1], this houſe is but a butchery;
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

Orl. Why, whither, Adam, would'ſt thou have me go?

Adam. No matter whither, ſo you come not here.

Orl. What, would'ſt thou have me go and beg my food?
Or, with a baſe and boiſterous ſword, enforce
A thieviſh living on the common road?
This I muſt do, or know not what to do:

The word *bonny* occurs more than once in the novel from which this play of *As you like it* is taken. It is likewiſe much uſed by the common people in the northern counties. I believe, however, *bony* to be the true reading. MALONE.

9 — *to* ſome *kind of men*] Old Copy—*ſeeme* kind. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

1 *This is no* place,] *Place* here ſignifies a *ſeat*, a *manſion*, a *reſidence*. So, in the firſt Book of *Samuel:* "Saul ſet him up a *place*, and is gone down to Gilgal." We ſtill uſe the word in compound with another, as —St. James's *place*, Rathbone *place*; and Croſby *place* in *K. Richard III.* &c. STEEVENS.

Our author uſes this word again in the ſame ſenſe in his *Lover's Complaint:* "Love lack'd a dwelling, and made him her *place*."

Plas, in the Welch language, ſignifies a manſion-houſe. MALONE.

Yet this I will not do, do how I can;
I rather will ſubject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood[2], and bloody brother.

Adam. But do not ſo: I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I ſav'd under your father,
Which I did ſtore, to be my foſter-nurſe,
When ſervice ſhould in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown;
Take that: and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the ſparrow,
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;
All this I give you: Let me be your ſervant;
Though I look old, yet I am ſtrong and luſty:
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood[3];
Nor did not with unbaſhful forehead woo
The means of weakneſs and debility;
Therefore my age is as a luſty winter,
Froſty, but kindly: let me go with you;
I'll do the ſervice of a younger man
In all your buſineſs and neceſſities.

Orl. O good old man; how well in thee appears
The conſtant ſervice of the antique world,
When ſervice ſweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the faſhion of theſe times,
Where none will ſweat, but for promotion;
And having that, do choke their ſervice up
Even with the having[4]: it is not ſo with thee.
But, poor old man, thou prun'ſt a rotten tree,

2 — *diverted* blood,] *Blood* turned out of the courſe of nature. JOHNSON.

So, in our author's *Lover's Complaint*:

" Sometimes *diverted*, their poor balls are tied
" To the orbed earth—." MALONE.

3 — rebellious *liquors in my blood*;] That is, liquors which inflame the blood or ſenſual paſſions, and incite them to rebel againſt Reaſon. So, in *Othello*:

" For there's a young and ſweating devil here,
" That commonly *rebels*." MALONE.

4 Even *with the having*:] *Even* with the *promotion* gained by ſervice is ſervice extinguiſhed. JOHNSON.

That

That cannot ſo much as a bloſſom yield,
In lieu of all thy pains and huſbandry:
But come thy ways, we'll go along together;
And ere we have thy youthful wages ſpent,
We'll light upon ſome ſettled low content.

Adam. Maſter, go on; and I will follow thee,
To the laſt gaſp, with truth and loyalty.—
From ſeventeen years [5] till now almoſt fourſcore
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At ſeventeen years many their fortunes ſeek;
But at fourſcore, it is too late a week:
Yet fortune cannot recompence me better,
Than to die well, and not my maſter's debtor. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Foreſt.

Enter ROSALIND *in boy's cloaths,* CELIA *dreſt like a Shepherdeſs, and* TOUCHSTONE.

Roſ. O Jupiter! how weary are my ſpirits [6]!

Touch. I care not for my ſpirits, if my legs were not weary.

Roſ. I could find in my heart to diſgrace my man's apparel, and to cry like a woman: but I muſt comfort the weaker veſſel, as doublet and hoſe ought to ſhow itſelf courageous to petticoat; therefore, courage, good Aliena.

Cel. I pray you, bear with me; I cannot go no further.

Touch. For my part, I had rather bear with you, than

5 *From* ſeventeen *years*—] The old copy reads—*ſeventy*. The correction, which is fully ſupported by the context, was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

6 *O* Jupiter! *how* weary *are my ſpirits!*] She invokes Jupiter, becauſe he was ſuppoſed to be always in good ſpirits. So afterwards: "O moſt gentle *Jupiter!*"—A *Jovial* man was a common phraſe in our author's time. One of Randolph's plays is called ARISTIPPUS, *or the* Jovial *Philoſopher*; and a comedy of Broome's, *The* Jovial *Crew, or the* Merry *Beggars*. The old copy reads—how *merry*. The emendation, which the context and the clown's reply render certain, was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

bear you[7]: yet I ſhould bear no croſs[8], if I did bear you; for, I think you have no money in your purſe.

Roſ. Well, this is the foreſt of Arden.

Touch. Ay, now am I in Arden: the more fool I; when I was at home, I was in a better place; but travellers muſt be content.

Roſ. Ay, be ſo, good Touchſtone:—Look you, who comes here; a young man, and an old, in ſolemn talk.

Enter CORIN *and* SILVIUS.

Cor. That is the way to make her ſcorn you ſtill.

Sil. O Corin, that thou knew'ſt how I do love her!

Cor. I partly gueſs; for I have lov'd ere now.

Sil. No, Corin, being old, thou canſt not gueſs;
Though in thy youth thou waſt as true a lover,
As ever ſigh'd upon a midnight pillow:
But if thy love were ever like to mine,
(As ſure I think did never man love ſo,)
How many actions moſt ridiculous
Haſt thou been drawn to by thy fantaſy?

Cor. Into a thouſand that I have forgotten.

Sil. O, thou didſt then ne'er love ſo heartily:
If thou remember'ſt not the ſlighteſt folly[9]
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou haſt not lov'd:
Or if thou haſt not ſat as I do now,

[7] — *I had rather* bear with *you than* bear *you.*] This jingle is repeated in *K. Richard III:*

"You mean to *bear* me, not to *bear with* me." STEEVENS.

[8] — *yet I ſhould bear no* croſs,] A *croſs* was a piece of money ſtamped with a *croſs*. On this our author is perpetually quibbling. STEEVENS.

[9] *If thou remember'ſt not the ſlighteſt folly*] I am inclined to believe that from this paſſage *Suckling* took the hint of his ſong:

"*Honeſt lover, whoſoever,*
"*If in all thy love there ever*
"*Were one wav'ring thought, if thy flame*
"*Were not ſtill even, ſtill the ſame,*
"*Know this,*
"*Thou lov'ſt amiſs,*
"*And to love true,*
"*Thou muſt begin again, and love anew.* &c. JOHNSON.

Wearying

Wearying thy hearer[1] in thy mistress' praise,
Thou hast not lov'd:
Or if thou hast not broke from company,
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,
Thou hast not lov'd:—O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe!
[*Exit* SILVIUS.

Ros. Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy wound[2], I have by hard adventure found mine own.

Touch. And I mine: I remember, when I was in love, I broke my sword upon a stone, and bid him take that for coming o'night to Jane Smile: and I remember the kissing of her batlet[3], and the cow's dugs that her pretty chop'd hands had milk'd: and I remember the wooing of a peascod instead of her; from whom I took two[4] cods, and, giving her them again, said with weeping tears[5],

[1] Wearying *thy hearer*—] The old copy has—*wearing*. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. I am not sure that the emendation is necessary, though it has been adopted by all the editors. MALONE.

[2] — *of* thy wound—] The old copy has—*they would*. The latter word was corrected by the editor of the second folio, the other by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[3] — *batlet*,—] The instrument with which washers beat their coarse cloaths. JOHNSON.

Old Copy – *batler*. Corrected in the second folio. MALONE.

[4] — *two cods*,] For *cods* it would be more like sense to read *peas*, which having the shape of pearls, resembled the common presents of lovers. JOHNSON.

In a schedule of jewels in the 15th vol. of *Rymer's Fœdera*, we find, "Item, two *peascoddes* of gold, with 17 pearles." FARMER.

Peascods was the ancient term for *peas* as they are brought to market. So, in *The Honest Man's Fortune*, by B. and Fletcher: "Shalt feed on delicates, the first *peascods*, strawberries." STEEVENS.

In the following passage, however, Touchstone's present certainly signifies not the *pea* but the *pod*, and so, I believe, the word is used here. "He [Richard II.] also used a *peascod* branch with the *cods* open, but the *peas* out, as it is upon his robe in his monument at Westminster." Camden's *Remaines*, 1614. Here we see the *cods* and not the *peas* were worn. Why Shakspeare used the former word rather than *pods*, which appears to have had the same meaning, is obvious. MALONE.

[5] — *weeping tears*,] A ridiculous expression from a sonnet in Lodge's *Rosalynd*, the novel on which this comedy is founded. It likewise occurs in the old anonymous play of the *Victories of K. Henry V.* STEEVENS.

The same expression occurs also in Lodge's *Dorastus and Fawnia*, on which *the Winter's Tale* is founded. MALONE.

Wear theſe for my ſake. We, that are true lovers, run into ſtrange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, ſo is all nature in love mortal in folly[6].

Roſ. Thou ſpeak'ſt wiſer, than thou art 'ware of.

Touch. Nay, I ſhall ne'er be 'ware of mine own wit, till I break my ſhins againſt it.

Roſ. Jove! Jove! this ſhepherd's paſſion is much upon my faſhion.

Touch. And mine; but it grows ſomething ſtale with me.

Cel. I pray you, one of you queſtion yon man,
If he for gold will give us any food;
I faint almoſt to death.

Touch. Holla; you, clown!

Roſ. Peace, fool; he's not thy kinſman.

Cor. Who calls?

Touch. Your betters, ſir.

Cor. Elſe are they very wretched.

Roſ. Peace, I ſay:—Good even to you, friend[7].

Cor. And to you, gentle ſir, and to you all.

Roſ. I pr'ythee, ſhepherd, if that love, or gold,
Can in this deſert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may reſt ourſelves, and feed:
Here's a young maid with travel much oppreſs'd,
And faints for ſuccour.

Cor. Fair ſir, I pity her,
And wiſh for her ſake, more than for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her:
But I am ſhepherd to another man,
And do not ſheer the fleeces that I graze;
My maſter is of churliſh diſpoſition,
And little recks to find the way to heaven

6 — *ſo is all nature in love mortal in folly.*] This expreſſion I do not well underſtand. In the middle counties, *mortal*, from *mort*, a great quantity, is uſed as a particle of amplification; *mortal tall*, *mortal little*. Of this ſenſe I believe Shakſpeare takes advantage to produce one of his darling equivocations. Thus the meaning will be, *ſo is all nature in love* abounding *in folly*. JOHNSON.

7 — *to* you, *friend.*] The old copy reads—to *your* friend. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

By

By doing deeds of hoſpitality:
Beſides, his cote, his flocks, and bounds of feed
Are now on ſale, and at our ſheep-cote now,
By reaſon of his abſence, there is nothing
That you will feed on; but what is, come ſee,
And in my voice moſt welcome ſhall you be[8].

Roſ. What is he, that ſhall buy his flock and paſture?

Cor. That young ſwain, that you ſaw here but erewhile,
That little cares for buying any thing.

Roſ. I pray thee, if it ſtand with honeſty,
Buy thou the cottage, paſture, and the flock,
And thou ſhalt have to pay for it of us.

Cel. And we will mend thy wages: I like this place,
And willingly could waſte my time in it.

Cor. Aſſuredly, the thing is to be ſold:
Go with me; if you like, upon report,
The ſoil, the profit, and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder be,
And buy it with your gold right ſuddenly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The ſame.

Enter AMIENS, JAQUES, *and Others.*

SONG.

Ami. *Under the greenwood tree*
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune[9] *his merry note*
Unto the ſweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here ſhall he ſee
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

[8] *And* in my voice *moſt welcome ſhall you be.*] *In my voice,* as far as I have a voice or vote, as far as I have power to bid you welcome. JOHNSON.

[9] *And* tune—] The old copy has *turne.* Corrected by Mr. Pope. So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona:*

"And *to* the nightingale's complaining *note*
"*Tune* my diſtreſſes, and record my woes." MALONE.

Jaq.

Jaq. More, more, I pr'ythee, more.

Ami. It will make you melancholy, monſieur Jaques.

Jaq. I thank it. More, I pr'ythee, more. I can ſuck melancholy out of a ſong, as a weazel ſucks eggs: More, I pr'ythee, more.

Ami. My voice is ragged[1]; I know, I cannot pleaſe you.

Jaq. I do not deſire you to pleaſe me, I do deſire you to ſing: Come, more; another ſtanza; Call you them ſtanzas?

Ami. What you will, monſieur Jaques.

Jaq. Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me nothing: Will you ſing?

Ami. More at your requeſt, than to pleaſe myſelf.

Jaq. Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you: but that they call compliment, is like the encounter of two dog-apes; and when a man thanks me heartily, methinks, I have given him a penny, and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, ſing; and you that will not, hold your tongues.

Ami. Well, I'll end the ſong.—Sirs, cover the while; the duke will drink under this tree:—he hath been all this day to look you.

Jaq. And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too diſputable[2] for my company: I think of as many matters as he; but I give heaven thanks, and make no boaſt of them. Come, warble, come.

SONG.

Who doth ambition ſhun, [All together here.]
And loves to live i' the ſun[3],
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets,

[1] — *my voice is* ragged;] i. e. broken, and unequal. Mr. Rowe and the ſubſequent editors read—*rugged*. Our author's term is yet uſed, if I miſtake not, among ſingers. In *Cymbeline* he ſpeaks of the *ſnatches* of the voice. MALONE.

[2] — diſputable—] for *diſputatious*. MALONE.

[3] — *to live i' the ſun,*] *To live i' the ſun*, is to labour and "ſweat in the eye of Phœbus," or, *vitam agere ſub dio*. TOLLET.

Come

Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here ſhall he ſee
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. I'll give you a verſe to this note, that I made yeſterday in deſpight of my invention.

Ami. And I'll ſing it.

Jaq. Thus it goes:

If it do come to paſs,
That any man turn aſs,
Leaving his wealth and eaſe,
A ſtubborn will to pleaſe,
Duc ad me, duc ad me, duc ad me;
Here ſhall he ſee
Groſs fools as he[4],
An if he will come to me.

Ami.

4 *If it do come to paſs,*
That any man turn aſs,
Leaving his wealth and eaſe,
A ſtubborn will to pleaſe,
Duc ad me, duc ad me, duc ad me;
Here ſhall he ſee
Groſs fools as he, &c.] See HOR. Serm. L. II. ſat. iii.
Audire atque togam jubeo componere, quiſquis
Ambitione mala aut argenti pallet amore;
Quiſquis luxuria triſtive ſuperſtitione,
Aut alio mentis morbo calet: Huc proprius me,
Dum doceo inſanire omnes, vos ordine adite. MALONE.

For *Ducdame* Sir T. Hanmer, very acutely and judiciouſly, reads *duc ad me*, That is, *bring him to me.* JOHNSON.

If *Duc ad me* were right, Amiens would not have aſked its meaning, and been put off with "a *Greek invocation.*" It is evidently a word coined *for the nonce.* We have here, as Butler ſays, "One for *ſenſe*, and one for *rhyme.*"—Indeed we muſt have a *double rhyme*; or this ſtanza cannot well be ſung to the ſame tune with the former. I read thus:

"*Ducdamè, Ducdamè, Ducdamè,*
"Here ſhall he ſee
"Groſs fools as he,
"An' if he will come to *Ami.*"

i. e. to Amiens. Jaques did not mean to ridicule himſelf. FARMER.

Duc

Ami. What's that *duc ad me?*

Jaq. 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle. I'll go sleep if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt[5].

Ami. And I'll go seek the duke; his banquet is prepared. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE VI.

Another part of the forest.

Enter ORLANDO *and* ADAM.

Adam. Dear master, I can go no further: O, I die for food! Here lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewel, kind master.

Orl. Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little: If this uncouth forest yield any thing savage, I will either be food for it, or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake be comfortable; hold death a while at the arm's end: I will be here with thee presently; and if I bring thee not something to eat, I'll give thee leave to die: but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said! thou look'st cheerly: and I'll be with thee quickly.

Duc ad me seems to be a plain allusion to the burthen of Amiens's song: *Come hither, come hither, come hither.* That Amiens, who is a courtier, should not understand Latin, or be persuaded it was Greek, is no great matter for wonder.

An anonymous correspondent proposes to read—*Huc ad me.*

In confirmation of the old reading, [*Ducdame*] Dr. Farmer observes to me, that, being at a house not far from Cambridge, when news was brought that the hen roost was robbed, a facetious old 'squire who was present, immediately sung the following stanza, which has an odd coincidence with the ditty of Jaques:

" *Damè*, what makes your ducks to die?
" *duck, duck, duck.*——
" *Damè*, what makes your chicks to cry?
" chuck, chuck, chuck."—— STEEVENS.

5 —*the first born of Egypt.*] A proverbial expression for high-born persons. JOHNSON.

Yet

Yet thou lieſt in the bleak air: Come, I will bear thee to ſome ſhelter; and thou ſhalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this deſert. Cheerly, good Adam! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Another part of the foreſt.

A table ſet out. Enter Duke *Senior*, AMIENS, *Lords, and Others.*

Duke S. I think he be transform'd into a beaſt;
For I can no where find him like a man.

1. *Lord.* My lord, he is but even now gone hence;
Here was he merry, hearing of a ſong.

Duke S. If he, compact of jars[6], grow muſical,
We ſhall have ſhortly diſcord in the ſpheres:—
Go, ſeek him; tell him, I would ſpeak with him.

Enter JAQUES.

1. *Lord.* He ſaves my labour by his own approach.

Duke S. Why, how now, monſieur! what a life is this,
That your friends muſt woo your company?
What! you look merrily.

Jaq. A fool, a fool!—I met a fool i' the foreſt,
A motley fool;—a miſerable world[7]!—
As I do live by food, I met a fool;
Who laid him down, and baſk'd him in the ſun,
And rail'd on lady Fortune in good terms,
In good ſet terms,—and yet a motley fool.
Good-morrow, fool, quoth I: *No, ſir,* quoth he,
Call me not fool, till heaven hath ſent me fortune[8]:
And then he drew a dial from his poke;
And looking on it with lack-luſtre eye,

[6] — *compact of jars,*] i. e. made up of diſcords. Shakſpeare elſewhere ſays, *compact of credit,* for *made up of credulity.* STEEVENS.

[7] *A motley fool;—a miſerable* world!] *A miſerable world* is a parenthetical exclamation, frequent among melancholy men, and natural to Jaques at the ſight of a fool, or at the hearing of reflections on the fragility of life. JOHNSON.

[8] — *till heaven hath ſent me* fortune:] Alluding to the common ſaying, that fools are Fortune's favourites. MALONE.

Says,

Says, very wisely, *It is ten o'clock:*
Thus we may see, quoth he, *how the world wags:*
'Tis but an hour ago, since it was nine;
And after one hour more, 'twill be eleven;
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe, and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot, and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale. When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep-contemplative;
And I did laugh, sans intermission,
An hour by his dial.—O noble fool!
A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear [9].

Duke S. What fool is this?

Jaq. O worthy fool!—One that hath been a courtier;
And says, if ladies be but young, and fair,
They have the gift to know it: and in his brain,—
Which is as dry as the remainder-biscket
After a voyage,—he hath strange places cramm'd
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled forms:—O, that I were a fool!
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Duke S. Thou shalt have one.

Jaq. It is my only suit [1];
Provided, that you weed your better judgments
Of all opinion that grows rank in them,
That I am wise. I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind [2],
To blow on whom I please; for so fools have:
And they that are most gauled with my folly,
They most must laugh: And why, sir, must they so?
The *why* is plain as way to parish church:

[9] Motley's *the only wear.*] A *motley*, or a *particoloured coat* was anciently the dress of a fool. STEEVENS.

[1] — *only* suit;] *Suit* means *petition*, I believe, not *dress*. JOHNSON. The poet meant a quibble. So Act V: "Not out of your *apparel*, but out of your *suit*. STEEVENS.

[2] — *as large a charter as the wind,*] So, in *K. Henry V:*
"The *wind*, that *charter'd* libertine, is still." MALONE.

He,

He, that a fool doth very wisely hit,
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
Not to seem senseless [3] of the bob: if not [4],
The wise man's folly is anatomiz'd
Even by the squand'ring glances of the fool.
Invest me in my motley; give me leave
To speak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Duke S. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou would'st do.

Jaq. What, for a counter, would I do, but good?

Duke. S. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin:
For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
As sensual as the brutish sting [5] itself;
And all the embossed sores, and headed evils,
That thou with licence of free foot hast caught,
Would'st thou disgorge into the general world.

Jaq. Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
Till that the very very [6] means do ebb?
What woman in the city do I name,
When that I say, The city-woman bears
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?
Who can come in, and say, that I mean her,
When such a one as she, such is her neighbour?
Or what is he of basest function,

3 Not to *seem senseless*—] The words *Not to*, which are wanting in the old copy to complete both the metre and sense, were added by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

4 — *if not*, &c.] Unless men have the prudence not to appear touched with the sarcasms of a jester, they subject themselves to his power, and the wise man will have his folly *anatomised*, that is *dissected* and *laid open* by the *squandering glances* or *random shots* of a fool. JOHNSON.

5 *As sensual as the brutish* sting—] So, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, b. i. c. 8: "A heard of bulls whom kindly rage doth *sting*."

Again: "As if that hunger's point, or Venus *sting*,
"Had them enrag'd." b. ii. c. 12.

Again, in *Othello*: "—our carnal *stings*, our unbitted lusts." STEEVENS.

6 *Till that the* very *very*—] The old copy reads—*weary* very. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

That

That ſays, his bravery is not on my coſt,
(Thinking that I mean him,) but therein ſuits
His folly to the mettle of my ſpeech?
There then*; How then? What then? Let me ſee wherein
My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himſelf; if he be free,
Why then, my taxing like a wild gooſe flies,
Unclaim'd of any man.—But who comes here?

Enter ORLANDO, *with his ſword drawn.*

Orl. Forbear, and eat no more.

Jaq. Why, I have eat none yet.

Orl. Nor ſhalt not, till neceſſity be ſerv'd.

Jaq. Of what kind ſhould this cock come of?

Duke S. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy diſtreſs;
Or elſe a rude deſpiſer of good manners,
That in civility thou ſeem'ſt ſo empty?

Orl. You touch'd my vein at firſt; the thorny point
Of bare diſtreſs hath ta'en from me the ſhow
Of ſmooth civility: yet am I in-land bred,
And know ſome nurture[7]: But forbear, I ſay;
He dies, that touches any of this fruit,
Till I and my affairs are anſwered.

Jaq. An you will not be anſwer'd with reaſon, I muſt die.

Duke S. What would you have? Your gentleneſs ſhall force,
More than your force move us to gentleneſs.

Orl. I almoſt die for food, and let me have it.

Duke S. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

Orl. Speak you ſo gently? Pardon me, I pray you;
I thought, that all things had been ſavage here;
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of ſtern commandment: But whate'er you are,
That in this deſert inacceſſible,
Under the ſhade of melancholy boughs,

* There *then*;—] I believe we ſhould read—*Where* then? So, in *Othello*; "What then? How then? *Where*'s ſatisfaction?" MALONE.

7 —*ſome* nuiture:] *Nurture* is *education*. STEEVENS.

Loſe

Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have look'd on better days;
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church;
If ever sat at any good man's feast;
If ever from your eyelids wip'd a tear,
And know what 'tis to pity, and be pitied;
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be:
In the which hope, I blush, and hide my sword.

Duke S. True is it, that we have seen better days;
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church;
And sat at good men's feasts; and wip'd our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd:
And therefore sit you down in gentleness,
And take upon command [8] what help we have
That to your wanting may be minister'd.

Orl. Then but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,
And give it food [9]. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step
Limp'd in pure love; till he be first suffic'd,—
Oppress'd with two weak evils, age, and hunger,—
I will not touch a bit.

Duke S. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waste till you return.

Orl. I thank ye; and be bless'd for your good comfort! [*Exit.*

Duke S. Thou seest, we are not all alone unhappy:
This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in [1].

Jaq. All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits, and their entrances;

[8] —*upon* command] is at your own *command.* STEEVENS.

[9] *Whiles, like a* doe, *I go to find my* fawn,
And give it food.] So, in *Venus and Adonis:*
"Like a milch *doe*, whose swelling dugs do ake,
"Hasting to *feed her fawn.*" MALONE.

[1] *Wherein we play* in.] Thus the old copy. Mr. Pope more correctly reads—*wherein we play.* STEEVENS.

And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages[2]. At first, the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms:
Then, the whining school-boy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school: And then, the lover;
Sighing like furnace[3], with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eye-brow: Then, a soldier;
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard[4],
Jealous

[2] *His acts being* seven ages.] Dr. Warburton boldly asserts that this was "*no unusual* division of a play before our author's time." One of Chapman's plays (*Two wise Men and all the rest Fools*) is indeed in seven acts. This, however, is the only dramatick piece that I have found so divided. But surely it is not necessary to suppose that our author alluded here to any such precise division of the drama. His comparisons seldom run on four feet. It was sufficient for him that a play was distributed into *several* acts, and that human life, long before his time, had been divided into *seven* periods. In *the Treasury of Ancient and Modern Times*, 1613, Proclus, a Greek author, is said to have divided the life-time of man into SEVEN AGES; over each of which one of the seven planets was supposed to rule. "The FIRST AGE is called *Infancy*, containing the space of foure yeares.—The SECOND AGE continueth ten years, untill he attaine to the yeares of fourteene: this age is called *Childhood*.—The THIRD AGE consisteth of eight yeares, being named by our auncients *Adolescencie* or *Youthhood*; and it lasteth from fourteene, till two and twenty yeares be fully compleate.—The FOURTH AGE paceth on, till a man have accomplished two and fortie yeares, and is tearmed *Young Manhood*.—The FIFT AGE, named *Mature Manhood*, hath (according to the said authour) fifteene yeares of continuance, and therefore makes his progress so far as six and fifty yeares.—Afterwards in adding twelve to fifty-sixe, you shall make up sixty-eight yeares, which reach to the end of the SIXT AGE, and is called *Old Age*.—The SEAVENTH and last of these seven ages is limited from sixty-eight yeares, so far as four-score and eight, being called weak, declining, and *Decrepite Age*.—If any man chance to goe beyond this age, (which is more admired than noted in many,) you shall evidently perceive that he will returne to his first condition of Infancy againe."

Hippocrates likewise divided the life of man into seven ages, but differs from Proclus in the number of years allotted to each period. See Brown's *Vulgar Errors*, folio, 1686, p. 173. MALONE.

[3] *Sighing like furnace*,—] So, in *Cymbeline*: "—he *furnaceth* the thick *sighs* from him"—. MALONE.

[4] —*Then a* soldier;
Full of strange oaths, and bearded *like the pard*,] *Beards* of different

cut

Jealous in honour, ſudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth; And then, the juſtice;
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eyes ſevere, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wiſe ſaws and modern inſtances [5],
And ſo he plays his part: The ſixth age ſhifts
Into the lean and ſlipper'd pantaloon [6];
With ſpectacles on noſe, and pouch on ſide;
His youthful hoſe well ſav'd, a world too wide
For his ſhrunk ſhank; and his big manly voice
Turning again toward childiſh treble, pipes

cut were appropriated in our author's time to different characters and profeſſions. The ſoldier had one faſhion, the judge another, the biſhop different from both, &c. See a note on *K. Henry V.* Act III. ſc. vi. "And what a beard of the general's cut, &c." See alſo Vol. I. p. 213, n. *. MALONE.

So, in *Cinthia's Revels*, by B. Jonſon: "— Your *ſoldier's* face—the grace of this face conſiſteth much in a *beard*." STEEVENS.

5 *Full of wiſe ſaws and* modern *inſtances*,] The meaning ſeems to be, that the juſtice is full of *old* ſayings and *late* examples. JOHNSON.

Modern means *trite*, *common*. So, in *K. John*:

"And ſcorns a *modern* invocation."

So, in this play, Act IV. ſc. i: "—— betray themſelves to *modern* cenſure." STEEVENS.

Again, in another of our author's plays: "—to make *modern* and familiar things ſupernatural and cauſeleſs." MALONE.

6 —— *The ſixth age ſhifts*

Into the lean and ſlipper'd pantaloon;] *Il Pantalóne*, in the Italian comedy, is a thin emaciated old man in *ſlippers*; and well deſigned, in this epithet, becauſe *Pantalóne* is the only character that acts in ſlippers. WARBURTON.

In the *Travels of the Three Engliſh Brothers*, a comedy, printed in 1607, an Italian Harlequin is introduced, who offers to perform a play at a lord's houſe, in which, among other characters, he mentions "a jealous coxcomb, an old *Pantalowne*." But this is ſeven years later than the date of the play before us, nor do I know from whence our author could learn the circumſtance mentioned by Dr. Warburton, that "Pantalóne is the only character in the Italian comedy that acts in ſlippers."—In Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598, the word is not found. In the *Taming of the Shrew*, if I remember right, one of the characters is called "an old Pantaloon," but there is no further deſcription of him. MALONE.

And whiſtles in his ſound: Laſt ſcene of all,
That ends this ſtrange eventful hiſtory,
Is ſecond childiſhneſs, and mere oblivion;
Sans teeth, ſans eyes, ſans taſte, ſans every thing.

Re-enter ORLANDO, *with* ADAM.

Duke S. Welcome: Set down your venerable burden[7],
And let him feed.

Orl. I thank you moſt for him.

Adam. So had you need,
I ſcarce can ſpeak to thank you for myſelf.

Duke S. Welcome, fall to: I will not trouble you
As yet, to queſtion you about your fortunes:—
Give us ſome muſick; and, good couſin, ſing.

SONG.

Ami. *Blow, blow, thou winter wind,*
Thou art not ſo unkind[8]
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not ſo keen,
Becauſe thou art not ſeen[9],
Although thy breath be rude.

7 — *Set down your venerable burden,*] Is is not likely that Shakſpeare had in his mind this line of the *Metamorphoſes?*

——— *Patremque*
Fert humeris, venerabile onus *Cythereius heros.* JOHNSON.

8 *Thou art not ſo* unkind &c.] That is, thy action is not ſo contrary to thy *kind*, or to human nature, as the ingratitude of man. So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis:*

" O had thy mother borne ſo bad a mind,
" She had not brought forth thee, but died *unkind.*" MALONE.

9 *Thy tooth is not ſo keen,*
Becauſe thou art not ſeen,] *Thou winter wind,* ſays Amiens, *thy rudeneſs gives the leſs pain,* as thou art not ſeen, *as thou art an enemy that doſt not brave us with thy preſence, and whoſe unkindneſs is therefore not aggravated by inſult.* JOHNSON.

Becauſe thou art not ſeen,] So, in the Sonnet introduced in *Love's Labour's Loſt:*

" Through the velvet leaves the *wind*
" All *unſeen* 'gan paſſage find." STEEVENS.

Again, in *Meaſure for Meaſure:*

" To be impriſon'd in the *viewleſs winds.*" MALONE.

Heigh

Heigh ho! sing, heigh ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.

II.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp[1],
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not[2].
Heigh ho! sing, heigh ho! &c.

[1] *Though thou the waters* warp,] The surface of *waters*, so long as they remain unfrozen, is apparently a perfect plane; whereas, when they are frozen, this surface deviates from its exact flatness, or *warps*. This is remarkable in small ponds, the surface of which, when frozen, forms a regular concave; the ice on the sides rising higher than that in the middle. KENRICK.

To *warp* was probably in Shakspeare's time, a colloquial word, which conveyed no distant allusion to any thing else, physical or medicinal. To *warp* is to *turn*, and to *turn* is to *change*: when milk is *changed* by curdling, we now say, it is *turned*: when water is *changed* or *turned* by frost, Shakspeare says, it is *curdled*. To be *warp'd* is only to be changed from its natural state. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson is certainly right. So, in the *Winter's Tale*, Act I:

"My favour here begins to *warp*."

Dr. Farmer supposes *warp'd* to mean the same as *curdled*, and adds that a similar idea occurs in *Timon of Athens*:

"—— the icicle
"That's *curdled* by the frost, &c. STEEVENS.

Wood is said to *warp* when its surface, from being level, becomes bent and uneven; from *warpan*, Sax. to cast. So, in this play, Act III. sc. iii: "— then one of you will prove a shrunk pannel, and, like green timber, *warp*, *warp*." I doubt whether the poet here alludes to any operation of frost. The meaning may be only, Thou bitter wintry sky, though thou *curlest* the waters, thy sting &c. *Thou* in the line before us refers only to "bitter sky." The influence of the winter's sky or season may, with sufficient propriety, be said to *warp* the surface of the ocean, by agitation of its waves alone. MALONE.

[2] *As friend* remember'd *not.*] *Remember'd* for *remembering*. So afterwards, Act III. sc. last: "And now *I am remember'd*,"—i. e. And now that I *bethink* me &c. MALONE.

Duke S. If that you were the good ſir Rowland's ſon,—
As you have whiſper'd faithfully, you were;
And as mine eye doth his effigies witneſs
Moſt truly limn'd, and living in your face,—
Be truly welcome hither: I am the duke,
That lov'd your father: The reſidue of your fortune,
Go to my cave and tell me.—Good old man,
Thou art right welcome, as thy maſter is[3]:—
Support him by the arm.—Give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes underſtand. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter Duke FREDERICK, OLIVER, *Lords, and Attendants.*

Duke F. Not ſee him ſince? Sir, ſir, that cannot be:
But were I not the better part made mercy,
I ſhould not ſeek an abſent argument[4]
Of my revenge, thou preſent: But look to it;
Find out thy brother, whereſoe'er he is;
Seek him with candle: bring him dead or living,
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
To ſeek a living in our territory.
Thy lands, and all things that thou doſt call thine,
Worth ſeizure, do we ſeize into our hands;
Till thou canſt quit thee by thy brother's mouth,
Of what we think againſt thee.

Oli. O, that your highneſs knew my heart in this:
I never lov'd my brother in my life.

Duke F. More villain thou.—Well, puſh him out of doors;
And let my officers of ſuch a nature

[3] — *as thy* maſter *is:*] The old copy has—*maſters.* Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[4] — *an abſent* argument] An *argument* is uſed for the *contents* of a book; thence Shakſpeare conſidered it as meaning the *ſubject*, and then uſed it for *ſubject* in yet another ſenſe. JOHNSON.

Make

Make an extent upon his houſe and lands[5]:
Do this expediently[6], and turn him going. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Foreſt.

Enter ORLANDO *with a Paper.*

Orl. Hang there, my verſe, in witneſs of my love:
And, thou, thrice-crowned queen of night[7], ſurvey
With thy chaſte eye, from thy pale ſphere above,
Thy huntreſs' name, that my full life doth ſway.
O Roſalind! theſe trees ſhall be my books,
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character;
That every eye, which in this foreſt looks,
Shall ſee thy virtue witneſs'd every where.
Run, run, Orlando; carve, on every tree,
The fair, the chaſte, and unexpreſſive ſhe[8]. [*Exit.*

Enter CORIN, *and* TOUCHSTONE.

Cor. And how like you this ſhepherd's life, maſter Touchſtone?

Touch. Truly, ſhepherd, in reſpect of itſelf, it is a good life; but in reſpect that it is a ſhepherd's life, it is naught. In reſpect that it is ſolitary, I like it very

5 *And let my officers of ſuch a nature*
Make an extent *upon his houſe and lands:*] To make an *extent* of lands, is a legal phraſe, from the words of a writ, (*extendi facias*) whereby the ſheriff is directed to cauſe certain lands to be appraiſed to their full extended value, before he delivers them to the perſon entitled under a recognizance, &c. in order that it may be certainly known how ſoon the debt will be paid. MALONE.

6 — *expediently*,] That is, *expeditiouſly*. JOHNSON.

7 — *thrice-crowned queen of night*,] Alluding to the triple character of Proſerpine, Cynthia, and Diana, given by ſome mythologiſts to the ſame goddeſs, and compriſed in theſe memorial lines:

" *Terret, luſtrat, agit, Proſerpina, Luna, Diana,*
" *Ima, ſuperna, feras, ſceptro, fulgore, ſagittis.*" JOHNSON.

8 — *unexpreſſive*—] for *inexpreſſible*. JOHNSON.
Milton alſo, in his *Hymn on the Nativity*, uſes *unexpreſſive* for *inexpreſſible*:

" Harping with loud and ſolemn quire,
" With *unexpreſſive* notes to heaven's new-born heir." MALONE.

well; but in reſpect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now in reſpect it is in the fields, it pleaſeth me well; but in reſpect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a ſpare life, look you, it fits my humour well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much againſt my ſtomach. Haſt any philoſophy in thee, ſhepherd?

Cor. No more, but that I know, the more one ſickens, the worſe at eaſe he is; and that he that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends:—That the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn: That good paſture makes fat ſheep; and that a great cauſe of the night, is lack of the ſun: That he, that hath learned no wit by nature nor art, may complain of good breeding [9], or comes of a very dull kindred.

Touch. Such a one is a natural philoſoper [1]. Waſt ever in court, ſhepherd?

Cor. No, truly.

Touch. Then thou art damn'd.

Cor. Nay, I hope,—

Touch. Truly, thou art damn'd; like an ill-roaſted egg [2], all on one ſide.

Cor.

9 — *he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art, may complain of good breeding,*] I am in doubt whether the cuſtom of the language in Shakſpeare's time did not authoriſe this mode of ſpeech, and make *complain of good breeding* the ſame with *complain* of the want of *good breeding*. In the laſt line of the *Merchant of Venice* we find that to *fear the keeping* is to *fear the* not *keeping*. JOHNSON.

I think, he means rather,—may complain of a good education, for being ſo inefficient, of ſo little uſe to him. MALONE.

1 — *is a* natural *philoſopher.*] A *natural* being a common term for a fool, Touchſtone, perhaps, means to quibble on the word. He may however only mean, that Corin is a ſelf-taught philoſopher; the diſciple of nature. MALONE.

2 — *like an ill-roaſted egg,*] There is a proverb, that *a fool is the beſt roaſter of an egg, becauſe he is always turning it.* This will explain how an egg may be *damn'd, all on one ſide*; but will not ſufficiently ſhew how Touchſtone applies his ſimilie with propriety; unleſs he means that he who has not been at court is but *half* educated. STEEV.

I believe there was nothing intended in the correſponding part of the ſimile, to anſwer to the words, "all on one ſide." Shakſpeare's ſimiles (as has been already obſerved) hardly ever run on four feet. Touchſtone, I apprehend, only means to ſay, that Corin is completely damned; as irretrievably

Cor. For not being at court? Your reaſon.

Touch. Why, if thou never waſt at court, thou never ſaw'ſt good manners; if thou never ſaw'ſt good manners, then thy manners muſt be wicked; and wickedneſs is ſin, and ſin is damnation: Thou art in a parlous ſtate, ſhepherd.

Cor. Not a whit, Touchſtone: thoſe, that are good manners at the court, are as ridiculous in the country, as the behaviour of the country is moſt mockable at the court. You told me, you ſalute not at the court, but you kiſs your hands; that courteſy would be uncleanly, if courtiers were ſhepherds.

Touch. Inſtance, briefly; come, inſtance.

Cor. Why, we are ſtill handling our ewes; and their fells you know are greaſy.

Touch. Why, do not your courtiers' hands ſweat? and is not the greaſe of a mutton as wholeſome as the ſweat of a man? Shallow, ſhallow: A better inſtance, I ſay; come.

Cor. Beſides, our hands are hard.

Touch. Your lips will feel them the ſooner. Shallow again: A more ſounder inſtance, come.

Cor. And they are often tarr'd over with the ſurgery of our ſheep; And would you have us kiſs tar? The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

Touch. Moſt ſhallow man! Thou worms-meat, in reſpect of a good piece of fleſh indeed! Learn of the wiſe, and perpend: Civet is of a baſer birth than tar; the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the inſtance, ſhepherd.

Cor. You have too courtly a wit for me; I'll reſt.

Touch. Wilt thou reſt damn'd? God help thee, ſhallow man! God make inciſion in thee[3]! thou art raw[4].

irretrievably deſtroyed as an egg that is utterly ſpoiled in the roaſting, by being done all on one ſide only. So, in a ſubſequent ſcene, "—and both in a tune, like two gypſies on a horſe." Here the poet certainly meant that the ſpeaker and his companion ſhould ſing in uniſon, and thus *reſemble each other* as perfectly as two gypſies on a horſe;—not that two gypſies on a horſe ſing *both in a tune*. MALONE.

3 — make inciſion *in thee!*] Alluding to the common expreſſion, of *cutting ſuch a one for the ſimples*. STEEVENS.

4 — *thou art* raw.] i. e. thou art *ignorant, unexperienced*. So, in *Hamlet*: "—and yet but *raw* neither, in reſpect of his quick ſail." MALONE.

Cor.

Cor. Sir, I am a true labourer; I earn that I eat, get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happineſs; glad of other men's good, content with my harm: and the greateſt of my pride is, to ſee my ewes graze, and my lambs ſuck.

Touch. That is another ſimple ſin in you; to bring the ewes and the rams together, and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle: to be bawd to a bell-wether[5]; and to betray a ſhe-lamb of a twelvemonth to a crooked-pated, old, cuckoldly ram, out of all reaſonable match. If thou be'ſt not damn'd for this, the devil himſelf will have no ſhepherds; I cannot ſee elſe how thou ſhould'ſt 'ſcape.

Cor. Here comes young maſter Ganimed, my new miſtreſs's brother.

Enter ROSALIND, *with a paper.*

Roſ. *From the eaſt to weſtern Inde,* [reads.
No jewel is like Roſalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Roſalind.
All the pictures, faireſt limn'd,
Are but black to Roſalind.
Let no face be kept in mind,
But the fair of Roſalind[6].

Touch. I'll rhyme you ſo, eight years together; dinners, and ſuppers, and ſleeping hours excepted: it is the right butter-women's rate to market[7].

Roſ.

5 —*bawd to a bell*-wether;] *Wether* and *ram* had anciently the ſame meaning. JOHNSON.

6 *But the* fair *of Roſalind.*] *Fair* is beauty, complexion. See the notes on a paſſage in the *Midſummer Night's Dream*, Act I. ſc. i. and the *Comedy of Errors*, Act II. ſc. i. The modern editors read—the *face* of Roſalind. Lodge's *Novel* will likewiſe ſupport the ancient reading:

" Then muſe not, nymphes, though I bemone
" The abſence of fair Roſalynde,
" Since for her *faire* there is fairer none, &c."

Again: " And hers the *faire* which all men do reſpect." STEEVENS.

Face was introduced by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

7 — *it is the right butter-women's* rate *to market.*] The old copy reads

Ros. Out, fool!

Touch. For a taſte :—

If a hart do lack a hind,
Let him ſeek out Roſalind.
If the cat will after kind,
So, be ſure, will Roſalind.
Winter-garments muſt be lin'd,
So muſt ſlender Roſalind.
They that reap, muſt ſheaf and bind;
Then to cart with Roſalind.
Sweeteſt nut hath ſowreſt rind,
Such a nut is Roſalind.
He that ſweeteſt roſe will find,
Muſt find love's prick, and Roſalind.

This is the very falſe gallop of verſes; Why do you infect yourſelf with them?

Ros. Peace, you dull fool; I found them on a tree.

Touch. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Ros. I'll graff it with you, and then I ſhall graff it with a medlar: then it will be the earlieſt fruit i'the country; for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medlar.

Touch. You have ſaid; but whether wiſely or no, let the foreſt judge.

reads—*rank* to market. The emendation is Sir T. Hanmer's. A paſſage in *All's Well that ends Well*,—" tongue, I muſt put you into a *butter-woman's* mouth, and buy myſelf another of Bajazet's mule, if you *prattle* me into theſe perils,—" once induced me to think that the *volubility* of the butter-woman, ſelling her wares at market, was alone in our author's contemplation; and that he wrote—rate *at* market. But I am now perſuaded that Sir T. Hanmer's emendation is right. The *hobbling* metre of theſe verſes, (ſays Touchſtone) is like the *ambling*, *ſhuffling* pace of a butter-woman's *horſe* going to market. The ſame kind of imagery is found in *K. Henry IV.* P. I:

" And that would ſet my teeth nothing on edge,
" Nothing ſo much, as *mincing poetry*;
" *'Tis like the forc'd gait of a ſhuffling nag.*" MALONE.

The clown is here ſpeaking in reference to the ambling pace of the metre, which, after giving a ſpecimen of, to prove his aſſertion, he affirms to be " the very falſe gallop of verſes." HENLEY.

Enter

Enter CELIA, *with a paper.*

Ros. Peace!
Here comes my ſiſter, reading; ſtand aſide.

Cel. *Why ſhould this deſert ſilent be*[8]*?*
For it is unpeopled? No;
Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That ſhall civil ſayings ſhow[9].
Some, how brief the life of man
Runs his erring pilgrimage;
That the ſtretching of a ſpan
Buckles in his ſum of age.
Some, of violated vows
'Twixt the ſouls of friend and friend:
But upon the faireſt boughs,
Or at every ſentence' end,
Will I Roſalinda write;
Teaching all that read, to know
The quinteſſence of every ſprite
Heaven would in little ſhow[1].
Therefore heaven nature charg'd[2]
That one body ſhould be fill'd
With all graces wide enlarg'd:
Nature preſently diſtill'd

[8] *Why ſhould this deſert* ſilent *be?*] The word *ſilent* is not in the old copy. Mr. Pope attempted to correct the paſſage by reading—Why ſhould this *a* deſart be? The preſent judicious emendation was made by Mr. Tyrwhitt, who juſtly obſerves that "*the hanging of tongues on every tree* would not make it leſs a deſert." MALONE.

[9] *That ſhall* civil *ſayings ſhow.*] *Civil* is here uſed in the ſame ſenſe as when we ſay *civil* wiſdom or *civil life*, in oppoſition to a ſolitary ſtate, or to the ſtate of nature. This deſert ſhall not appear *unpeopled*, for every tree ſhall teach the maxims or incidents of ſocial life. JOHNSON.

[1] — *in* little *ſhow.*] The alluſion is to a miniature-portrait. The current phraſe in our author's time was— "painted in *little*." MALONE.

[2] *Therefore heaven nature charg'd*] From the picture of Appelles, or the accompliſhments of Pandora.

Πανδώρην, ὅτι πάντες Ὀλύμπια δῶρα' ἔχοντες
Δῶρον ἐδώρησαν.—

So, before:

" ——— *But you, O you,*
" *So perfect, and ſo peerleſs, are created*
" *Of ev'ry creature's beſt.*" Tempeſt.

Perhaps from this paſſage Swift had his hint of Biddy Floyd. JOHNSON.

Helen's cheek, but not her heart[3];
Cleopatra's majeſty;
Atalanta's better part[4];
Sad[5] *Lucretia's modeſty.*

Thus

3 — her *heart*;] Old Copy—*bis* heart. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

4 *Atalanta's* better part;] I know not well what could be the *better part* of Atalanta here aſcribed to Roſalind. Of the Atalanta moſt celebrated, and who therefore muſt be intended here where ſhe has no epithet of diſcrimination, the *better part* ſeems to have been her heels, and the worſe part was ſo bad that Roſalind would not thank her lover for the compariſon. There is a more obſcure Atalanta, a huntreſs and a heroine, but of her nothing bad is recorded, and therefore I know not which was her *better part*. Shakſpeare was no deſpicable mythologiſt, yet he ſeems here to have miſtaken ſome other character for that of Atalanta. JOHNSON.

Perhaps the poet means her beauty and graceful elegance of ſhape, which he would prefer to her ſwiftneſs. Thus OVID:

" ——— *nec dicere poſſes,*
" *Laude pedum, formæne bono præſtantior eſſet.*
" *Ut faciem, et* poſito corpus velamine *vidit,*
" Obſtupuit——"

But cannot *Atalanta's better part* mean her virtue or virgin chaſtity, with which nature had graced Roſalind, together with Helen's beauty without her heart or lewdneſs, with Cleopatra's dignity of behaviour, and with Lucretia's modeſty, that ſcorned to ſurvive the loſs of honour? Pliny's Nat. Hiſt. b. xxxv. c. 3. mentions the portraits of *Atalanta* and *Helen, utraque excellentiſſima forma, ſed altera ut virgo.* That is, " both of them for beauty, incomparable, and yet a man may diſcerne the one of them [Atalanta] to be *a maiden*, for her modeſt and chaſte countenance," as Dr. P. Holland tranſlated the paſſage; of which probably our poet had taken notice, for ſurely he had judgment in painting. TOLLET.

I ſuppoſe *Atalanta's better part* is her *wit*, i. e. the *ſwiftneſs of her mind.* FARMER.

The following paſſage in Marſton's *Inſatiate Counteſſe*, 1613, might lead one to ſuppoſe that Atalanta's *better part* was her *lips*:

" ——— That eye was Juno's;
" Thoſe *lips* were her's that *won the golden ball*;
" That virgin bluſh Diana's."

Be this as it may, theſe lines ſhow that Atalanta was conſidered as uncommonly beautiful, and therefore may ſerve to ſupport Mr. Tollet's firſt interpretation.

It is obſervable that the ſtory of Atalanta in the tenth book of Ovid's *Metamorphoſes*

Thus Roſalind of many parts
By heavenly ſynod was devis'd;
Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
To have the touches [6] *deareſt priz'd.*
Heaven would that ſhe theſe gifts ſhould have,
And I to live and die her ſlave.

Roſ. O moſt gentle Jupiter!—what tedious homily of love have you wearied your pariſhioners withal, and never cry'd, *Have patience, good people!*

Metamorphoſes is interwoven with that of *Venus* and *Adonis*, which our author had undoubtedly read. The lines moſt material to the preſent point run thus in Golding's Tranſlation, 1567:

" She overcame them out of doubt; and hard it is to tell
" Thee, whether ſhe did in footemanſhippe or *beautie* more excell."
" — he did condemne the young men's love. But when
" He ſaw her face and body bare, (for why, the lady then
" *Did ſtrip her to her naked ſkin,*) the which was like to mine,
" Or rather, if that thou waſt made a woman, like to thine,)
" He was amaz'd."
" ——— And though that ſhe
" Did flie as ſwift as arrow from a Turkie bow, yet hee
" More wondered at her *beautie*, then at ſwiftneſſe of her pace;
" Her running greatly did augment her beautie and her grace."

MALONE.

Shakſpeare might have taken part of this enumeration of diſtinguiſhed females from John Grange's *Golden Aphroditis*, 1577: " — who ſeemeſt in my ſight faire *Helen* of Troy, Polixene, Calliope, yea *Atalanta* hir ſelfe in beautie to ſurpaſſe, Pandora in qualities, Penelope and *Lucretia* in chaſtneſſe to deface."

Again, ibid: " Polixene fayre, Caliop, and
" Penelop may give place;
" *Atalanta*, and dame *Lucres* fayre
" She doth them both deface."

Again, ibid: " *Atalanta*, who ſometyme bore the bell of beauties price in that hyr native ſoyle." STEEVENS.

I think this ſtanza was formed on an old tetraſtick epitaph, which, as I have done, Mr. Steevens may poſſibly have read in a country churchyard:

" She who is dead and ſleepeth in this tomb,
" Had Rachael's comely face, and Leah's fruitful womb;
" Sarah's obedience, Lydia's open *heart*,
" And Martha's care, and Mary's *better part*." WHALLEY.

5 *Sad*—] is *grave*, *ſober*, not *light*. JOHNSON.

6 — *the touches*] The features; *les traits*. JOHNSON.

Cel.

Cel. How now! back friends?—Shepherd, go, off a little:—Go with him, sirrah.

Touch. Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage. [*Exeunt* CORIN, *and* TOUCH.

Cel. Did'st thou hear these verses?

Ros. O, yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

Cel. That's no matter; the feet might bear the verses.

Ros. Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

Cel. But did'st thou hear, without wondering how thy name should be hang'd and carved upon these trees?

Ros. I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder, before you came; for look here what I found on a palm-tree: I was never so be-rhimed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat[7], which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Trow you, who hath done this?

Ros. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck: Change you colour?

Ros. I pr'ythee, who?

Cel. O lord, lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet;

7 — *I was never so be-rhimed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat,*] Rosalind is a very learned lady. She alludes to the Pythagorean doctrine, which teaches that souls transmigrate from one animal to another, and relates that in his time she was an Irish *rat*, and by some metrical charm was rhymed to death. The power of killing rats with rhymes Donne mentions in his *Satires*, and Temple in his *Treatises*. JOHNSON.

So, in an address to the reader, at the conclusion of Ben Jonson's *Poetaster*:

" Rhime them to death, as they do *Irish rats*
" In drumming tunes." STEEVENS.

So, in the *Defence of Poesie* by our author's contemporary, Sir Philip Sidney: " Though I will not wish unto you—to be driven by a poet's verses, as Rubonax was, to hang yourself, nor to be *rimed* to death, as is said to be done in *Ireland*—." MALONE.

meet [8]; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and ſo encounter [9].

Roſ. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it poſſible?

Roſ. Nay, I pr'ythee now, with moſt petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O wonderful, wonderful, and moſt wonderful wonderful, and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all whooping [1]!

Roſ. Good my complexion [2]! doſt thou think, though I am capariſon'd like a man, I have a doublet and hoſe in my diſpoſition? One inch of delay more is a South-ſea off diſcovery [3]. I pr'ythee, tell me, who is it? quickly, and ſpeak apace: I would thou could'ſt ſtammer, that thou might'ſt pour this conceal'd man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle; either

[8] — *friends to meet*;] Alluding ironically to the proverb: "Friends may meet, but mountains never greet." See *Ray's Collection*. STEEV.

[9] — *but* mountains *may be removed with earthquakes, and ſo* encounter.] "Montes duo inter ſe concurrerunt, &c." ſays Pliny, *Hiſt. Nat.* lib. ii. c. 83. or in Holland's tranſlation: "Two *hills* [removed by an earthquake] *encountered* together, charging as it were, and with violence aſſaulting one another, and retyring again with a moſt mighty noiſe." TOLLET.

[1] — *out of all* whooping—] i. e. beyond meaſure. This appears to have been a phraſe of the ſame import as another formerly in uſe, "out of all *cry*." The latter ſeems to allude to the cuſtom of giving notice by a crier of things to be ſold. So, in *A Chaſte Maid of Cheapſide*, a comedy by T. Middleton, 1630: "I'll ſell all at an *outcry*." MALONE.

[2] *Good my complexion!*] My native character, my female inquiſitive diſpoſition, can'ſt thou endure this!—For thus characterizing the moſt beautiful part of the creation, let our author anſwer. MALONE.

Shakſpeare uſes *complexion* for *diſpoſition* in the *Merchant of Venice*: "— it is the *complexion* of them all to leave their dam." STEEVENS.

[3] — *a South-ſea* off *diſcovery*.] In the old copy here, as in many other places, *of* is printed inſtead of *off*. MALONE.

Of for *off* is frequent in the elder writers. A *South-ſea of diſcovery* is a *diſcovery a South-ſea off*—as far as the South-ſea. FARMER.

How much voyages to the South-ſea, on which the Engliſh had then firſt ventured, engaged the converſation of that time, may be eaſily imagined. JOHNSON.

too

too much at once, or none at all. I pr'ythee take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

Cel. So you may put a man in your belly.

Ros. Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Ros. Why, God will ſend more, if the man will be thankful: let me ſtay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is young Orlando, that tripp'd up the wreſtler's heels, and your heart, both in an inſtant.

Ros. Nay, but the devil take mocking; ſpeak ſad brow, and true maid.

Cel. I'faith, coz, 'tis he.

Ros. Orlando?

Cel. Orlando.

Ros. Alas the day! what ſhall I do with my doublet and hoſe?—What did he, when thou ſaw'ſt him? What ſaid he? How look'd he? Wherein went he[4]? What makes he here? Did he aſk for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? and when ſhalt thou ſee him again? Anſwer me in one word.

Cel. You muſt borrow me Garagantua's mouth[5] firſt: 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's ſize: To ſay, ay, and no, to theſe particulars, is more than to anſwer in a catechiſm.

Ros. But doth he know that I am in this foreſt, and in man's apparel? Looks he as freſhly as he did the day he wreſtled?

4 *Wherein went he?*] In what manner was he cloathed? How did he go dreſſed? HEATH.

5 —*Garagantua's mouth*] Roſalind requires nine queſtions to be anſwered in *one word*. Celia tells her that a word of ſuch magnitude is too big for any mouth but that of Garagantua, the giant of Rabelais. JOHNSON.

Garagantua ſwallowed five pilgrims, their ſtaves and all, in a ſallad. It appears from the books of the Stationers' Company, that in 1592 was publiſhed, "*Garagantua* his Prophecie." And in 1594, "A booke entitled, The Hiſtory of *Garagantua*." The book of *Garagantua* is likewiſe mentioned in Laneham's *Narrative of Q. Elizabeth's Entertainment at Kenelworth Caſtle, in* 1575. STEEVENS.

Cel. It is as eaſy to count atomies, as to reſolve the propoſitions of a lover:—but take a taſte of my finding him, and reliſh it with good obſervance. I found him under a tree, like a dropp'd acorn.

Roſ. It may well be call'd Jove's tree, when it drops forth ſuch fruit[6].

Cel. Give me audience, good madam.

Roſ. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he, ſtretch'd along, like a wounded knight.

Roſ. Though it be pity to ſee ſuch a ſight, it well becomes the ground.

Cel. Cry, holla! to thy tongue[7], I pr'ythee; it curvets unſeaſonably. He was furniſh'd like a hunter.

Roſ. O ominous! he comes to kill my heart[8].

Cel. I would ſing my ſong without a burden: thou bring'ſt me out of tune.

Roſ. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I muſt ſpeak. Sweet, ſay on.

6 — *when it drops forth* ſuch *fruit.*] The old copy reads—when it drops forth fruit. The word *ſuch* was ſupplied by the editor of the ſecond folio. I once ſuſpected the phraſe, "when it drops *forth*," to be corrupt; but it is certainly our author's; for it occurs again in this play:

"——woman's gentle brain

"Could not *drop forth* ſuch giant-rude invention."

This paſſage ſerves likewiſe to ſupport the emendation that has been made. MALONE.

7 *Cry*, holla! *to* thy *tongue*,] The old copy has—*the* tongue. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. *Holla* was a term of the manege, by which the rider reſtrained and *ſtopp'd* his horſe. So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

"What recketh he his rider's angry ſtir,

"His flattering *holla*, or his *ſtand I ſay?*"

The word is again uſed in *Othello*, in the ſame ſenſe as here:

"*Holla! ſtand* there!" MALONE.

8 *O ominous! he comes to* kill *my* heart.] Our author has the ſame expreſſion in many other places. So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*:

"Why, that contempt will *kill* the ſpeaker's *heart.*"

Again, in his *Venus and Adonis*:

"— they have *murder'd* this poor *heart* of mine."

But the preceding word, *hunter*, ſhows that a quibble was here intended between *heart* and *hart*. In our author's time the latter word was often written inſtead of *heart*, as it is in the preſent inſtance, in the old copy of this play. MALONE.

Enter

Enter ORLANDO *and* JAQUES.

Cel. You bring me out :—Soft! comes he not here?

Roſ. 'Tis he; Slink by, and note him.

[CELIA *and* ROSALIND *retire.*

Jaq. I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myſelf alone.

Orl. And ſo had I; but yet, for faſhion ſake, I thank you too for your ſociety.

Jaq. God be wi' you; let's meet as little as we can.

Orl. I do deſire we may be better ſtrangers.

Jaq. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-ſongs in their barks.

Orl. I pray you, mar no mo of my verſes with reading them ill-favour'dly.

Jaq. Roſalind is your love's name?

Orl. Yes, juſt.

Jaq. I do not like her name.

Orl. There was no thought of pleaſing you, when ſhe was chriſten'd.

Jaq. What ſtature is ſhe of?

Orl. Juſt as high as my heart.

Jaq. You are full of pretty anſwers: Have you not been acquainted with goldſmiths' wives, and conn'd them out of rings?

Orl. Not ſo; but I anſwer you right painted cloth[9], from whence you have ſtudied your queſtions.

Jaq.

9 — *but I anſwer you* right painted cloth,] This alludes to the faſhion, in old tapeſtry hangings, of mottos and moral ſentences from the mouths of the figures worked or painted in them. The poet again hints at this cuſtom in his poem, called *Tarquin and Lucrece:*

" *Who fears a ſentence, or an old man's ſaw,*
" *Shall by a* painted cloth *be kept in awe.*" THEOBALD.

The alluſion is common to many of our old comedies. So, in *the Two Angry Women of Abington*, 1599: " Now will I ſee if my memory will ſerve for ſome *proverbs*. O, a *painted cloth* were as well worth a ſhilling, as a thief is worth a halter."

Of the preſent phraſeology there is an inſtance in *King John:*

" He *ſpeaks plain cannon fire*, and bounce, and ſmoke." STEEV.

I anſwer you right painted cloth, may mean, I give you a true paint-

Jaq. You have a nimble wit; I think it was made of Atalanta's heels. Will you ſit down with me; and we two will rail againſt our miſtreſs, the world, and all our miſery.

Orl. I will chide no breather in the world[1], but myſelf, againſt whom I know moſt faults.

Jaq. The worſt fault you have is, to be in love.

Orl. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your beſt virtue. I am weary of you.

Jaq. By my troth, I was ſeeking for a fool, when I found you.

Orl. He is drown'd in the brook; look but in, and you ſhall ſee him.

Jaq. There I ſhall ſee mine own figure.

Orl. Which I take to be either a fool, or a cypher.

Jaq. I'll tarry no longer with you: farewel, good ſignior love.

ed cloth anſwer; as we ſay, ſhe talks *right Billingſgate:* that is, exactly ſuch language as is uſed at Billingſgate. JOHNSON.

This ſingular phraſe may be juſtified by another of the ſame kind in *K. Henry V:* "I ſpeak to thee *plain ſoldier.*"

Again, in *Twelfth Night:* "He *ſpeaks* nothing but *madman.*"

There is no need of Sir T. Hanmer's alteration: "I anſwer you right *in the ſtile of* painted cloth." We had before in this play, "*It is the* right *butter-women's rate to market.*" So, in Golding's tranſlation of Ovid, 1567:

"—— the look of it was *right* a maiden's look."

I ſuppoſe Orlando means to ſay, that Jaques's queſtions have no more of novelty or ſhrewdneſs in them than the trite maxims of the painted cloth. The following lines which are found in a book with this fantaſtick title,—*No whipping nor tripping, but a kind friendly ſnipping*, octavo, 1601, may ſerve as a ſpecimen of painted cloth language:

"Read what is written on the *painted cloth*:—
"Do no man wrong; be good unto the poor;
"Beware the mouſe, the maggot and the moth,
"And ever have an eye unto the door;
"Truſt not a fool, a villain, nor a whore;
"Go neat, not gay, and ſpend but as you ſpare;
"And turn the colt to paſture with the mare;" &c. MALONE.

[1] — *no* breather in the world,] So, in our author's 81ſt Sonnet:

"When all the *breathers of this world* are dead."

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

"She ſhows a body, rather than a life;
"A ſtatue, than a *breather.*" MALONE.

Orl.

Orl. I am glad of your departure: adieu, good monſieur melancholy. [*Exit* JAQ.—CEL. *and* ROS. *come forward.*

Roſ. I will ſpeak to him like a ſaucy lacquey, and under that habit play the knave with him.—Do you hear, foreſter?

Orl. Very well; What would you?

Roſ. I pray you, what is't o'clock?

Orl. You ſhould aſk me, what time o'day; there's no clock in the foreſt.

Roſ. Then there is no true lover in the foreſt; elſe ſighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of time, as well as a clock.

Orl. And why not the ſwift foot of time? had not that been as proper?

Roſ. By no means, ſir: Time travels in divers paces with divers perſons: I'll tell you who time ambles withal, who time trots withal, who time gallops withal, and who he ſtands ſtill withal.

Orl. I pr'ythee, who doth he trot withal?

Roſ. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid, between the contract of her marriage and the day it is ſolemnized[2]: If the interim be but a ſe'nnight, time's pace is ſo hard that it ſeems the length of ſeven years.

Orl. Who ambles time withal?

Roſ. With a prieſt that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout: for the one ſleeps eaſily, becauſe he cannot ſtudy; and the other lives merrily, becauſe he feels no pain: the one lacking the burden of lean and waſteful learning; the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury: Theſe time ambles withal.

Orl. Who doth he gallop withal?

Roſ. With a thief to the gallows: for though he go as ſoftly as foot can fall, he thinks himſelf too ſoon there.

Orl. Who ſtays it ſtill withal?

Roſ. With lawyers in the vacation: for they ſleep be-

2 *Marry, he* trots hard *with a young maid, between the contract* &c.] And yet in *Much ado about nothing*, our author tells us, "*Time* goes on *crutches*, till love have all his rites." In both paſſages, however, the interim is equally repreſented as tedious. MALONE.

ſween term and term, and then they perceive not how time moves.

Orl. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Roſ. With this ſhepherdeſs, my ſiſter; here in the ſkirts of the foreſt, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orl. Are you native of this place?

Roſ. As the coney, that you ſee dwell where ſhe is kindled.

Orl. Your accent is ſomething finer than you could purchaſe in ſo removed a dwelling[3].

Roſ. I have been told ſo of many: but, indeed, an old religious uncle of mine taught me to ſpeak, who was in his youth an in-land man[4]; one that knew courtſhip too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures againſt it; and I thank God, I am not a woman, to be touch'd with ſo many giddy offences as he hath generally tax'd their whole ſex withal.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principal evils, that he laid to the charge of women?

Roſ. There were none principal; they were all like one another, as half-pence are: every one fault ſeeming monſtrous, till his fellow fault came to match it.

Orl. I pr'ythee, recount ſome of them.

Roſ. No; I will not caſt away my phyſick, but on thoſe that are ſick. There is a man haunts the foreſt, that abuſes our young plants with carving Roſalind on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles; all, forſooth, deifying the name of Roſalind: if I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him ſome good counſel, for he ſeems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

Orl. I am he that is ſo love-ſhaked; I pray you tell me your remedy.

3 — *in ſo* removed *a dwelling.*] In ſo ſequeſtered a place; in a dwelling ſo *remote* from the haunts of men. So, in *Hamlet:*

"It wafts you to a more *removed* ground." MALONE.

4 — *in-land man;*] is uſed in this play for one *civiliſed*, in oppoſition to the *ruſtick* of the prieſt. So, Orlando before—*Yet am I* in-land *bred, and know ſome nurture.* JOHNSON.

Roſ.

Ros. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes, I am sure, you are not prisoner.

Orl. What were his marks?

Ros. A lean cheek; which you have not: a blue eye [5], and sunken; which you have not: an unquestionable spirit [6]; which you have not: a beard neglected; which you have not:—but I pardon you for that; for, simply, your having [7] in beard is a younger brother's revenue:—Then your hose should be ungarter'd [8], your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbutton'd, your shoe untied, and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man; you are rather point-device [9] in your accoutrements; as loving yourself, than seeming the lover of any other.

Orl. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Ros. Me believe it? you may as soon make her that

5 — *a* blue *eye*,] i. e. a blueness about the eyes. STEEVENS.

6 — *an unquestionable spirit*;] That is, a spirit not *inquisitive*, a mind indifferent to common objects, and negligent of common occurrences. Here Shakspeare has used a passive for an active mode of speech: so in a former scene, "*The Duke is too* disputable *for me*;" that is, too *disputatious*. JOHNSON.

May it not mean, *unwilling to be conversed with?* CHAMIER.

7 — *your* having—] i. e. your property. See Vol. I. p. 253, n. 5. MALONE.

8 — *Then your hose should be ungarter'd*, &c.] These seem to have been the established and characteristical marks by which the votaries of love were denoted in the time of Shakspeare. So, in the *Fair Maid of the Exchange*, by Heywood, 1637: "Shall I that have jested at love's sighs, now raise whirlwinds? Shall I that have flouted *ah me's* once a quarter, now practise *ah me's* every minute? *Shall I defy hat-bands, and tread garters and shoe-strings* under my feet? Shall I fall to falling bands, and be a ruffian no longer? I must; I am now liegeman to Cupid, and have read all these informations in his book of statutes." Again, in *A pleasant Comedy how to chuse a good Wife from a bad*, 1602:

"——— I was once like thee,
"A sigher, melancholy humorist,
"Crosser of arms, a goer *without garters*,
"A *hatband-hater*, and a busk-point-wearer." MALONE.

9 — *point-device*] i. e. exact, dress with finical nicety. STEEVENS.

you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do, than to confess she does: that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

Orl. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Ros. But are you so much in love, as your rhimes speak?

Orl. Neither rhime nor reason can express how much.

Ros. Love is merely a madness; and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip, as madmen do: and the reason why they are not so punish'd and cured, is, that the lunacy is so ordinary, that the whippers are in love too: Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

Orl. Did you ever cure any so?

Ros. Yes, one; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me: At which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something, and for no passion truly any thing, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour: would now like him, now loath him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love, to a living humour of madness[1]; which was, to forswear the

[1] — *to a* living *humour of madness*;] Dr. Johnson proposes to read—from his mad humour of *love*, to a *loving* humour of madness; "that is, from a *madness* that was *love*, to a *love* that was *madness*." Dr. Farmer would read—to a humour of *loving* madness. But both the emendations appear to me inconsistent with the tenour of Rosalind's argument. Rosalind by her fantastick tricks did not drive her suitor either into a *loving* humour of madness, or a humour of *loving* madness; (in which he was originally without her aid;) but she drove him *from* love into a sequester'd and melancholy retirement. *A living humour of madness* is, I conceive, in our author's licentious language, a humour of *living madness*, a mad humour that operates on *the mode of living*; or, in other words, and more accurately, *a mad humour of life*; "— to forswear the world, and to *live* in a nook merely monastick." MALONE.

full

full ſtream of the world, and to live in a nook merely monaſtick: And thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon me to waſh your liver as clean as a ſound ſheep's heart, that there ſhall not be one ſpot of love in't.

Orl. I would not be cured, youth.

Roſ. I would cure you, if you would but call me Roſalind, and come every day to my cote, and woo me.

Orl. Now, by the faith of my love, I will; tell me where it is.

Roſ. Go with me to it, and I'll ſhew it you: and, by the way, you ſhall tell me where in the foreſt you live: Will you go?

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.

Roſ. Nay, you muſt call me Roſalind:—Come, ſiſter, will you go? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The ſame.

Enter TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY; JAQUES *at a diſtance, obſerving them.*

Touch. Come apace, good Audrey; I will fetch up your goats, Audrey: And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? doth my ſimple feature content you[2]?

Aud.

[2] — *doth my ſimple feature content you?*] In Daniel's *Cleopatra*, 1594, is the following couplet:

"I ſee then, *artleſs feature can content*,
"And that true beauty needs no ornament." MALONE.

"*Doth my ſimple* feature *content you?*" ſays the Clown to Audrey. "Your *features!*" (replies the wench,) "Lord warrant us, what *features?*" I doubt not, this ſhould be—Your *feature!* Lord warrant us, *what's feature?* FARMER.

Feat and *feature*, perhaps had anciently the ſame meaning. The Clown aſks, if the *features of his face* content her; ſhe takes the word in another ſenſe, i. e. *feats, deeds*, and in her reply ſeems to mean, what *feats*, i. e. what have we done yet? The courtſhip of Audrey and her gallant had not proceeded further, as Sir Wilful Witwood ſays, than a little mouth-glew; but ſhe ſuppoſes him to be talking of ſomething

Aud. Your features! Lord warrant us! what features?

Touch. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths [3].

Jaq. O knowledge ill-inhabited! worse than Jove in a thatch'd house! [*aside.*

Touch. When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child, understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a litte room [4]:—Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

Aud. I do not know what poetical is: Is it honest in deed, and word? Is it a true thing?

Touch. No, truly; for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry; and what they swear in poetry [5], may be said, as lovers, they do feign.

Aud. Do you wish then, that the gods had made me poetical?

Touch. I do truly: for thou swear'st to me, thou art honest; now if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

Aud. Would you not have me honest?

thing which as yet he had not performed. Or the jest may turn only on the Clown's pronunciation. In some parts, *features* might be pronounced, *faitors*, which signify *rascals*, *low wretches*. *Pistol* uses the word in the second part of *K. Henry IV.* and Spenser very frequently. STEVENS.

3 — *as the most* capricious *poet, honest Ovid, was among the* Goths.] *Capricious* is not here humoursome, fantastical, &c. but *lascivious*. HOR. Epod. 10. Libidinosus immolabitur *caper*. The Goths are the Getæ. Ovid. Trist. V. 7. The *thatch'd house* is that of Baucis and Philemon. Ovid. Met. VIII. 630. *Stipulis et canna tecta palustri*. UPTON.

See Vol. II. p. 226. Mr. Upton is perhaps too refined in his interpretation of *capricious*. Our author remembered that *caper* was the Latin for a goat, and thence chose this epithet. This, I believe, is the whole. There is a poor quibble between *goats* and *Goths*. MALONE.

4 — *it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room:*] A great reckoning, in a little room, implies that the entertainment was mean, and the bill extravagant. WARBURTON.

5 — *and what they swear in poetry*, &c.] This sentence seems perplexed and inconsequent: perhaps it were better read thus,—*what they swear as lovers, they may be said to feign as poets*. JOHNSON.

Touch.

Touch. No truly, unleſs thou wert hard-favour'd: for honeſty coupled to beauty, is to have honey a ſauce to ſugar.

Jaq. A material fool [6]! [*aſide.*

Aud. Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honeſt!

Touch. Truly, and to caſt away honeſty upon a foul ſlut, were to put good meat into an unclean diſh.

Aud. I am not a ſlut, though I thank the gods I am foul [7].

Touch. Well, praiſed be the gods for thy foulneſs! ſluttiſhneſs may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee: and to that end, I have been with ſir Oliver Mar-text, the vicar of the next village; who hath promiſed to meet me in this place of the foreſt, and to couple us.

Jaq. I would fain ſee this meeting. [*aſide.*

Aud. Well, the gods give us joy!

Touch. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, ſtagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no aſſembly but horn-beaſts. But what though [8]? Courage! As horns are odious, they are neceſſary. It is ſaid,—Many a man knows no end of his goods: right; many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife;

6 *A material* fool!] A *fool* with *matter* in him; a *fool* ſtocked with notions. JOHNSON.

7 — *I am* foul.] By *foul* is meant *coy* or *frowning*. HANMER.

I rather believe *foul* to be put for the ruſtick pronunciation of *full*. Audrey, ſuppoſing the Clown to have ſpoken of her as *a full ſlut*, ſays, naturally enough, *I am not a ſlut, though, I thank the gods, I am* foul, i. e. full. She was more likely to *thank the gods* for a belly-full, than for her being *coy* or *frowning*. TYRWHITT.

In confirmation of Mr. Tyrwhitt's conjecture, it may be obſerved, that in the ſong at the end of *Love's Labour's Loſt*, inſtead of—" and ways be *foul*," we have in the firſt quarto, 1598, " — and ways be *full*." In that and other of our author's plays many words ſeem to have been ſpelled by the ear. MALONE.

I think that by *foul* Audrey means not *fair*, or what we call *homely*. Audrey is neither coy nor ill-humoured; but ſhe thanks the gods for her homelineſs, as it renders her leſs expoſed to temptation. MASON.

8 — *what though?*] What then. JOHNSON.

'tis none of his own getting. Horns? Even ſo:—Poor men alone?—No, no; the nobleſt deer hath them as huge as the raſcal. Is the ſingle man therefore bleſſed? No: as a wall'd town is more worthier than a village, ſo is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor: and by how much defence is better than no ſkill, by ſo much is a horn more precious than to want.

Enter Sir Oliver Mar-text.

Here comes ſir Oliver:—Sir Oliver[9] Mar-text, you are well met: Will you diſpatch us here under this tree, or ſhall we go with you to your chapel?

Sir Oli. Is there none here to give the woman?

Touch. I will not take her on gift of any man.

Sir Oli. Truly, ſhe muſt be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

Jaq. [*advancing.*] Proceed, proceed; I'll give her.

Touch. Good even, good maſter *What ye call't:* How do you, ſir? You are very well met: God'ild you[1] for your laſt company: I am very glad to ſee you:—Even a toy in hand here, ſir:—Nay; pray, be cover'd.

Jaq. Will you be married, motley?

Touch. As the ox hath his bow[2], ſir, the horſe his curb, and the faulcon her bells, ſo man hath his deſires; and as pigeons bill, ſo wedlock would be nibbling.

9 —*Sir Oliver*—] He that has taken his firſt degree at the univerſity, is in the academical ſtyle called *Dominus*, and in common language was heretofore termed *Sir*. This was not always a word of contempt; the graduates aſſumed it in their own writings; ſo Treviſa the hiſtorian writes himſelf *Syr* John de Treviſa. JOHNSON.

We find the ſame title beſtowed on many divines in our old comedies. STEEVENS.

See Vol. I. p. 191, n. 2; where after the word "univerſities" I ought to have added, "of Cambridge, and Dublin;" for the title, *Sir*, is not given to Bachelors of Arts at Oxford. MALONE.

A clergyman, who hath not been educated at the Univerſities, is ſtill diſtinguiſhed in ſome parts of North Wales, by the appellation of *Sir John*, *Sir William*, &c. NICHOLS.

1 — God'*ild* you] i. e. God *yield* you, God reward you. See *Macbeth*, Act I. ſc. vi. STEEVENS.

2 —*his* bow,—] i. e. his *yoke*. STEEVENS.

Jaq.

Jaq. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a buſh, like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good prieſt that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but join you together as they join wainſcot; then one of you will prove a ſhrunk pannel, and, like green timber, warp, warp.

Touch. I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another: for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well married, it will be a good excuſe for me hereafter to leave my wife. [*aſide.*

Jaq. Go thou with me, and let me counſel thee.

Touch. Come, ſweet Audrey;
We muſt be married, or we muſt live in bawdry.
Farewell, good maſter Oliver!

Not—O ſweet Oliver,
O brave Oliver[3],
Leave me not behind thee;

But

3 Not—*O ſweet Oliver, O brave Oliver,* &c.] Some words of an old ballad. WARBURTON.

The Clown diſmiſſes ſir Oliver only becauſe Jaques had alarmed his pride, and raiſed his doubts, concerning the validity of a marriage ſolemnized by one who appears only in the character of an itinerant preacher. He intends afterwards to have recourſe to ſome other of more dignity in the ſame profeſſion. Dr. Johnſon's opinion, that the latter part of the Clown's ſpeech is only a repetition from ſome other ballad, or perhaps a different part of the ſame, is, I believe, juſt. STEEVENS.

That Touchſtone is influenced by the counſel of Jaques, may be inferred from the ſubſequent dialogue between the former and Audrey, Act V. ſc. i:

Touch. We ſhall find a time, Audrey; patience, gentle Audrey.

Aud. 'Faith, *the prieſt was good enough, for all the old gentleman's ſaying.* MALONE.

O ſweet Oliver,] The epithet of *ſweet* ſeems to have been peculiarly appropriated to *Oliver*, for which perhaps he was originally obliged to the old ſong before us. No more of it, however, than theſe two lines ſeems to be preſerved. See B. Jonſon's *Underwood*, Vol. VI. p. 407:

"All the *mad* Rolands and *ſweet* Olivers."

And, in *Every man in his humour*, p. 88, is the ſame alluſion:

"Do not ſtink, *ſweet* Oliver." TYRWHITT.

In

But—Wind away,
Begone, I ſay,
I will not to wedding with thee.

[*Exeunt* JAQUES, TOUCHSTONE, *and* AUDREY.

Sir Oli. 'Tis no matter; ne'er a fantaſtical knave of them all ſhall flout me out of my calling. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

The ſame. Before a Cottage.

Enter ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

Roſ. Never talk to me, I will weep.

Cel. Do, I pr'ythee; but yet have the grace to conſider, that tears do not become a man.

Roſ. But have I not cauſe to weep?

Cel. As good cauſe as one would deſire; therefore weep.

Roſ. His very hair is of the diſſembling colour.

Cel. Something browner than Judas's[4]: marry, his kiſſes are Judas's own children.

Roſ.

In the books of the Stationers' Company, Aug. 6, 1584, was entered by Richard Jones the ballad of

"O *ſwete Olyver*
"Leave me not behinde thee."

Again, "The anſwere of *O ſweete Olyver*." Again, in 1586, "*O ſweet Oliver* altered to the Scriptures." STEEVENS.

I often find a part of this ſong applied to Cromwell. In a paper called, *A Man in the Moon, diſcovering a World of Knavery under the Sun*, "the *junto* will go near to give us the *bagge*, if *O brave Oliver* come not ſuddenly to relieve them." The ſame alluſion is met with in *Cleaveland*. *Wind away* and *wind off* are ſtill uſed *provincially*: and, I believe, nothing but the *provincial* pronunciation is wanting to join the parts together. I read:

"Not—O ſweet Oliver!
"O brave Oliver!
"Leave me not *beh*i' *thee*;
"But—wind away,
"Begone, I ſay,
"I will not to wedding *wi*' *thee*." FARMER.

Wind is uſed for *wend* in *Cæſar and Pompey*, 1607. STEEVENS.

[4] *Something browner than* Judas's:—] *Judas* was conſtantly repreſented in ancient painting or tapeſtry, with *red hair* and beard. STEEVENS.

The

Ros. I'faith, his hair is of a good colour [5].

Cel. An excellent colour: your chesnut was ever the only colour.

Ros. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.

Cel. He hath bought a pair of casts lips of Diana [6]: a nun of winter's sisterhood [7] kisses not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them.

Ros. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

Cel. Nay certainly, there is no truth in him.

Ros. Do you think so?

Cel. Yes: I think he is not a pick-purse, nor a horse-stealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a cover'd goblet [8], or a worm-eaten nut.

Ros.

The new edition of Leland's *Collectanea*, Vol. V. p. 295, asserts, that painters constantly represented Judas the traytor with a *red* head. This conceit is thought to have arisen in England from our ancient grudge to the *red-haired* Danes. TOLLET.

[5] *I'faith, his hair is of a good colour.*] There is much of nature in this petty perverseness of Rosalind; she finds faults in her lover, in hope to be contradicted, and when Celia in sportive malice too readily seconds her accusations, she contradicts herself rather than suffer her favourite to want a vindication. JOHNSON.

[6] — *a pair of* cast *lips of Diana:*] i. e. a pair left off by Diana. THEOBALD.

[7] — *a nun of* winter's sisterhood—] i. e. of *an unfruitful sisterhood*, which had devoted itself to chastity. For as those who were of the sisterhood of the spring, were the votaries of Venus; those of summer, the votaries of Ceres; those of autumn, of Pomona: so these of the *sisterhood of winter* were the votaries of Diana; called, *of winter*, because that quarter is not, like the other three, productive of fruit or increase. On this account it is, that when the poet speaks of what is most *poor*, he instances it in *winter*, in these fine lines of *Othello*:

" *But riches endless is* as poor as winter
" *To him that ever fears he shall be poor.*"

The other property of winter that made him term them of its sisterhood, is its coldness. So, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*:

" *To be a* barren sister *all your life,*
" *Chanting faint hymns to the* cold fruitless *moon.*" WARBURT.

[8] — *as concave as a* cover'd *goblet,*] Dr. Warburton asks, " Why a *cover'd* goblet?" and answers, " because a goblet is never kept covered but when empty." If that be the case, the cover is of little use; for when

Ros. Not true in love?

Cel. Yes, when he is in; but, I think, he is not in.

Ros. You have heard him ſwear downright, he was.

Cel. Was is not *is:* beſides, the oath of lover is no ſtronger than the word of a tapſter; they are both the confirmers of falſe reckonings: He attends here in the foreſt on the duke your father.

Ros. I met the duke yeſterday, and had much queſtion [9] with him: He aſked me, of what parentage I was; I told him, of as good as he; ſo he laugh'd, and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is ſuch a man as Orlando?

Cel. O, that's a brave man! he writes brave verſes, ſpeaks brave words, ſwears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverſe, athwart [1] the heart of his lover [2];

when it is empty, it may as well be uncovered. But it is the idea of hollowneſs, not that of emptineſs, that Shakſpeare wiſhes to convey; and a goblet is more completely hollow when covered, than when it is not. MASON.

9 — *much* queſtion—] i. e. converſation. STEEVENS.

1 — *quite traverſe, athwart* &c.] An unexperienced lover is here compared to a *puny tilter*, to whom it was a diſgrace to have his lance broken acroſs, as it was a mark either of want of courage or addreſs. This happened when the horſe flew on one ſide, in the career: and hence, I ſuppoſe, aroſe the jocular proverbial phraſe of *ſpurring the horſe only on one ſide*. Now as breaking the lance againſt his adverſary's breaſt, in a direct line, was honourable, ſo the breaking it *acroſs* againſt his breaſt was, for the reaſon above, diſhonourable: hence it is, that Sidney, in his *Arcadia*, ſpeaking of the mock-combat of Clinias and Dametas, ſays, *The wind took ſuch hold of his ſtaff that it* croſt quite over his breaſt, &c.—And to *break acroſs* was the uſual phraſe, as appears from ſome wretched verſes of the ſame author, ſpeaking of an unſkilful tilter:

" *Methought ſome ſtaves he miſt: if ſo, not much amiſs:*
" *For when he moſt did hit, he ever yet did miſs.*
" *One ſaid he* brake acroſs; *full well it ſo might be*, &c.

This is the alluſion. So that Orlando, a young gallant, affecting the faſhion, (for *brave*, is here uſed, as in other places, for faſhionable,) is repreſented either *unſkilful* in courtſhip, or *timorous*. The lover's meeting or appointment correſponds to the tilter's career; and as the one breaks ſtaves, the other breaks oaths. The buſineſs is only meeting fairly, and doing both with addreſs: and 'tis for the want of this, that Orlando is blamed. WARBURTON.

2 — *of his* lover;] i. e. of his miſtreſs. See p. 22, n. 1. MALONE.

as

as a puny tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose: but all's brave, that youth mounts, and folly guides:—Who comes here?

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Mistress, and master, you have oft enquired
After the shepherd that complain'd of love;
Who you saw sitting by me on the turf,
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess
That was his mistress.

Cel. Well, and what of him?

Cor. If you will see a pageant truly play'd,
Between the pale complexion of true love
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,
Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you,
If you will mark it.

Ros. O, come, let us remove;
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love:—
Bring us unto this sight, and you shall say
I'll prove a busy actor in their play. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Another part of the forest.

Enter SILVIUS *and* PHEBE.

Sil. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not, Phebe:
Say, that you love me not; but say not so
In bitterness: The common executioner,
Whose heart the accustom'd sight of death makes hard,
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck,
But first begs pardon; Will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops[3]?

Enter

[3] ——— *will you sterner be*
Than he that dies *and lives by bloody drops?*] I am afraid our bard is at his quibbles again. To *dye* means as well *to dip a thing in a colour foreign to its own*, as to *expire*. In this sense, contemptible as it is, the executioner may be said to *die* as well as *live* by *bloody drops*. Shakspeare is fond of opposing these terms to each other. In *K. John* is a play on words not unlike this:

" ——— *all with purpled hands*
" Dy'd *in the* dying *slaughter of their foes.*"

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, *and* CORIN, *at a diſtance.*

Phe. I would not be thy executioner;
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'ſt me, there is murder in mine eye:
'Tis pretty, ſure, and very probable,
That eyes,—that are the frail'ſt and ſofteſt things,
Who ſhut their coward gates on atomies,—
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;
And, if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee;
Now counterfeit to ſwoon; why now fall down;
Or, if thou canſt not, O, for ſhame, for ſhame,
Lie not, to ſay mine eyes are murderers.
Now ſhow the wound mine eye hath made in thee:
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some ſcar of it; lean but upon a ruſh [4],
The cicatrice and capable impreſſure [5]

Camden has preſerved an epitaph on a dyer, which has the ſame turn:

" He that *dyed* ſo oft in ſport,
" *Dyed* at laſt, no colour for't." STEEVENS.

J. Davies of Hereford, in his *Scourge of Folly*, printed about 1611, has the ſame conceit, and uſes almoſt our author's words:

" *Of a proud lying* dyer.
" Turbine, the *dyer*, ſtalks before his dore,
" Like Cæſar, that by *dying* oft did thrive;
" And though the beggar be as proud as poore,
" Yet (like the mortiſide) he *dyes* to *live*."

Again, *On the ſame*:

" Who lives well, dies well:—not by and by;
" For this man *lives* proudly, yet well doth *die*." MALONE.

He that lives and dies &c. i. e. he who to the very end of his life continues a common executioner. So, in the ſecond ſcene of the fifth Act of this play, " *live* and *die* a ſhepherd." TOLLET.

To *die and live* by a thing is to be conſtant to it, to perſevere in it to the end. *Lives* therefore does not ſignify *is maintained*, but the two verbs taken together mean, *who is all his life converſant with bloody drops*. MUSGRAVE.

4 — *lean* but *upon a ruſh*,] *But*, which is not in the old copy, was added for the ſake of the metre, by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

5 *The* cicatrice *and capable impreſſure*] *Cicatrice* is here not very properly uſed; it is the ſcar of a wound. *Capable impreſſure*, hollow mark. JOHNSON.

Thy

Thy palm some moment keeps: but now mine eyes,
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not;
Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.

Sil. O dear Phebe,
If ever (as that ever may be near)
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy [6],
Then shall you know the wounds invisible
That love's keen arrows make.

Phe. But, till that time,
Come not thou near me: and, when that time comes,
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;
As, till that time, I shall not pity thee.

Ros. And why, I pray you? [*advancing.*] Who might be your mother [7],
That you insult, exult, and all at once [8],
Over the wretched? What though you have no beauty,
(As, by my faith, I see no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed,)
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless [9]?

Why,

Capable, I believe, means here—*perceptible*. Our author often uses the word for *intelligent*; (See a note on *Hamlet*,—

"His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,
"Would make them *capable*.")

hence, with his usual licence, for *intelligible*, and then for *perceptible*. MALONE.

6 — *power of* fancy,] *Fancy* is here used for *love*, as before in the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*. JOHNSON.

7 — *Who might be your mother*,] It is common for the poets to express cruelty by saying, of those who commit it, that they were born of rocks, or suckled by tigresses. JOHNSON.

8 *That you insult, exult, and* all at once,] The speaker may mean thus: *Who might be your mother, that you insult, exult, and that too all in a breath.* Such is perhaps the meaning of *all at once*. STEEVENS.

9 ——— *What though you have* no *beauty,*
(As by my faith I see no more in you,
Than without candle may go dark to bed,)
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?] The old copy reads—What though you have *no* beauty—. That *no* is a misprint, appears clearly from the passage in Lodge's *Rosalynde* which Shakspeare has here

Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?
I see no more in you, than in the ordinary
Of nature's sale-work[1]:—Od's my little life!
I think, she means to tangle my eyes too:—
No, 'faith, proud mistress, hope not after it;
'Tis not your inky brows, your black-silk hair,
Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my spirits to your worship[2].—
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,

imitated: "Sometimes have I seen high disdaine turned to hot desires.—Because *thou art beautiful*, be not so coy; as there is nothing more faire, so there is nothing more fading."—Mr. Theobald corrected the error, by expunging the word *no*; in which he was copied by the subsequent editors; but omission (as I have often observed) is of all the modes of emendation the most exceptionable. *No* was, I believe, a misprint for *mo*, a word often used by our author and his contemporaries for *more*. So, in a former scene in this play: "I pray you, mar no *mo* of my verses with reading them ill-favour'dly." Again, in *Much ado about nothing*: "Sing no more ditties, sing no *mo*." Again, in *the Tempest*: "*Mo* widows of this business making—." Many other instances might be added. The word is found in almost every book of that age. This correction being less violent than Mr. Theobald's, I have inserted it in the text. "What though I should allow you had *more* beauty than he, (says Rosalind,) *though* by my faith, &c." (for such is the force of *As* in the next line) "must you therefore treat him with disdain?" In *Antony and Cleopatra* we meet with a passage constructed nearly in the same manner:

"——— Say, this becomes him,
"(*As* his composure must be rare indeed
"Whom these things *cannot* blemish,) yet &c."

Again, more appositely, in Camden's *Remaines*, p. 190, edit. 1605: "I force not of such fooleries; but if *I have any* skill in sooth-saying (*as* in sooth I have *none*,) it doth prognosticate that I shall change copie from a duke to a king." MALONE.

[1] *Of nature's* sale-work:] i. e. those works that nature makes up carelessly and without exactness. The allusion is to the practice of mechanicks, whose *work* bespoke is more elaborate than that which is made up for chance-customers, or to sell in quantities to retailers, which is called *sale-work*. WARBURTON.

[2] *That can* entame *my spirits to your worship.*] So, in *Much ado about nothing*:

"*Taming* my wild heart to thy loving hand." STEEVENS.

Like

Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain?
You are a thousand times a properer man,
Than she a woman: 'Tis such fools as you,
That make the world full of ill-favour'd children:
'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her;
And out of you she sees herself more proper,
Than any of her lineaments can show her.—
But, mistress, know yourself; down on your knees,
And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love:
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,—
Sell when you can; you are not for all markets:
Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer;
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer[3].
So, take her to thee, shepherd;—fare you well.

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you chide a year together; I had rather hear you chide, than this man woo.

Ros. He's fallen in love with her foulness[4], and she'll fall in love with my anger:—If it be so, as fast as she answers thee with frowning looks, I'll sauce her with bitter words.—Why look you so upon me?

Phe. For no ill will I bear you.

Ros. I pray you, do not fall in love with me,
For I am falser than vows made in wine:
Besides, I like you not: If you will know my house,
'Tis at the tuft of olives, here hard by:
Will you go, sister?—Shepherd, ply her hard:—
Come, sister:—Shepherdess, look on him better,
And be not proud: though all the world could see,
None could be so abus'd in sight as he[5].
Come, to our flock. [*Exeunt* Ros. Cel. *and* Corin.

3 *Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.*] The sense is, *the ugly seem most ugly, when,* though *ugly, they are scoffers.* Johnson.

4 — *with* her *foulness,*] The old copy reads—*your* foulness. Corrected by Sir Thomas Hanmer. Malone.

5 — *though all the world could see,*
None could be so abus'd in sight as he.] Though all mankind could look on you, none could be so *deceived* as to think you beautiful but he. Johnson.

Phe. Dead ſhepherd, now I find thy ſaw of might;
"Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at firſt ſight[6]?"

Sil. Sweet Phebe,—

Phe. Ha! what ſay'ſt thou, Silvius?

Sil. Sweet Phebe, pity me.

Phe. Why, I am ſorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

Sil. Wherever ſorrow is, relief would be:
If you do ſorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love, your ſorrow and my grief
Were both extermin'd.

Phe. Thou haſt my love; Is not that neighbourly?

Sil. I would have you.

Phe. Why, that were covetouſneſs.
Silvius, the time was, that I hated thee;
And yet it is not, that I bear thee love:
But ſince that thou canſt talk of love ſo well,
Thy company, which erſt was irkſome to me,
I will endure; and I'll employ thee too:
But do not look for further recompence,
Than thine own gladneſs that thou art employ'd.

Sil. So holy, and ſo perfect is my love,
And I in ſuch a poverty of grace,
That I ſhall think it a moſt plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harveſt reaps: looſe now and then
A ſcatter'd ſmile, and that I'll live upon.

[6] *Dead ſhepherd, now I find thy ſaw of might;*
Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at firſt ſight?] The ſecond of theſe lines is from Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, 1637, ſig. B b, where it ſtands thus:

"Where both deliberate, the love is ſlight:
"*Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at firſt ſight?*" STEEVENS.

This poem of Marlowe's was ſo popular (as appears from many of the contemporary writers,) that a quotation from it muſt have been known at once, at leaſt by the more enlightened part of the audience. Our author has again alluded to it in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*.—The "dead ſhepherd," Marlowe, was killed in a brothel in 1593. Two editions of *Hero and Leander*, I believe, had been publiſhed before the year 1600; it being entered in the Stationers' Books, Sept. 28, 1593, and again in 1597. MALONE.

Phe.

Phe. Know'ſt thou the youth that ſpoke to me ere-while?

Sil. Not very well, but I have met him oft;
And he hath bought the cottage, and the bounds,
That the old Carlot once was maſter of.

Phe. Think not I love him, though I aſk for him;
'Tis but a peeviſh boy:—yet he talks well;
But what care I for words? yet words do well,
When he that ſpeaks them pleaſes thoſe that hear.
It is a pretty youth;—Not very pretty:—
But, ſure, he's proud; and yet his pride becomes him:
He'll make a proper man: The beſt thing in him
Is his complexion; and faſter than his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.
He is not very tall; yet for his years he's tall:
His leg is but ſo ſo; and yet 'tis well:
There was a pretty redneſs in his lip;
A little riper and more luſty red
Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas juſt the difference
Betwixt the conſtant red, and mingled damaſk.
There be ſome women, Silvius, had they mark'd him
In parcels as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him: but, for my part,
I love him not, nor hate him not; and yet
I have more cauſe[7] to hate him than to love him:
For what had he to do to chide at me?
He ſaid, mine eyes were black, and my hair black,
And, now I am remember'd, ſcorn'd at me:
I marvel, why I anſwer'd not again:
But that's all one; omittance is no quittance.
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou ſhalt bear it; Wilt thou, Silvius?

Sil. Phebe, with all my heart.

Phe. I'll write it ſtraight;
The matter's in my head, and in my heart:
I will be bitter with him, and paſſing ſhort:
Go with me, Silvius. [*Exeunt.*

[7] I *have more cauſe*—] *I*, which ſeems to have been inadvertently omitted in the old copy, was inſerted by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The ſame.

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, *and* JAQUES.

Jaq. I pr'ythee, pretty youth, let me be better [8] acquainted with thee.

Roſ. They ſay, you are a melancholy fellow.

Jaq. I am ſo; I do love it better than laughing.

Roſ. Thoſe, that are in extremity of either, are abominable fellows; and betray themſelves to every modern cenſure, worſe than drunkards.

Jaq. Why, 'tis good to be ſad and ſay nothing.

Roſ. Why then, 'tis good to be a poſt.

Jaq. I have neither the ſcholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the muſician's, which is fantaſtical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the ſoldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politick; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all theſe: but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many ſimples, extracted from many objects, and, indeed, the ſundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination [9] wraps me in a moſt humorous ſadneſs.

Roſ. A traveller! By my faith, you have great reaſon to be ſad: I fear, you have ſold your own lands, to ſee other men's; then, to have ſeen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

Jaq. Yes, I have gain'd my experience.

Enter ORLANDO.

Roſ. And your experience makes you ſad: I had rather have a fool to make me merry, than experience to make me ſad; and to travel for it too.

[8] — *let me* be *better*—] *Be*, which is wanting in the old copy, was added by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[9] — my *often rumination*—] The old copy has—*by* often. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. Perhaps we ſhould rather read "— *and* which, by often rumination, wraps me in a moſt humorous ſadneſs." MALONE.

Orl.

Orl. Good day, and happineſs, dear Roſalind!

Jaq. Nay then, God be wi' you, an you talk in blank verſe. [*Exit.*

Roſ. Farewel, monſieur traveller: Look, you liſp, and wear ſtrange ſuits; diſable all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity, and almoſt chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will ſcarce think you have ſwam in a gondola [1].—Why, how now, Orlando! where have you been all this while? You a lover?—An you ſerve me ſuch another trick, never come in my ſight more.

Orl. My fair Roſalind, I come within an hour of my promiſe.

Roſ. Break an hour's promiſe in love? He that will divide a minute into a thouſand parts, and break but a part of the thouſandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be ſaid of him, that Cupid hath clap'd him o' the ſhoulder, but I warrant him heart-whole.

Orl. Pardon me, dear Roſalind.

Roſ. Nay, an you be ſo tardy, come no more in my ſight; I had as lief be woo'd of a ſnail.

Orl. Of a ſnail?

Roſ. Ay, of a ſnail; for though he comes ſlowly, he carries his houſe on his head; a better jointure, I think, than you can make a woman [2]: Beſides, he brings his deſtiny with him.

Orl. What's that?

Roſ. Why, horns; which ſuch as you are fain to be beholden to your wives for: but he comes armed in his fortune, and prevents the ſlander of his wife.

[1] —*ſwam in a gondola.*—] That is, *been at* Venice, the ſeat at that time of all licentiouſneſs, where the young Engliſh gentlemen waſted their fortunes, debaſed their morals, and ſometimes loſt their religion.

The faſhion of travelling, which prevailed very much in our author's time, was conſidered by the wiſer men as one of the principal cauſes of corrupt manners. It was therefore gravely cenſured by Aſcham in his *Schoolmaſter*, and by biſhop Hall in his *Quo Vadis*; and is here, and in other paſſages, ridiculed by Shakſpeare. JOHNSON.

[2] — *than you* can *make a woman:*] Old Copy—you make a woman. Corrected by Sir T. Hanmer. MALONE.

Orl.

Orl. Virtue is no horn-maker; and my Roſalind is virtuous.

Roſ. And I am your Roſalind.

Cel. It pleaſes him to call you ſo; but he hath a Roſalind of a better leer than you [3].

Roſ. Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holy-day humour, and like enough to conſent:—What would you ſay to me now, an I were your very very Roſalind?

Orl. I would kiſs, before I ſpoke.

Roſ. Nay, you were better ſpeak firſt; and when you were gravell'd for lack of matter, you might take occaſion to kiſs. Very good orators, when they are out, they will ſpit; and for lovers, lacking (God warn us!) matter, the cleanlieſt ſhift is to kiſs.

Orl. How if the kiſs be denied?

Roſ. Then ſhe puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

Orl. Who could be out, being before his beloved miſtreſs?

Roſ. Marry, that ſhould you, if I were your miſtreſs; or I ſhould think my honeſty ranker than my wit.

Orl. What, of my ſuit?

Roſ. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your ſuit. Am not I your Roſalind?

Orl. I take ſome joy to ſay you are, becauſe I would be talking of her.

Roſ. Well, in her perſon, I ſay—I will not have you.

Orl. Then, in mine own perſon, I die.

Roſ. No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almoſt ſix thouſand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own perſon, *videlicet*, in a love cauſe. Troilus had his brains daſh'd out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before; and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would

[3] — *a Roſalind of a better* leer *than you.*] i. e. of a better feature, complexion, or colour, than you. So, in P. Holland's *Pliny*, B. XXXI. c. ii. p. 403. The word ſeems to be derived from the Saxon *Hleare*, facies, frons, vultus. TOLLET.

In the notes on the *Canterbury Tales* of Chaucer, Vol. IV. p. 320, *lere* is ſuppoſed to mean *ſkin*. STEEVENS.

have

have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turn'd nun, if it had not been for a hot midſummer night: for, good youth, he went but forth to waſh him in the Helleſpont, and, being taken with the cramp, was drown'd; and the fooliſh chroniclers of that age [4] found it was—Hero of Seſtos. But theſe are all lies; men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Orl. I would not have my right Roſalind of this mind; for, I proteſt, her frown might kill me.

Roſ. By this hand, it will not kill a fly: But come, now I will be your Roſalind in a more coming-on diſpoſition; and aſk me what you will, I will grant it.

Orl. Then love me, Roſalind.

Roſ. Yes, faith will I, fridays, and ſaturdays, and all.

Orl. And wilt thou have me?

Roſ. Ay, and twenty ſuch.

Orl. What ſay'ſt thou?

Roſ. Are you not good?

Orl. I hope ſo.

Roſ. Why then, can one deſire too much of a good thing?—Come, ſiſter, you ſhall be the prieſt, and marry us.—Give me your hand, Orlando:—What do you ſay, ſiſter?

Orl. Pray thee, marry us.

Cel. I cannot ſay the words.

Roſ. You muſt begin,—*Will you, Orlando,*—

Cel. Go to:—Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Roſalind?

Orl. I will.

Roſ. Ay, but when?

Orl. Why now; as faſt as ſhe can marry us.

Roſ. Then you muſt ſay,—*I take thee, Roſalind, for wife.*

Orl. I take thee, Roſalind, for wife.

4 — chroniclers *of that age*—] Sir T. Hanmer reads—*coroners*, by the advice, as Dr. Warburton hints, of ſome anonymous critick. JOHNSON.

Mr. Edwards propoſes the ſame emendation, and ſupports it by a paſſage in *Hamlet*: "The *coroner* hath ſat on her, and *finds it*—*Chriſtian burial.* I believe, however, the old copy is right; though *found* is undoubtedly uſed in its forenſick ſenſe. MALONE.

Roſ.

Ros. I might ask you for your commission; but,—I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband: There's a girl goes before the priest [5]; and, certainly, a woman's thought runs before her actions.

Orl. So do all thoughts; they are wing'd.

Ros. Now tell me, how long you would have her, after you have possess'd her.

Orl. For ever, and a day.

Ros. Say a day, without the ever: No, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen; more clamorous than a parrot against rain; more new-fangled than an ape; more giddy in my desires than a monkey: I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain [6], and I will do that when you are dispos'd to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen [7], and that when thou art inclined to sleep.

5 — There's *a girl goes before the priest*;] Surely we should read—*There* a girl goes before the priest. i. e. there, viz. in saying, "*I do take thee for my husband*," a girl anticipates the priest; is ready with her answer before the question, "Wilt thou take &c." is put to her.—The reading of the old copy is to me unintelligible. MALONE.

6 — *I will weep for nothing, like* Diana in the fountain,] There being nothing in mythology to which these words could relate, I some years ago conjectured that the allusion must have been to some well-known conduit. Very soon after my note was printed, I found my conjecture confirmed, and observed in A SECOND APPENDIX to my SUPPLEMENT to *Shakspeare*, printed in 1783, p. 13, that our author without doubt alluded to the ancient CROSS in Cheapside, at the East side of which (says Stowe) "a curious wrought tabernacle of gray marble was then set up, [in the year 1596,] and in the same an alabaster image of DIANA, and *water conveyed from the Thames, prilling from her naked breast*." SURVEY OF LONDON, p. 484, edit. 1618. MALONE.

Statues, and particularly that of *Diana*, with water conveyed through them to give them the appearance of weeping figures, were anciently a frequent ornament of fountains. So, in Rosamond's Epistle to Henry II, by Drayton:

"Here in the garden wrought by curious hands
"Naked *Diana* in the fountain stands." WHALLEY.

7 — *I will laugh like a* hyen,—] The bark of the *hyena* very much resembles a loud laugh. So, in the *Cobler's Prophecy*, 1594:

"You *laugh hyena*-like, weep like a crocodile." STEEVENS.

Orl.

Orl. But will my Roſalind do ſo?

Roſ. By my life, ſhe will do as I do.

Orl. O, but ſhe is wiſe.

Roſ. Or elſe ſhe could not have the wit to do this: the wiſer, the waywarder: Make the doors [8] upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the caſement; ſhut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole: ſtop that, 'twill fly with the ſmoke out at the chimney.

Orl. A man that had a wife with ſuch a wit, he might ſay,—*Wit, whither wilt* [9]?

Roſ. Nay, you might keep that check for it, till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

Orl. And what wit could wit have to excuſe that?

Roſ. Marry, to ſay,—ſhe came to ſeek you there. You ſhall never take her without her anſwer [1], unleſs you take her without her tongue. O that woman that cannot make

[8] — *make the doors*—] This is an expreſſion uſed in ſeveral of the midland counties, inſtead of *bar the doors*. So, in the *Commedy of Errors*:

"The doors are *made* againſt you." STEEVENS.

[9] — *Wit, whither wilt?*] This was an exclamation much in uſe, when any one was either talking nonſenſe, or uſurping a greater ſhare in converſation than juſtly belonged to him. So, in the preface to *Greene's Groat's-worth of Wit*, 1620:

"*Wit, whither wilt thou?* Woe is me,
"Thou haſt brought me to this miſerie."

The ſame expreſſion occurs more than once in Taylor the water-poet, and ſeems to have been the title of ſome ludicrous performance. STEEVENS.

If I remember right, theſe are the firſt words of an old madrigal. MALONE.

[1] *You ſhall never take her without her anſwer,*] See Chaucer, *Marchantes Tale*, ver. 10138—10149:

"Ye, ſire, quod Proſerpine, and wol ye ſo?
"Now by my modre Ceres ſoule I ſwere,
"That I ſhall yeve hire ſuffiſant anſwere,
"And alle women after for hire ſake;
"That though they ben in any gilt ytake,
"With face bold they ſhul hemſelve excuſe,
"And bere hem doun that wolden hem accuſe.
"For lacke of anſwere, non of us ſhul dien.
"Al had ye ſeen a thing with bothe youre eyen,
"Yet ſhul we ſo viſage it hardely,
"And wepe and ſwere and chiden ſubtilly,
"That ye ſhull ben as lewed as ben gees." TYRWHITT.

her

her fault her husband's occasion [2], let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool.

Orl. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

Ros. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

Orl. I must attend the duke at dinner; by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Ros. Ay, go your ways, go your ways;—I knew what you would prove; my friends told me as much, and I thought no less:—that flattering tongue of yours won me:—'tis but one cast away, and so,—come, death.—Two o'clock is your hour?

Orl. Ay, sweet Rosalind.

Ros. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathetical break-promise [3], and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful: therefore beware my censure, and keep your promise.

Orl. With no less religion, than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: So, adieu.

Ros. Well, time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let time try: Adieu! [*Exit* ORLANDO.

Cel. You have simply misused our sex in your love-prate: we must have your doublet and hose pluck'd over your head, and shew the world what the bird hath done to her own nest [4].

Ros. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou

[2] — *make* her fault *her husband's occasion,*] That is, represent *her fault* as occasioned by her husband. JOHNSON.

[3] — *I will think you the most* pathetical *break-promise,*] The same epithet occurs again in *Love's Labour's Lost*, and with as little apparent meaning: "— most *pathetical* nit. STEEVENS.

I believe, by *pathetical* break-promise Rosalind means a lover whose falsehood would most *deeply affect* his mistress. MALONE.

[4] — *to her own nest.*] So, in Lodge's *Rosalynde:* "And I pray you (quoth Aliena) if your robes were off, what mettal are you made of, that you are so satyricall against women? Is it not a foule bird defiles her owne nest?" STEEVENS.

didst

didſt know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be ſounded; my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

Cel. Or rather, bottomleſs; that as faſt as you pour affection in, it runs out.

Roſ. No, that ſame wicked baſtard of Venus, that was begot of thought[5], conceiv'd of ſpleen, and born of madneſs; that blind raſcally boy, that abuſes every one's eyes, becauſe his own are out, let him be judge, how deep I am in love:—I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the ſight of Orlando: I'll go find a ſhadow, and ſigh till he come.

Cel. And I'll ſleep. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another part of the foreſt.

Enter JAQUES, *and Lords, in the habit of foreſters.*

Jaq. Which is he that kill'd the deer?

1. *Lord.* Sir, it was I.

Jaq. Let's preſent him to the duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to ſet the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory:—Have you no ſong, foreſter, for this purpoſe?

2. *Lord.* Yes, ſir.

Jaq. Sing it; 'tis no matter how it be in tune, ſo it make noiſe enough.

SONG.

1. *What ſhall he have, that kill'd the deer?*
2. *His leather ſkin, and horns to wear*[6].

5 *of* thought,] That is, of melancholy. See a note on *Twelfth Night*, Act I. "She pined in *thought*—." MALONE.

6 *His leather* ſkin *and* horns *to wear.*] Shakſpeare ſeems to have formed this ſong on a hint afforded by the novel which furniſhed him with the plot of his play. "What news, Forreſter? Haſt thou wounded ſome deere, and loſt him in the fall? Care not, man, for ſo ſmall a loſſe; thy fees was but the *ſkinne*, the ſhoulders, and the *horns*." Lodge's *Roſalynde, or Euphues's Golden Legacie*, 1592. For this quotation the reader is indebted to Mr. Malone. STEEVENS.

1. *Then ſing him home:*
Take thou no ſcorn, to wear the horn;
It was a creſt ere thou wast born.
1. *Thy father's father wore it;*
2. *And thy father bore it:*
All. *The horn, the horn, the luſty horn,*
Is not a thing to laugh to ſcorn. [*Exeunt.*

{ The reſt ſhall bear this burden.

SCENE III[7].

Enter ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

Roſ. How ſay you now? Is it not paſt two o'clock? and here much Orlando[8]!

Cel. I warrant you, with pure love, and troubled brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows, and is gone forth—to ſleep: Look, who comes here.

Enter SILVIUS.

Sil. My errand is to you, fair youth;—
My gentle Phebe did bid me give you this:
[*gives a letter.*
I know not the contents; but, as I gueſs,
By the ſtern brow, and waſpiſh action
Which ſhe did uſe as ſhe was writing of it,

7 The foregoing noiſy ſcene was introduced only to fill up an interval, which is to repreſent two hours. This contraction of the time we might impute to poor Roſalind's impatience, but that a few minutes after we find Orlando ſending his excuſe. I do not ſee that by any probable diviſion of the acts this abſurdity can be obviated. JOHNSON.

8 —*and here* much *Orlando!*] *Much* in our author's time was an expreſſion denoting admiration. So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II:

"What, with two points on your ſhoulder? *much!*"

Again, in *the Taming of the Shrew*:

"'Tis *much!*—Servant, leave me and her alone." MALONE.

Here's *much* Orlando; i. e. here's *no* Orlando, or, we may look for him. We have ſtill the uſe of this expreſſion, as when we ſay, ſpeaking of a perſon who we ſuſpect will not keep his appointment, "Ay, you will be ſure to ſee him there *much!*" WHALLEY.

So the vulgar yet ſay, "I ſhall get *much* by that no doubt," meaning that they ſhall get nothing. MALONE.

It

It bears an angry tenour: pardon me,
I am but as a guiltleſs meſſenger.
Roſ. Patience herſelf would ſtartle at this letter,
And play the ſwaggerer; bear this, bear all:
She ſays, I am not fair; that I lack manners;
She calls me proud; and, that ſhe could not love me
Were man as rare as phœnix: Od's my will!
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt:
Why writes ſhe ſo to me?—Well, ſhepherd, well,
This is a letter of your own device.
Sil. No, I proteſt, I know not the contents;
Phebe did write it.
Roſ. Come, come, you are a fool,
And turn'd into the extremity of love.
I ſaw her hand: ſhe has a leathern hand,
A freeſtone-colour'd hand; I verily did think
That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands;
She has a huſwife's hand: but that's no matter:
I ſay, ſhe never did invent this letter;
This is a man's invention, and his hand.
Sil. Sure, it is hers.
Roſ. Why, 'tis a boiſterous and a cruel ſtile,
A ſtile for challengers; why, ſhe defies me,
Like Turk to Chriſtian: woman's gentle brain[4]
Could not drop forth ſuch giant-rude invention,
Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance:—Will you hear the letter?
Sil. So pleaſe you, for I never heard it yet;
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.
Roſ. She Phebes me: Mark how the tyrant writes.
Art thou god to ſhepherd turn'd, [reads.
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?—
Can a woman rail thus?
Sil. Call you this railing?
Roſ. Why, thy godhead laid apart,
War'ſt thou with a woman's heart?

4 — woman's *gentle brain*—] Old Copy—*women's*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

Did you ever hear such railing?—

Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance [5] *to me.*—

Meaning me a beast.—

If the scorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack, in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect?
Whiles you chid me, I did love;
How then might your prayers move?
He, that brings this love to thee,
Little knows this love in me:
And by him seal up thy mind;
Whether that thy youth and kind [6]
Will the faithful offer take
Of me, and all that I can make;
Or else by him my love deny,
And then I'll study how to die.

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas, poor shepherd!

Ros. Do you pity him? no, he deserves no pity.—Wilt thou love such a woman?—What, to make thee an instrument, and play false strains upon thee! not to be endured!—Well, go your way to her, (for, I see, love hath made thee a tame snake [7],) and say this to her;—That if she love me, I charge her to love thee: if she will not, I will never have her, unless thou intreat for her.—If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word; for here comes more company. [*Exit* SILVIUS.

5 — *vengeance*] is used for *mischief.* JOHNSON.

6 — *youth and* kind] *Kind* is the old word for *nature.* JOHNSON.

7 — *I see, love hath made thee a tame* snake,] This term was, in our author's time, frequently used to express a poor contemptible fellow. So, in *Sir John Oldcastle*, 1600: "— and you, poor *snakes*, come seldom to a booty." Again, in *Lord Cromwell*, 1602:

"—— the poorest *snake*,
"That feeds on lemons, pilchards—" MALONE.

Enter

Enter OLIVER.

Oli. Good morrow, fair ones: Pray you, if you know
Where, in the purlieus of this foreſt, ſtands
A ſheep-cote, fenc'd about with olive-trees?

Cel. Weſt of this place, down in the neighbour bottom,
The rank of oſiers, by the murmuring ſtream,
Left on your right hand [7], brings you to the place:
But at this hour the houſe doth keep itſelf,
There's none within.

Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then ſhould I know you by deſcription;
Such garments, and ſuch years: *The boy is fair,*
Of female favour, and beſtows himſelf
Like a ripe ſiſter: but the woman low [8],
And browner than her brother. Are not you
The owner of the houſe I did enquire for?

Cel. It is no boaſt, being aſk'd, to ſay, we are.

Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both;
And to that youth, he calls his Roſalind,
He ſends this bloody napkin [9]; Are you he?

Roſ. I am: What muſt we underſtand by this?

Oli. Some of my ſhame; if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkerchief was ſtain'd.

Cel. I pray you, tell it.

Oli. When laſt the young Orlando parted from you,
He left a promiſe to return again
Within an hour [1]; and, pacing through the foreſt,

[7] Left *on your right hand,*—] i. e. paſſing by the rank of oziers, and *leaving* them on your right hand, you will reach the place. MALONE.

[8] — but *the woman low,*] *But*, which is not in the old copy, was added by the editor of the ſecond folio, to ſupply the metre. I ſuſpect, it is not the word omitted, but have nothing better to propoſe. MALONE.

[9] — *napkin,*] i. e. *handkerchief.* So, in *Othello*:
"Your *napkin* is too little." STEEVENS.

[1] Within an hour;] We muſt read, *within two hours.* JOHNSON.
May not *within an hour* ſignify *within a certain time?* TYRWHITT.

Chewing the food of ſweet and bitter fancy[2],
Lo, what befel! he threw his eye aſide,
And, mark, what object did preſent itſelf!
Under an old oak[3], whoſe boughs were moſs'd with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o'er-grown with hair,
Lay ſleeping on his back: about his neck
A green and gilded ſnake had wreath'd itſelf,
Who with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd
The opening of his mouth; but ſuddenly
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itſelf,
And with indented glides did ſlip away
Into a buſh: under which buſh's ſhade
A lioneſs, with udders all drawn dry[4], Lay

[2] — *of ſweet and bitter* fancy,] i. e. *love*, which is always thus deſcribed by our old poets, as compoſed of contraries. See a note on *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I. ſc. ii. So, in Lodge's *Roſalynde*, 1590: "I have noted the variable diſpoſition of *fancy*,——a *bitter* pleaſure wrapt in *ſweet* prejudice." MALONE.

[3] *Under an old oak*, &c.] The paſſage ſtands thus in Lodge's *Novel*. "Saladyne wearie with wandring up and downe, and hungry with long faſting, finding a little cave by the ſide of a thicket, eating ſuch fruite as the forreſt did affoord, and contenting himſelf with ſuch drinke as nature had provided, and thirſt made delicate, after his repaſt he fell in a dead ſleepe. As thus he lay, a hungry lyon came hunting downe the edge of the grove for pray, and eſpying Saladyne, began to ceaze upon him: but ſeeing he lay ſtill without any motion, he left to touch him, for that lyons hate to pray on dead carkaſſes: and yet deſirous to have ſome foode, the lyon lay downe and watcht to ſee if he would ſtirre. While thus Saladyne ſlept ſecure, fortune that was careful of her champion, began to ſmile, and brought it ſo to paſſe, that Roſader (having ſtricken a deere that but lightly hurt fled through the thicket) came pacing downe by the grove with a boare-ſpeare in his hande in great haſte, he ſpyed where a man lay aſleepe, and a lyon faſt by him: amazed at this ſight, as he ſtood gazing, his noſe on the ſodaine bledde, which made him conjecture it was ſome friend of his. Whereupon drawing more nigh, he might eaſily diſcerne his viſage, and perceived by his phiſnomie that it was his brother Saladyne, which drave Roſader into a deepe paſſion, as a man perplexed, &c.—But the preſent time craved no ſuch doubting ambages: for he muſt eyther reſolve to hazard his life for his reliefe, or elſe ſteale away and leave him to the crueltie of the lyon. In which doubt hee thus briefly debated," &c. STEEVENS.

[4] *A lioneſs, with udders all drawn dry,*] So, in *Arden of Feverſham*, 1592:

"—— the

Lay couching, head on ground, with cat-like watch,
When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis
The royal disposition of that beast,
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead:
This seen, Orlando did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Cel. O, I have heard him speak of that same brother;
And he did render him [5] the most unnatural
That liv'd 'mongst men.

Oli. And well he might so do,
For well I know he was unnatural.

Ros. But, to Orlando;—Did he leave him there,
Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness?

Oli. Twice did he turn his back, and purpos'd so:
But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature, stronger than his just occasion,
Made him give battle to the lioness,
Who quickly fell before him; in which hurtling [6]
From miserable slumber I awak'd.

Cel. Are you his brother?

Ros. Was it you he rescu'd?

Cel. Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?

Oli. 'Twas I; but 'tis not I: I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

Ros. But, for the bloody napkin?—

Oli. By, and by.
When from the first to last, betwixt us two,
Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd,
As how I came into that desert place *;—

" ——— the starven *lioness*,
" When she is *dry-suckt* of her eager young." STEEVENS.

5 *And he did* render *him*—] i. e. *describe* him. MALONE.

6 — *in which* hurtling] To *hurtle* is to move with impetuosity and tumult. So, in *Julius Cæsar*:

" A noise of battle *hurtled* in the air."

Again, in Nash's *Lenten Stuff*, &c. 1599: " — hearing of the gangs of good fellows that *hurtled* and bustled thither, &c." STEEVENS.

* *As how I came into that desert place*;] I believe, a line following this has been lost. MALONE.

In brief, he led me to the gentle duke,
Who gave me freſh array, and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love;
Who led me inſtantly unto his cave,
There ſtripp'd himſelf, and here upon his arm
The lioneſs had torn ſome fleſh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,
And cry'd, in fainting, upon Roſalind.
Brief, I recover'd him; bound up his wound;
And, after ſome ſmall ſpace, being ſtrong at heart,
He ſent me hither, ſtranger as I am,
To tell this ſtory, that you might excuſe
His broken promiſe, and to give this napkin,
Dy'd in this blood [7], unto the ſhepherd youth
That he in ſport doth call his Roſalind.

Cel. Why, how now, Ganymed? ſweet Ganymed?

[ROSALIND *faints.*

Oli. Many will ſwoon when they do look on blood.

Cel. There is more in it:—Couſin—Ganymed [8]!

Oli. Look, he recovers.

Roſ. I would, I were at home.

Cel. We'll lead you thither:—
I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

Oli. Be of good cheer, youth:—You a man?—You lack a man's heart.

Roſ. I do ſo, I confeſs it. Ah, ſir [9], a body would think this was well counterfeited: I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited.—Heigh ho!—

Oli. This was not counterfeit; there is too great teſtimony in your complexion, that it was a paſſion of earneſt.

Roſ. Counterfeit, I aſſure you.

[7] *Dy'd in* this *blood*,—] Thus the old copy. The editor of the ſecond folio changed *this* blood unneceſſarily to — *his* blood. Oliver points to the handkerchief, when he preſents it; and Roſalind could not doubt whoſe blood it was after the account that had been before given. MALONE.

[8] *Couſin—Ganymed!*] Celia in her firſt fright forgets Roſalind's character and diſguiſe, and calls out *couſin*, then recollects herſelf, and ſays Ganymed. JOHNSON.

[9] *Ah*, Sir,—] The old copy reads—Ah, *Sirra*, &c. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

Oli.

Oli. Well then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man.

Ros. So I do: but, i'faith, I ſhould have been a woman by right.

Cel. Come, you look paler and paler; pray you, draw homewards:—Good ſir, go with us.

Oli. That will I, for I muſt bear anſwer back
How you excuſe my brother, Roſalind.

Ros. I ſhall deviſe ſomething: But, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him:—Will you go? [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The ſame.

Enter TOUCHSTONE, *and* AUDREY.

Touch. We ſhall find a time, Audrey; patience, gentle Audrey.

Aud. 'Faith, the prieſt was good enough, for all the old gentleman's ſaying.

Touch. A moſt wicked ſir Oliver, Audrey, a moſt vile Mar-text. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the foreſt lays claim to you.

Aud. Ay, I know who 'tis; he hath no intereſt in me in the world: here comes the man you mean.

Enter WILLIAM.

Touch. It is meat and drink to me to ſee a clown: By my troth, we that have good wits, have much to anſwer for; we ſhall be flouting; we cannot hold.

Will. Good even, Audrey.

Aud. God ye good even, William.

Will. And good even to you, ſir.

Touch. Good even, gentle friend: Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, pr'ythee, be cover'd. How old are you, friend?

Will. Five and twenty, ſir.

Touch. A ripe age: Is thy name, William?

Will. William, sir.

Touch. A fair name: Wast born i'the forest here?

Will. Ay, sir, I thank God.

Touch. Thank God;—a good answer: Art rich?

Will. 'Faith, sir, so, so.

Touch. So, so, is good, very good, very excellent good:—and yet it is not; it is but so so. Art thou wise?

Will. Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

Touch. Why, thou say'st well. I do now remember a saying; *The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool.* The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape[1], would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby, that grapes were made to eat, and lips to open. You do love this maid[2]?

Will. I do, sir.

Touch. Give me your hand: Art thou learned?

Will. No, sir.

Touch. Then learn this of me; To have, is to have: For it is a figure in rhetorick, that drink, being pour'd out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other: For all your writers do consent, that *ipse* is he; now you are not *ipse*, for I am he.

Will. Which he, sir.

Touch. He, sir, that must marry this woman: Therefore, you, clown, abandon,—which is in the vulgar,

[1] *The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape,* &c.] This was designed as a sneer on the several trifling and insignificant sayings and actions, recorded of the ancient philosophers, by the writers of their lives, such as Diogenes Laertius, Philostratus, Eunapius, &c. as appears from its being introduced by one of their *wise sayings.* WARBURTON.

A book called *The Dictes and Sayinges of the Philosophers,* was printed by Caxton in 1477. It was translated out of French into English by Lord Rivers. From this performance, or some republication of it, Shakspeare's knowledge of these philosophical trifles might be derived. STEEVENS.

[2] — *meaning thereby that* grapes *were made to eat, and* lips *to open.* You do love this maid?] Part of this dialogue seems to have grown out of the novel on which the play is formed: "Phebe is no latice for your *lips,* and her *grapes* hang so hie, that gaze at them you may, but touch them you cannot." MALONE.

leave,

leave,—the ſociety,—which in the booriſh is, company,—of this female,—which in the common is,—woman, which together is, abandon the ſociety of this female; or, clown, thou periſheſt; or, to thy better underſtanding, dieſt; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, tranſlate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage: I will deal in poiſon with thee, or in baſtinado, or in ſteel; I will bandy with thee in faction; I will o'er-run thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways; therefore tremble, and depart.

Aud. Do, good William.

Will. God reſt you merry, ſir. [*Exit.*

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Our maſter and miſtreſs ſeek you; come, away, away.

Touch. Trip, Audrey, trip, Audrey;—I attend, I attend. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The ſame.

Enter ORLANDO, *and* OLIVER.

Orl. Is't poſſible [3], that on ſo little acquaintaince you ſhould like her? that, but ſeeing, you ſhould love her? and, loving, woo? and, wooing, ſhe ſhould grant? And will you perſevere to enjoy her?

Oli. Neither call the giddineſs of it in queſtion, the poverty of her, the ſmall acquaintance, my ſudden wooing, nor her ſudden conſenting *; but ſay with me, I love

3 *Is't poſſible*, &c.] Shakſpeare, by putting this queſtion into the mouth of Orlando, ſeems to have been aware of the impropriety which he had been guilty of by deſerting his original. In Lodge's *Novel*, the elder brother is inſtrumental in ſaving Aliena from a band of ruffians, who "thought to ſteale her away, and to give her to the king for a preſent, hopeing, becauſe the king was a great leacher, by ſuch a gift to purchaſe all their pardons." Without the intervention of this circumſtance, the paſſion of Aliena appears to be very haſty indeed. STEEV.

* — *nor* her *ſudden conſenting*;] Old Copy—nor ſudden. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

Aliena;

Aliena; say with her, that she loves me; consent with both, that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your good; for my father's house, and all the revenue that was old sir Rowland's, will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

Enter ROSALIND.

Orl. You have my consent. Let your wedding be to-morrow: thither will I invite the duke, and all his contented followers: Go you, and prepare Aliena; for, look you, here comes my Rosalind.

Ros. God save you, brother.

Oli. And you, fair sister[4].

Ros. O, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf.

Orl. It is my arm.

Ros. I thought, thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon, when he shew'd me your handkerchief?

Orl. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Ros. O, I know where you are:—Nay, 'tis true: there was never any thing so sudden, but the fight of two rams[5], and Cæsar's thrasonical brag of—I *came*, *saw*, and *overcame*: For your brother and my sister no sooner met, but they look'd; no sooner look'd, but they lov'd; no sooner lov'd, but they sigh'd; no sooner sigh'd, but they ask'd one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedy: and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage, which they will climb

4 *And you*, fair sister.] I know not why Oliver should call Rosalind *sister*. He takes her yet to be a man. I suppose we should read,—*and you*, and your *fair sister*. JOHNSON.

Oliver speaks to her in the character she had assumed, of a woman courted by Orlando his brother. CHAMIER.

5 — *never any thing so sudden, but* the fight of two rams,] So, in Laneham's *Account of Queen Elizabeth's Entertainment at Kenelworth Castle*, 1575:

" — outrageous in their racez az *rams* at their rut." STEEVENS.

incontinent, or elſe be incontinent before marriage: they are in the very wrath of love, and they will together; clubs cannot part them [6].

Orl. They ſhall be married to-morrow; and I will bid the duke to the nuptial. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happineſs through another man's eyes! By ſo much the more ſhall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heavineſs, by how much I ſhall think my brother happy, in having what he wiſhes for.

Roſ. Why then, to-morrow I cannot ſerve your turn for Roſalind?

Orl. I can live no longer by thinking.

Roſ. I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then, (for now I ſpeak to ſome purpoſe,) that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit: I ſpeak not this, that you ſhould bear a good opinion of my knowledge, inſomuch, I ſay, I know you are; neither do I labour for a greater eſteem than may in ſome little meaſure draw a belief from you, to do yourſelf good, and not to grace me. Believe then, if you pleaſe, that I can do ſtrange things: I have, ſince I was three years old, converſed with a magician, moſt profound in his art, and yet not damnable. If you do love Roſalind ſo near the heart as your geſture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, ſhall you marry her: I know into what ſtraights of fortune ſhe is driven; and it is not impoſſible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to ſet her before your eyes to-morrow, human as ſhe is [7], and without any danger.

Orl. Speak'ſt thou in ſober meanings?

6 — clubs *cannot* part *them.*] It appears from many of our old dramas that, in our author's time, it was a common cuſtom, on the breaking out of a fray, to call out "*Clubs, clubs,*" (that is, peace-officers armed with *clubs,*) to *part* the combatants. So, in *Titus Andronicus:*

"*Clubs, clubs*; theſe lovers will not *keep the peace.*"

The preceding words,—"they are in the very *wrath* of love,"—ſhow that our author had this in contemplation. MALONE.

7 — *human as ſhe is,*] That is, not a phantom, but the real Roſalind, without any of the danger generally conceived to attend the rites of incantation. JOHNSON.

Roſ.

Ros. By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician[8]: Therefore, put you in your best array, bid your friends[9]; for if you will be married tomorrow, you shall; and to Rosalind, if you will.

Enter SILVIUS, *and* PHEBE.

Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness,
To shew the letter that I writ to you.

Ros. I care not, if I have: it is my study,
To seem despightful and ungentle to you:
You are there follow'd by a faithful shepherd;
Look upon him, love him; he worships you.

Phe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

Sil. It is to be all made of sighs and tears;—
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymed.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of faith and service;—
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymed.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of fantasy,
All made of passion, and all made of wishes;
All adoration, duty, and observance,
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all observance[1];—
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And so am I for Ganymed.

[8] — *which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician:*] Though I pretend to be a magician, and therefore might be supposed able to elude death. MALONE.

9 — bid *your friends*;] See *The Merchant of Venice*, p. 36, n. 3. MALONE.

[1] — *all trial, all* observance;—] I suspect the author wrote—all *obedience*. It is highly probable that the compositor caught *observance* from the line above, and very unlikely that the same word should have been set down twice by Shakspeare so close to each other. MALONE.

Orl.

Orl. And so am I for Rosalind.

Ros. And so am I for no woman.

Phe. If this be so, why blame you me to love you? [*to* Rosalind.

Sil. If this be so, why blame you me to love you? [*to* Phebe.

Orl. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Ros. Who do you speak to[2], *why blame you me to love you?*

Orl. To her, that is not here, nor doth not hear.

Ros. Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon[3].—I will help you, [*to* Sil.] if I can:—I would love you, [*to* Phe.] if I could.—To-morrow meet me all together.—I will marry you, [*to* Phe.] if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow:—I will satisfy you, [*to* Orl.] if ever I satisfy'd man, and you shall be married to-morrow:—I will content you, [*to* Sil.] if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow.—As you [*to* Orl.] love Rosalind, meet;—as you [*to* Sil.] love Phebe, meet;—And as I love no woman, I'll meet.—So fare you well; I have left you commands.

Sil. I'll not fail, if I live.

Phe. Nor I.

Orl. Nor I. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The same.

Enter Touchstone, *and* Audrey.

Touch. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey; to-morrow will we be married.

Aud. I do desire it with all my heart: and I hope it is

2 Who *do you speak* to,] Old Copy—*Why* do you speak *too.* Corrected by Mr. Rowe. Malone.

3 —*'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon.*] This is borrowed from Lodge's *Rosalynde*, 1590:

"I tell thee, Montanus, in courting Phœbe, thou barkest with the *wolves* of Syria *against the moone.*" Malone.

no

no diſhoneſt deſire, to deſire to be a woman of the world [4]. Here come two of the baniſh'd duke's pages.

Enter two Pages.

1. *Page.* Well met, honeſt gentleman.

Touch. By my troth, well met: Come, ſit, ſit, and a ſong.

2. *Page.* We are for you: ſit i'the middle.

1. *Page.* Shall we clap into't roundly, without hawking, or ſpitting, or ſaying we are hoarſe; which are the only prologues to a bad voice?

2. *Page.* I'faith, i'faith; and both in a tune, like two gypſies on a horſe.

SONG [5].

I.

It was a lover, and his laſs,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did paſs
In the ſpring time, the only pretty rank time [6]
When birds do ſing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the ſpring.

II.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
Theſe pretty country folks would lie,
In ſpring time, &c.

4 — *a woman* of the world.] To *go to the world,* is to be married. So, in *Much ado about nothing:* "Thus (ſays Beatrice) every one *goes to the world,* but I." STEEVENS.

5 The ſtanzas of this ſong are in all the editions evidently tranſpoſed: as I have regulated them, that which in the former copies was the ſecond ſtanza, is now the laſt.

The ſame tranſpoſition of theſe ſtanzas is made by Dr. Thirlby, in a copy containing ſome notes on the margin, which I have peruſed by the favour of Sir Edward Walpole. JOHNSON.

6 — *the only pretty* rank *time,*] The old copy reads—*rang* time. The emendation was made by Dr. Johnſon. Mr. Pope and the three ſubſequent editors read—the pretty *ſpring* time. Mr. Steevens propoſes—"*ring* time, i. e. the apteſt ſeaſon for marriage." The paſſage does not deſerve much conſideration. MALONE.

III.

III.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In spring time, &c.

IV.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
For love is crowned with the prime
In spring time, &c.

Touch. Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untuneable.

1. *Page.* You are deceiv'd, sir; we kept time, we lost not our time.

Touch. By my troth, yes; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God be wi' you; and God mend your voices.—Come, Audrey. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Another part of the forest.

Enter Duke *Senior*, AMIENS, JAQUES, ORLANDO, OLIVER, *and* CELIA.

Duke. S. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy
Can do all this that he hath promised?

Orl. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not;
As those that fear, they hope, and know they fear [7].

7 *As those that fear,* they hope, *and know* they *fear.*] The meaning, I think, is, *As those who fear,—they*, even those very persons, entertain *hopes*, that their fears will not be realized; *and* yet at the same time they well *know* that there is reason for *their fears.* MALONE.

The author of the *Revisal* would read:

As those that fear *their* hope, and know *their* fear. STEEVENS.

Perhaps we might read:

As those that *feign* they hope, and know they fear. BLACKSTONE.

Enter

Enter ROSALIND, SILVIUS, *and* PHEBE.

Ros. Patience once more, whiles our compact is urg'd:
You say, if I bring in your Rosalind, [*to the* Duke.
You will bestow her on Orlando here?
Duke S. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.
Ros. And you say, you will have her, when I bring her?
[*to* Orlando.
Orl. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.
Ros. You say, you'll marry me, if I be willing?
[*to* Phebe.
Phe. That will I, should I die the hour after.
Ros. But, if you do refuse to marry me,
You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?
Phe. So is the bargain.
Ros. You say, that you'll have Phebe, if she will?
[*to* Silvius.
Sil. Though to have her and death were both one thing.
Ros. I have promis'd to make all this matter even.
Keep you your word, O duke, to give your daughter;—
You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter:—
Keep your word, Phebe [8], that you'll marry me;
Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd:—
Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her,
If she refuse me:—and from hence I go,
To make these doubts all even. [*Exeunt* ROS. *and* CEL.
Duke S. I do remember in this shepherd-boy
Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.
Orl. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him,
Methought, he was a brother to your daughter:
But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born;
And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies by his uncle,
Whom he reports to be a great magician,
Obscured in the circle of this forest.

[8] *Keep your word, Phebe,*] The old copy reads—Keep *you* your word; the compositor's eye having probably glanced on the line next but one above. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

Enter

Enter TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY.

Jaq. There is, ſure, another flood toward, and theſe couples are coming to the ark! Here comes a pair of very ſtrange beaſts [9], which in all tongues are call'd fools.

Touch. Salutation and greeting to you all!

Jaq. Good my lord, bid him welcome: This is the motley-minded gentleman, that I have ſo often met in the foreſt: he hath been a courtier, he ſwears.

Touch. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a meaſure [1]; I have flatter'd a lady; I have been politick with my friend, ſmooth with mine enemy; I have undone three tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Jaq. And how was that ta'en up?

Touch. 'Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the ſeventh cauſe [2].

Jaq. How ſeventh cauſe?—Good my lord, like this fellow.

Duke S. I like him very well.

Touch. God'ild you, ſir [3]; I deſire you of the like [4]. I

9 *Here comes a pair of very* ſtrange beaſts, &c.] *Strange beaſts* are only what we call *odd* animals. JOHNSON.

1 *I have trod a* meaſure;] i. e. I have danced. Touchſtone to prove that he has been a courtier, particularly mentions a *meaſure*, becauſe it was a very ſtately ſolemn dance. So, in *Much ado about nothing*: "— the wedding mannerly modeſt, as *a meaſure*, full of ſtate and ancientry." See alſo Vol. II. p. 405, n. 4. MALONE.

2 — *and found the quarrel was upon the* ſeventh cauſe.] So all the copies; but it is apparent from the ſequel that we muſt read—*the quarrel was* not *upon the ſeventh cauſe*. JOHNSON.

By the *ſeventh cauſe* Touchſtone, I apprehend, means, the lie *ſeven times removed*; i. e. the *retort courteous*, which is *removed* ſeven times (counting backwards) from the *lie direct*, the laſt and moſt aggravated ſpecies of lie. See the ſubſequent note on the words "— a lie ſeven times removed." MALONE.

3 God'ild you, *ſir*;] i. e. *God yield you*, reward you. See a note on *Macbeth*, Act. I. ſc. vi. STEEVENS.

4 — *I deſire* you of *the like*.] See a note on the firſt ſcene of the third act of the *Midſummer Night's Dream*, where examples of this phraſeology are given. STEEVENS.

preſs in here, ſir, amongſt the reſt of the country copulatives, to ſwear, and to forſwear; according as marriage binds, and blood breaks [5]:—A poor virgin, ſir, an ill-favour'd thing, ſir, but mine own; a poor humour of mine, ſir, to take that that no man elſe will: Rich honeſty dwells like a miſer, ſir, in a poor houſe; as your pearl, in your foul oyſter.

Duke S. By my faith, he is very ſwift and ſententious.

Touch. According to the fool's bolt, ſir, and ſuch dulcet diſeaſes [6].

Jaq. But, for the ſeventh cauſe; how did you find the quarrel on the ſeventh cauſe?

Touch. Upon a lie ſeven times removed [7];—Bear your body

[5] — *according as marriage binds, and blood breaks:*] *To ſwear according as marriage binds*, is to take the oath enjoin'd in the ceremonial of marriage. JOHNSON.

As *blood* breaks, is, as *paſſion* inſtigates to diſregard the marriage vow. See Vol. II. p. 229, n. 6. MALONE.

[6] — *dulcet diſeaſes.*] This I do not underſtand. For *diſeaſes* it is eaſy to read *diſcourſes*: but, perhaps the fault may lie deeper. JOHNSON.

Perhaps he calls a proverb a *diſeaſe*. Proverbial ſayings may appear to him as the *ſurfeiting diſeaſes* of converſation. They are often the plague of commentators. Dr. Farmer would read—*in* ſuch dulcet diſeaſes, i. e. in the ſweet uneaſineſſes of love, a time when people uſually talk nonſenſe. STEEVENS.

Without ſtaying to examine how far the poſition laſt advanced is founded in truth, I ſhall only add that I believe the text is right, and that this word is *capriciouſly* uſed for *ſayings*, though neither in its primary or figurative ſenſe it has any relation to that word. In the *Merchant of Venice* the Clown talks in the ſame ſtyle, but more intelligibly:—"the young gentleman (*according* to the fates and deſtinies, and *ſuch* odd *ſayings*, the ſiſters three, and *ſuch* branches of learning) is indeed deceaſed." MALONE.

[7] *Upon a lie ſeven times* removed;—] Touchſtone here enumerates ſeven kinds of lies, from the *Retort courteous* to the *ſeventh* and moſt aggravated ſpecies of lie, which he calls the *lie direct*. The courtier's anſwer to his intended affront, he expreſsly tells us, was the *Retort courteous*, the *firſt* ſpecies of lie. When therefore he ſays, that they *found the quarrel* was *on the lie ſeven times* REMOVED, we muſt underſtand by the latter word, the lie removed ſeven times, counting backwards, (as the word *removed* ſeems to intimate,) from the laſt and moſt aggravated ſpecies of lie, namely, the *lie direct*. So, in *All's well that ends well*:

"Who

body more ſeeming, Audrey :—as thus, ſir. I did diſlike the cut of a certain courtier's beard; he ſent me word, if I ſaid his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: This is called the *Retort courteous*. If I ſent him word again, it was not well cut, he would ſend me word, he cut it to pleaſe himſelf: This is call'd the *Quip modeſt*. If again, it was not well cut, he diſabled my judgment: This is call'd the *Reply churliſh*. If again, it was not well cut, he would anſwer, I ſpake not true: This is call'd the *Reproof valiant*. If again, it was not well cut, he would ſay, I lie: This is called the *Countercheck quarrelſome*: and ſo to the *Lie circumſtantial*, and the *Lie direct*.

Jaq. And how oft did you ſay, his beard was not well cut?

Touch. I durſt go no further than the *Lie circumſtantial*, nor he durſt not give me the *Lie direct*; and ſo we meaſured ſwords, and parted.

Jaq. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

> "Who hath ſome four or five *removes* come ſhort
> "To tender it herſelf."

Again, in the play before us: "Your accent is ſomething finer than you could purchaſe in ſo *removed* a dwelling," i. e. ſo *diſtant* from the haunts of men.

When Touchſtone and the courtier met, they found their quarrel *originated* on the *ſeventh cauſe*, i. e. on *the Retort courteous*, or the lie *ſeven times removed*. In the courſe of their altercation, *after* their meeting, Touchſtone did not dare to go farther than the ſixth ſpecies, (counting in regular progreſſion from the firſt to the laſt,) the *lie circumſtantial*; and the courtier was afraid to give him the *lie direct*; ſo they parted. In a ſubſequent enumeration of the degrees of a lie Touchſtone expreſſly names the *Retort courteous*, as the *firſt*; calling it therefore here "the *ſeventh* cauſe," and "the lie *ſeven* times removed," he muſt mean, *diſtant* ſeven times from the moſt offenſive lie, the *lie direct*. There is certainly therefore no need of reading with Dr. Johnſon in a former paſſage—"We found the quarrel was *not* on the ſeventh cauſe."

The miſapprehenſion of that moſt judicious critick relative to theſe paſſages muſt apologize for my having employed ſo many words in explaining them. MALONE.

Touch. O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book [8]; as you have books for good manners [9]: I will name you the degrees.

[8] *O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book*;] The poet has, in this scene, rallied the mode of formal duelling, then so prevalent, with the highest humour and address: nor could he have treated it with a happier contempt, than by making his clown so knowing in the forms and preliminaries of it. The particular book here alluded to is a very ridiculous treatise of one Vincentio Saviolo, intitled, *Of honour and honourable quarrels*, in quarto, printed by Wolf, 1594. The first part of this tract he entitles, *A discourse most necessary for all gentlemen that have in regard their honours, touching the giving and receiving the lie, whereupon the* Duello *and the* Combat *in divers forms doth ensue; and many other inconveniences for lack only of true knowledge of honour, and the* right understanding of words, *which here is set down.* The contents of the several chapters are as follow. I. *What the reason is that the party unto whom the lie is given ought to become challenger, and of the nature of lies.* II. *Of the manner and diversity of lies.* III. *Of lies certain,* [or direct.] IV. *Of conditional lies,* [or the lie circumstantial.] V. *Of the lie in general.* VI. *Of the lie in particular.* VII. *Of foolish lies.* VIII. *A conclusion touching the wresting or returning back of the lie,* [or the countercheck quarrelsome.] In the chapter of *conditional lies,* speaking of the particle *if,* he says, "—*Conditional lies be such as are given conditionally, as if a man should say or write these wordes:*—if *thou hast said that I have offered my lord abuse, thou liest; or* if *thou sayest so hereafter, thou shalt lie. Of these kind of lies, given in this manner, often arise much contention in wordes,—whereof no sure conclusion can arise.*" By which he means, they cannot proceed to cut one another's throat, while there is an *if* between. Which is the reason of Shakspeare making the Clown say, "*I knew when seven justices could not make up a quarrel: but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an* if; *as,* if you said so, then I said so, *and they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your* if *is the only peace-maker; much virtue in* if." Caranza was another of these authentick authors upon the Duello. Fletcher in his last act of *Love's Pilgrimage* ridicules him with much humour. WARBURTON.

The words which I have included within crotchets are Dr. Warburton's. They have been hitherto printed in such a manner as might lead the reader to suppose that they made a part of Saviolo's work. The passage was very inaccurately printed by Dr. Warburton in other respects, but has here been corrected by the original. MALONE.

[9] — *books for good manners:*] One of these books I have seen. It is entitled, *The Boke of Nurture, or Schole of good Manners, for Men, Servants, and Children,* with *stans puer ad mensam*; black letter, without date. STEEVENS.

degrees. The firſt, the Retort courteous; the ſecond, the Quip modeſt; the third, the Reply churliſh; the fourth, the Reproof valiant; the fifth, the Countercheck quarrelſome; the ſixth, the Lie with circumſtance; the ſeventh, the Lie direct. All theſe you may avoid, but the Lie direct; and you may avoid that too, with an *If*. I knew when ſeven juſtices could not take up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themſelves, one of them thought but of an *If*, as, *If you ſaid ſo, then I ſaid ſo*, and they ſhook hands, and ſwore brothers. Your *If* is the only peace-maker; much virtue in *If*.

Jaq. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's as good at any thing, and yet a fool.

Duke S. He uſes his folly like a ſtalking horſe [1], and under the preſentation of that he ſhoots his wit.

Enter HYMEN [2], *leading* ROSALIND *in woman's cloaths; and* CELIA.

Still Muſick.

Hym. *Then is there mirth in heaven,*
When earthly things made even
Atone together.
Good duke, receive thy daughter,
Hymen from heaven brought her,
Yea, brought her hither;
That thou might'ſt join her hand with his,
Whoſe heart within her boſom is [3].

Roſ.

Another is "Galateo of Maiſter John Caſa, archbiſhop of Benevento; or rather a treatiſe of the manners and behaviours it behoveth a man to uſe and eſchewe in his familiar converſation. A work very neceſſary and profitable for all gentlemen, or other; tranſlated from the Italian, by Robert Peterſon of Lincoln's Inn," quarto, 1576. REED.

1 — *like a* ſtalking-horſe,] See Vol. II. p. 241, n. 3. STEEVENS.

2 *Enter* Hymen,] Roſalind is imagined by the reſt of the company to be brought by enchantment, and is therefore introduced by a ſuppoſed aerial being in the character of Hymen. JOHNSON.

3 *That thou might'ſt join* her *hand with his,*
Whoſe heart within her *boſom is.*] The old copy, inſtead of *her*, reads

Roſ. To you I give myſelf, for I am yours. [*to* Duke S.
To you I give myſelf, for I am yours. [*to* Orlando.

Duke S. If there be truth in ſight, you are my daughter.

Orl. If there be truth in ſight[4], you are my Roſalind.

Phe. If ſight and ſhape be true,
Why then,—my love adieu!

Roſ. I'll have no father, if you be not he:—
I'll have no huſband, if you be not he:— [*to* Orlando.
Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not ſhe. [*to* Phebe.

Hym. Peace, ho! I bar confuſion:
'Tis I muſt make concluſion
Of theſe moſt ſtrange events:
Here's eight that muſt take hands,
To join in Hymen's bands,
If truth holds true contents[5].
You and you no croſs ſhall part; [*to* Orl. *and* Roſ.
You and you are heart in heart: [*to* Oli. *and* Cel.
You [*to* Phebe] to his love muſt accord,
Or have a woman to your lord:—
You and you are ſure together, [*to* Touch. *and* Aud.
As the winter to foul weather.

reads *his* in both lines. Mr. Rowe corrected the firſt, and I once thought that emendation ſufficient, and that *Whoſe* might have referred not to the laſt antecedent *his*, but to *her*, i. e. Roſalind. Our author frequently takes ſuch licences. But on further conſideration it appears to me probable, that the ſame abbreviation was uſed in both lines, and that as *his* was *certainly* a miſprint in the firſt line for *her*, ſo it alſo was in the ſecond, the conſtruction being ſo much more eaſy in that way than the other. "That thou might'ſt join her hand with the hand of him whoſe heart is lodged in her boſom;" i. e. whoſe affection ſhe already poſſeſſes. So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*, the king ſays to the princeſs:

"Hence ever then *my heart is in thy breaſt*."

In the ſame play we meet with the error that has happened here. The princeſs addreſſing the *ladies* who attend her, ſays—

"But while 'tis ſpoke, each turn away *his* face."

Again, in a former ſcene of the play before us, p. 173:

"Helen's cheek, but not *his* heart." MALONE.

4 *If there be truth in ſight,*] The anſwer of Phebe makes it probable that Orlando ſays, *if there be truth in* ſhape: that is, *if a form may be truſted*; if one cannot uſurp the form of another. JOHNSON.

5 *If truth holds true contents.*] That is, if there be *truth in truth*, unleſs truth fails of veracity. JOHNSON.

Whiles

Whiles a wedlock-hymn we ſing,
Feed yourſelves with queſtioning;
That reaſon wonder may diminiſh,
How thus we met, and theſe things finiſh.

SONG.

Wedding is great Juno's crown[6];
O bleſſed bond of board and bed!
'Tis Hymen peoples every town;
High wedlock then be honoured:
Honour, high honour and renown,
To Hymen, god of every town!

Duke S. O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me;
Even daughter, welcome in no leſs degree.
Phe. I will not eat my word, now thou art mine;
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine. [*to* Syl.

Enter JAQUES DE BOYS.

Jaq. de B. Let me have audience for a word, or two.—
I am the ſecond ſon of old ſir Rowland,
That bring theſe tidings to this fair aſſembly:—
Duke Frederick[7], hearing how that every day
Men of great worth reſorted to this foreſt,
Addreſs'd a mighty power; which were on foot,
In his own conduct, purpoſely to take
His brother here, and put him to the ſword:
And to the ſkirts of this wild wood he came;
Where, meeting with an old religious man,

6 *Wedding is* &c.] Catullus, addreſſing himſelf to Hymen, has this ſtanza:

Quæ tuis careat ſacris,
Non queat dare præſides
Terra finibus: at queat
Te volente. Quis huic deo
Compararier auſit? JOHNSON.

7 *Duke Frederick*, &c.] In Lodge's *Novel* the uſurping duke is not diverted from his purpoſe by the pious counſels of a hermit, but is ſubdued and killed by the twelve peers of France, who were brought by the third brother of *Roſader* (the *Orlando* of this play) to aſſiſt him in the recovery of his right. STEEVENS.

After ſome queſtion with him, was converted
Both from his enterprize, and from the world:
His crown bequeathing to his baniſh'd brother,
And all their lands reſtor'd to them again *
That were with him exil'd: This to be true,
I do engage my life.

Duke S. Welcome, young man;
Thou offer'ſt fairly to thy brother's wedding:
To one, his lands with-held; and to the other,
A land itſelf at large, a potent dukedom.
Firſt, in this foreſt, let us do thoſe ends
That here were well begun, and well begot:
And after, every of this happy number,
That have endur'd ſhrewd days and nights with us,
Shall ſhare the good of our returned fortune,
According to the meaſure of their ſtates.
Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity,
And fall into our ruſtick revelry:—
Play, muſick;—and you brides and bridegrooms all,
With meaſure heap'd in joy, to the meaſures fall.

Jaq. Sir, by your patience:—If I heard you rightly,
The duke hath put on a religious life,
And thrown into neglect the pompous court?

Jaq. de B. He hath.

Jaq. To him will I: out of theſe convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.—
You to your former honour I bequeath; [*to* Duke S.
Your patience, and your virtue, well deſerves it:—
You [*to* Orl.] to a love, that your true faith doth merit:—
You [*to* Oli.] to your land, and love, and great allies:—
You [*to* Syl.] to a long and well deſerved bed;—
And you [*to* Touch.] to wrangling; for thy loving voyage
Is but for two months victual'd:—So to your pleaſures;
I am for other than for dancing meaſures.

Duke S. Stay, Jaques, ſtay.

* — *to* them *again*] Old Copy—to *him*—. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

Jaq.

Jaq. To see no pastime, I:—what you would have
I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave [8]. [*Exit.*

Duke S. Proceed, proceed: we will begin these rites,
As we do trust they'll end, in true delights. [*A dance.*

EPILOGUE.

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue: but it is no more unhandsome, than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true, that *good wine needs no bush* [9], 'tis true, that a good play needs no epilogue: Yet to good wine they do use good bushes; and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in then [1], that am neither a good epilogue, nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play? I

[8] *To see no pastime, I:—what you would have,*
I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave.] Amidst this general festivity, the reader may be sorry to take his leave of Jaques, who appears to have no share in it, and remains behind unreconciled to society. He has, however, filled with a gloomy sensibility the space allotted to him in the play, and to the last preserves that respect which is due to him as a consistent character, and an amiable though solitary moralist.

It may be observed, with scarce less concern, that Shakspeare has on this occasion forgot old Adam, the servant of Orlando, whose fidelity should have entitled him to notice at the end of the piece, as well as to that happiness which he should naturally have found, in the return of fortune to his master. STEEVENS.

It is the more remarkable, that old Adam it forgotten; since at the end of the novel, Lodge makes him *captaine of the king's guard*. FARMER.

[9] — *no bush*,] It appears formerly to have been the custom to hang a *tuft of ivy* at the door of a vintner. I suppose *ivy* was rather chosen than any other plant, as it has relation to *Bacchus*. STEEVENS.

[1] *What a case am I in then*, &c.] Here seems to be a chasm, or some other depravation, which destroys the sentiment here intended. The reasoning probably stood thus: *Good wine needs no bush, good plays need no epilogue*, but bad wine requires a good bush, and a bad play a good epilogue. *What case am I in then?* To restore the words is impossible; all that can be done without copies, is to note the fault. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson mistakes the meaning of this passage. Rosalind says, that good plays need no epilogue; yet even good plays do prove the better for a good one. What a case then was she in, who had neither presented them with a good play, nor had a good epilogue to prejudice them in favour of a bad one? MASON.

am

am not furnish'd like a beggar[2], therefore to beg will not become me: my way is, to conjure you; and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as pleases you; and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women, (as I perceive by your simpering, none of you hate them,) that, between you and the women, the play may please[3]. If

2 —*furnish'd like a beggar,*] That is, *dressed:* so before,—"he was *furnished* like a hunsman." JOHNSON.

3 *I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as pleases* you: *and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women,—that between you and the women,* &c.] This passage should be read thus, *I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as pleases* them; *and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women,*—to like as much as pleases them, *that between you and the women,* &c. Without the alteration of *you* into *them* the invocation is nonsense; and without the addition of the words, *to like as much as pleases them,* the inference of, *that between you and the women the play may pass,* would be unsupported by any precedent premises. The words seem to have been struck out by some senseless player, as a vicious redundancy. WARBURTON.

The words "you" and "ym" written as was the custom in that time, were in manuscript scarcely distinguishable. The emendation is very judicious and probable. JOHNSON.

Mr. Heath observes, that if Dr. Warburton's interpolation be admitted ["to like as much &c."] "the men are to like only just as much as pleased the women, and the women only just as much as pleased the men; neither are to like any thing from their own taste: and if both of them disliked the whole, they would each of them equally fulfil what the poet desires of them.—But Shakspeare did not write so nonsensically; he desires the women to like as much as pleased the men, and the men to *set the ladies a good example*; which exhortation to the men is evidently enough implied in these words, "that between you and the women the play may please."

Mr. Heath, though he objects (I think very properly) to the interpolated sentence, admits by his interpretation the change of—"pleases *you*" to "—pleases *them*;" which has been adopted by the late editors. I by no means think it necessary; nor is Mr. Heath's exposition in my opinion correct. The text is sufficiently clear, without any alteration. Rosalind's address appears to me simply this: "I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to approve of as much of this play as affords you entertainment; and I charge you, O men, for the love

If I were a woman [4], I would kiſs as many of you as had beards that pleas'd me, complexions that liked me [5], and breaths that I defy'd not: and, I am ſure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, or ſweet breaths, will, for my kind offer, when I make curt'ſy, bid me farewell.

[*Exeunt* [6].

love you bear to women, [not to *ſet an example to*, but] to *follow* or *agree in opinion* with the ladies; that between you both the play may be ſucceſsful." The words "to follow, or agree in opinion with, the ladies," are not indeed expreſſed, but plainly implied in thoſe ſubſequent; "that, between you and the women, the play may pleaſe." In the epilogue to *K. Henry V.* the addreſs to the audience proceeds in the ſame order: "All the gentlewomen here have forgiven [i. e. are favourable to] me; if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not *agree with* the gentlewomen, which was never ſeen before in ſuch an aſſembly."

The old copy reads—as *pleaſe* you. The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

4 *If I were a woman,*] Note that in this author's time the parts of women were always performed by men or boys. HANMER.

5 — *that* liked me,] i. e. that I liked. MALONE.

6 Of this play the fable is wild and pleaſing. I know not how the ladies will approve the facility with which Roſalind and Celia give away their hearts. To Celia much may be forgiven for the heroiſm of her friendſhip. The character of Jaques is natural and well preſerved. The comick dialogue is very ſprightly, with leſs mixture of low buffoonery than in ſome other plays; and the graver part is elegant and harmonious. By haſtening to the end of this work, Shakſpeare ſuppreſſed the dialogue between the uſurper and the hermit, and loſt an opportunity of exhibiting a moral leſſon in which he might have found matter worthy of his higheſt powers. JOHNSON.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Perſons Repreſented.

A Lord.
Chriſtopher Sly, *a drunken tinker.*
Hoſteſs, Page, Players, Huntſmen, and other ſervants attending on the Lord.
} *Perſons in the Induction.*

Baptiſta, *a rich gentleman of* Padua.
Vincentio, *an old gentleman of* Piſa.
Lucentio, *ſon to* Vincentio, *in love with* Bianca.
Petruchio, *a gentleman of* Verona, *a ſuitor to* Catharina.
Gremio, Hortenſio, } *Suitors to* Bianca.
Tranio, Biondello, } *Servants to* Lucentio.
Grumio, Curtis, } *Servants to* Petruchio.
Pedant, *an old fellow ſet up to perſonate* Vincentio.

Catharina, *the Shrew*; Bianca, *her Siſter.* } *Daughters to* Baptiſta.
Widow.

Tailor, Haberdaſher, and Servants attending on Baptiſta, *and* Petruchio.

SCENE, ſometimes in Padua; *and ſometimes in* Petruchio's *Houſe in the Country.*

Characters in the Induction

to the Original Play of *The Taming of a Shrew*, entered on the Stationers' books in 1594, and printed in quarto in 1607.

A Lord, &c.
Sly.
A Tapſter.
Page, Players, Huntſmen, &c.

Perſons Repreſented.

Alphonſus, *a Merchant of* Athens.
Jerobel, *Duke of* Ceſtus.
Aurelius, *his Son*,
Ferando,
Polidor,
} *Suitors to the Daughters of* Alphonſus.
Valeria, *Servant to* Aurelius.
Sander, *Servant to* Ferando.
Phylotus, *a Merchant who perſonates the* Duke.

Kate,
Emelia,
Phylema,
} *Daughters to* Alphonſus.

Tailor, Haberdaſher, and Servants to Ferando *and* Alphonſus.

SCENE, Athens; *and ſometimes* Ferando's *Country Houſe.*

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW[1].

INDUCTION.

SCENE I.

Before an Alehouſe on a Heath.

Enter HOSTESS *and* SLY.

Sly. I'll pheeſe you[2], in faith.

Hoſt. A pair of ſtocks, you rogue!

Sly.

[1] I once thought the title of this play might have been taken from an old ſtory, entitled, *The Wyf lapped in Morells ſkin, or The Taming of a Shrew*; but I have ſince diſcovered among the entries in the books of the Stationers' Company the following: "Peter Shorte] May 2, 1594, a pleaſaunt conceyted hyſtorie called, *The Tayminge of a Shrowe.*" It is likewiſe entered to Nich. Ling, Jan. 22, 1606; and to John Smythwicke, Nov. 19, 1607.

It was no uncommon practice among the authors of the age of Shakſpeare, to avail themſelves of the titles of ancient performances. Thus, as Mr. Warton has obſerved, Spenſer ſent out his *Paſtorals* under the title of the *Shepherd's Kalendar*, a work which had been printed by Wynkyn de Worde, and reprinted about twenty years before theſe poems of Spenſer appeared, viz. 1559.

Dr. Percy, in the firſt volume of his *Reliques of Ancient Engliſh Poetry*, is of opinion, that *The frolickſome Duke, or the Tinker's Good Fortune*, an ancient ballad in the Pepys' *Collection*, might have ſuggeſted to Shakſpeare the Induction for this comedy.

Chance, however, has at laſt furniſhed me with the original to which Shakſpeare was indebted for his fable. The reader who is deſirous to examine this piece may find it among *Six old Plays on which Shakſpeare founded*, &c. publiſhed by S. Leacroft, at Charing Croſs, as a ſupplement to our commentaries on Shakſpeare.

Beaumont and Fletcher wrote what may be called a ſequel to this comedy, viz. *The Woman's Prize, or the Tamer Tamed*; in which Petruchio is ſubdued by a ſecond wife. STEEVENS.

Our author's *Taming of the Shrew* was written, I imagine, in 1594. See *An Attempt to aſcertain the order of Shakſpeare's plays*, Vol. I.

The circumſtance on which the Induction to the anonymous play, as well that as to the preſent comedy, is founded, is related (as Langbaine

 has

Sly. Y'are a baggage; the Slies are no rogues[3]: Look in the chronicles; we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore,

has obſerved) by Heuterus, *Rerum Burgund.* lib. iv. The earlieſt Engliſh original of this ſtory in proſe that I have met with, is the following, which is found in Goulart's ADMIRABLE AND MEMORABLE HISTORIES, tranſlated by E. Grimſtone, quarto 1607; but this tale (which Goulart tranſlated from Heuterus) had undoubtedly appeared in Engliſh, in ſome other ſhape, before 1594:

"PHILIP called the good Duke of *Bourgondy*, in the memory of our anceſtors, being at Bruxelles with his Court, and walking one night after ſupper through the ſtreets, accompanied with ſome of his favorits, he found lying upon the ſtones a certaine artiſan that was very dronke, and that ſlept ſoundly. It pleaſed the prince in this artiſan to make trial of the vanity of our life, whereof he had before diſcourſed with his familiar friends. He therefore cauſed this ſleeper to be taken up, and carried into his palace: he commands him to be layed in one of the richeſt beds; a riche night-cap to be given him; his foule ſhirt to be taken off, and to have another put on him of fine Holland. When as this dronkard had diſgeſted his wine, and began to awake, behold there comes about his bed Pages and Groomes of the Dukes chamber, who drawe the curteines, make many courteſies, and, being bare-headed, aſke him if it pleaſe him to riſe, and what apparell it would pleaſe him to put on that day.—They bring him rich apparell. This new *Monſieur* amazed at ſuch courteſie, and doubting whether he dreampt or waked, ſuffered himſelfe to be dreſt, and led out of the chamber. There came noblemen which ſaluted him with all honour, and conduct him to the Maſſe, where with great ceremonie they give him the booke of the Goſpell, and the Pixe to kiſſe, as they did uſually to the Duke. From the Maſſe they bring him backe unto the pallace; he waſhes his hands, and ſittes downe at the table well furniſhed. After dinner, the great Chamberlaine commands cards to be brought with a great ſumme of money. This Duke in imagination playes with the chiefe of the court. Then they carry him to walke in the gardein, and to hunt the hare, and to hawke. They bring him back unto the pallace, where he ſups in ſtate. Candles being light, the muſitions begin to play; and, the tables taken away, the gentlemen and gentlewomen fell to dancing. *Then they played a pleaſant Comedie*, after which followed a Banket, whereat they had preſently ſtore of Ipocras and pretious wine, with all ſorts of confitures, to this prince of the new impreſſion; ſo as he was dronke, and fell ſoundlie aſleepe. Hereupon the Duke commanded that he ſhould be diſrobed of all his riche attire. He was put into his old ragges, and carried into the ſame place where he had beene found the night before; where he ſpent that night. Being awake in the morning, he beganne to remember what had happened before;—he knewe not whether it were true in

Therefore, *paucas pallabris*[4]; let the world slide[5]: *Seſſa!*

Hoſt.

deede, or a dream that had troubled his braine. But in the end, after many diſcourſes, he concludes that all was but a dreame that had happened unto him; and ſo entertained his wife, his children, and his neighbours, without any other apprehenſion." MALONE.

Among the books of my friend the late Mr. William Collins of Chicheſter, now diſperſed, was a collection of ſhort comick ſtories in proſe, printed in the black letter under the year 1570, "ſett forth by maiſter Richard Edwards, mayſter of her Majeſties revels." Among theſe tales was that of the INDUCTION OF THE TINKER in Shakſpeare's *Taming of the Shrew*; and perhaps Edwards's Story-book was the immediate ſource from which Shakſpeare, or rather the author of the old *Taming of a Shrew*, drew that diverting apologue. If I recollect right the circumſtances almoſt exactly tallied with an incident which Heuterus relates from an epiſtle of Ludovicus Vives to have actually happened at the marriage of Duke Philip the Good of Burgundy, about the year 1440. That perſpicuous annaliſt, who flouriſhed about the year 1580, ſays, this ſtory was told to Vives by an old officer of the Duke's court. T. WARTON.

2 *I'll* pheeſe *you,*] To *pheeze* or *feaſe*, is to ſeparate a twiſt into ſingle threads. In the figurative ſenſe it may well enough be taken, like *teaze* or *toze*, for to *harraſs*, to *plague*. Perhaps *I'll pheeze you*, may be equivalent to *I'll comb your head*, a phraſe vulgarly uſed by perſons of Sly's character on like occaſions. JOHNSON.

Shakſpeare repeats his uſe of the word in *Troilus and Creſſida*, where Ajax ſays he will *pheeſe* the pride of Achilles; and Lovewit in the *Alchemiſt* employs it in the ſame ſenſe. STEEVENS.

To *pheeze* a man, is to beat him; to give him a *pheeze*, is, to give him a knock. In the *Chances* Antonio ſays of Don John, "I felt him in my ſmall guts; I am ſure he has *feaz'd* me." MASON.

3 —*no rogues:*] That is, *vagrants*; no mean fellows, but gentlemen. JOHNSON.

One *William Sly* was a performer in the plays of Shakſpeare, as appears from the liſt of comedians prefixed to the folio, 1623. This *Sly* is likewiſe mentioned in Heywood's *Actor's Vindication*. He was alſo among thoſe to whom James I. granted a licence to act at the *Globe* theatre in 1603. STEEVENS.

4 —paucas pallabris;] Sly, as an ignorant fellow, is purpoſely made to aim at languages out of his knowledge, and knock the words out of joint. The Spaniards ſay, *pocas palabras*, i. e. few words: as they do likewiſe, *Ceſſa*, i. e. be quiet. THEOBALD.

This is a burleſque on *The Spaniſh Tragedy, or Hieronymo is mad again*: "*What new device have they deviſed now?* Pocas pallabras." In the comedy of the *Roaring Girl*, 1611, a cut-purſe makes

Host. You will not pay for the glaſſes you have burſt[6]?

Sly. No, not a denier: Go by, S. Jeronimy;—Go to thy cold bed, and warm thee[7].

Host. I know my remedy, I muſt go fetch the third-borough[8]. [*Exit.*

Sly.

uſe of the ſame words. Again they appear in *the Wiſe Woman of Hogſden*, 1638, and in ſome others, but are always appropriated to the loweſt characters. STEEVENS.

5 — *let the world ſlide*:] This expreſſion is proverbial. It is uſed in B. and Fletcher's *Wit without Money*:

" ——— will you go drink,

" And *let the world ſlide*, uncle?" STEEVENS.

6 — *you have* burſt?] To *burſt* and to *break* were anciently ſynonymous. Falſtaff ſays—that " John of Gaunt *burſt* Shallow's head for crowding in among the marſhal's men." Again, in *Soliman and Perſeda*:

" God ſave you, ſir, you have *burſt* your ſhin." STEEVENS.

Burſt is ſtill uſed for *broke* in the north of England. REED.

7 *Go by*, S. *Jeronimy*;—*Go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.*] Mr. Theobald is ſurprized at the ſtupidity of former editors, who, he ſays, have coined a ſaint here. But ſurely Sly, who in a preceding ſpeech is made to ſay *Richard* for *William*, *paucas pallabris* for *pocas palabras*, &c. may be allowed here to miſquote a paſſage from the ſame play in which that ſcrap of Spaniſh is found, viz. *the Spaniſh Tragedy*. He afterwards introduces a ſaint in form.—The ſimilitude, however ſlight, between *Jeronimy* and S. Jerome, who in Sly's dialect would be *Jeremy*, may be ſuppoſed the occaſion of the blunder. He does not, I conceive, mean to addreſs the hoſteſs by the name of Jeronimy, as Mr. Theobald ſuppoſed, but merely to quote a line from a popular play. Nym, Piſtol, and many other of Shakſpeare's low characters quote ſcraps of plays with equal infidelity.

There are two paſſages in *The Spaniſh Tragedy* here alluded to. One quoted by Mr. Theobald:

" *Hiero.* Not I: *Hieronymo*, beware; *go by, go by.*"

and this other:

" What outcry calls me from my *naked bed?*"

Sly's making Jeronimy a ſaint is ſurely not more extravagant than his exhorting his hoſteſs to go to her *cold* bed to *warm* herſelf; or declaring that he will go to his cold bed for the ſame purpoſe; for perhaps, like Hieronymo, he here addreſſes himſelf.

In *King Lear*, Edgar when he aſſumes the madman, utters the ſame words that are here put into the mouth of the tinker: " Humph; go to thy cold bed, and warm thee." MALONE.

The firſt part of *the Spaniſh Tragedy* is called *Jeronimo*. The Tinker therefore does not ſay *Jeronimo* as a miſtake for *Hieronimo*. STEEVENS.

8 — *I muſt go fetch the* thirdborough.] The old copy reads—the *headborough*.

Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll anſwer him by law: I'll not budge an inch, boy; let him come, and kindly. [*lies down on the ground, and falls aſleep*[9].

Horns. Enter a Lord *from hunting, with Huntſmen and Servants.*

Lord. Huntſman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds: Brach Merriman[1],—the poor cur is emboſs'd[2],

And

headborough. The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald, and founded on Sly's reply; "*Third*, or fourth, &c." I am not ſure that it is neceſſary; for we learn from a writer of great authority in legal matters, that *headborough* and *thirdborough* were ſynonymous. "Every of theſe borſholders, (ſays Lambard) tithing men, borowheads, *hedborows*, *thirdborowes*, &c. hath two ſeveral offices at this day."—After deſcribing their ancient office, (which was to ſpeak, act, &c. for the other nine men in the tithing,) he adds,—"As touching the latter office that theſe borſholders, *hedborows*, borowheds, *thirdborows*, and chief pledges have, it is in a manner all one with the office of a conſtable of a town or pariſh, which is commonly named a *petty conſtable*, becauſe he is a ſmall conſtable, in reſpect of the conſtable of his hundred within whoſe limit he is." *The Duties of Conſtables, Borſholders, Tythingmen, &c.* by W. Lambard, octavo, 1604. The word *headborough* might therefore immediately bring the other name to Sly's mind, and perhaps ſufficiently accounts for his reply, without any change. However, the emendation having been followed by ſeveral other editors, from a diſtruſt in my own opinion I too have adopted it. MALONE.

[9] —*falls aſleep.*] The ſpurious play already mentioned, begins thus:

"*Enter a Tapſter, beating out of his doores* Slie *drunken.*

"*Tapſ.* You whoreſon drunken ſlave, you had beſt be gone,
"And empty your drunken paunch ſomewhere elſe,
"For in this houſe thou ſhalt not reſt to night. [*Exit* Tapſter.
"*Slie.* Tilly vally; by criſee Tapſter Ile *feſe you* anone:
"Fill's the t'other pot, and all's paid for: looke you,
"I doe drinke it of mine owne inſtigation. *Omne bene.*
"Heere Ile lie awhile: why Tapſter, I ſay,
"Fill's a freſh cuſhen heere:
"Heigh ho, heere's good warme lying. [*He falles aſleepe.*

"*Enter a noble man and his men from hunting.*" STEEVENS.

[1] Brach *Merriman,—the poor cur is emboſs'd,*] I believe, *brach Merriman* means only *Merriman the brach.* So, in the old ſong, "*Cow Crumbocke* is a very good cow." *Brach*, however, appears to have been a particular kind of hound. In an old metrical charter granted by Edward the Confeſſor to the hundred of Cholmer and Dancing, in Eſſex, there are the two following lines:

And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach.
Saw'ſt thou not, boy, how Silver made it good[3]
At the hedge-corner, in the coldeſt fault?
I would not loſe the dog for twenty pound.

1. *Hun.* Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord;
He cried upon it at the mereſt loſs,
And twice to-day pick'd out the dulleſt ſcent:
Truſt me, I take him for the better dog.

Lord. Thou art a fool; if Echo were as fleet,
I would eſteem him worth a dozen ſuch.
But ſup them well, and look unto them all;
To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

1. *Hun.* I will, my lord.

" Four greyhounds and ſix *bratches*,
" For hare, foxe, and wild cattes."

Merriman ſurely could not be deſigned for the name of a female of the canine ſpecies. STEEVENS.

The word is certainly uſed by Chapman in his *Gentleman Uſher*, a comedy, 1606, as ſynonymous to *bitch*: "*Venus*, your *brach* there, runs ſo proud, &c." So alſo our author in *K. Henry IV.* P. I: "I'd rather hear *Lady*, my *brach*, howl in Iriſh." Mr. Tollet was of opinion that the term *brach* was ſometimes applied to males, and that it meant "a hound of eminent quickneſs of ſcent." Mr. Pope underſtood by it a hound in general. The ſtructure of the paſſage before us, and the manner in which the next line is connected with this [*And* couple, &c.] added to the circumſtance of the word *brach* occurring in the end of that line, incline me to think that *Brach* is here a corruption, and that the line before us began with a verb, not a noun. MALONE.

Sir T. Hanmer reads, Leech *Merriman*, that is, *apply ſome remedies* to Merriman, the poor cur has his *joints ſwell'd*. Perhaps we might read, *Bathe* Merriman, which is, I believe, the common practice of huntſmen; but the preſent reading may ſtand:

—— *tender well my hounds:*
Brach—Merriman—— *the poor cur is imboſt.* JOHNSON.

[2] —*the poor cur is* emboſs'd,] A hunting term. When a deer is hard run and foams at the mouth, he is ſaid to be *emboſs'd*. T. WART.

From the Spaniſh, *des embocar*, to caſt out of the mouth.—Dr. Johnſon ſeems to have conſidered it as derived from *boſſe*, Fr. a tumour. We have again the ſame expreſſion in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" —— the boar of Theſſaly
" Was never ſo *emboſs'd*." MALONE.

[3] —*how Silver* made it good] This, I ſuppoſe, is a technical term. It occurs likewiſe in the 23d ſong of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

" What's offer'd by the firſt, the other *good doth make*." STEEVENS.

1. *Lord*

Lord. What's here? one dead, or drunk? See, doth he breathe?

2. *Hun.* He breathes, my lord: Were he not warm'd with ale,
This were a bed but cold to ſleep ſo ſoundly.

Lord. O monſtrous beaſt! how like a ſwine he lies!
Grim death, how foul and loathſome is thine image!—
Sirs, I will practiſe on this drunken man.—
What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,
Wrap'd in ſweet cloaths, rings put upon his fingers,
A moſt delicious banquet by his bed,
And brave attendants near him when he wakes,
Would not the beggar then forget himſelf?

1. *Hun.* Believe me, lord, I think he cannot chooſe.

2. *Hun.* It would ſeem ſtrange unto him when he wak'd.

Lord. Even as a flattering dream, or worthleſs fancy.
Then take him up, and manage well the jeſt:—
Carry him gently to my faireſt chamber,
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures:
Balm his foul head in warm diſtilled waters,
And burn ſweet wood to make the lodging ſweet:
Procure me muſick ready when he wakes,
To make a dulcet and a heavenly ſound;
And if he chance to ſpeak, be ready ſtraight,
And, with a low ſubmiſſive reverence,
Say,—What is it your honour will command?
Let one attend him with a ſilver baſon,
Full of roſe-water, and beſtrew'd with flowers;
Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,
And ſay,—Will't pleaſe your lordſhip cool your hands?
Some one be ready with a coſtly ſuit,
And aſk him what apparel he will wear;
Another tell him of his hounds and horſe,
And that his lady mourns at his diſeaſe:
Perſuade him, that he hath been lunatick;
And, when he ſays he is—, ſay, that he dreams[4],

For

4 *And, when he ſays he is—, ſay that he dreams,*] i. e. when he ſays he is ſuch or ſuch a man, as the matter may turn out.
Mr. Steevens would read,
And when he ſays he's *poor*, ſay that he dreams—.

For he is nothing but a mighty lord.
This do, and do it kindly [5], gentle firs;
It will be paſtime paſſing excellent,
If it be huſbanded with modeſty [6].

1. *Hun.* My lord, I warrant you, we'll play our part,
As he ſhall think, by our true diligence,
He is no leſs than what we ſay he is.

Lord. Take him up gently, and to bed with him;
And each one to his office, when he wakes.—

[*Some bear out* SLY. *A trumpet ſounds.*

Sirrah, go ſee what trumpet 'tis that ſounds:—

[*Exit* Servant.

Belike, ſome noble gentleman; that means,
Travelling ſome journey, to repoſe him here.—

Re-enter Servant.

How now? who is it?

Ser. An it pleaſe your honour,
Players that offer ſervice to your lordſhip.

Lord. Bid them come near:—

Enter Players.

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

1. *Play.* We thank your honour.

Lord. Do you intend to ſtay with me to-night?

2. *Play.* So pleaſe your lordſhip to accept our duty [7].

Lord.

I have no doubt that the blank was intended by the author. It is obſervable that the metre of the line is perfect without any ſupplemental word. In the *Tempeſt* a ſimilar blank is found, which Shakſpeare there alſo certainly intended:—"I ſhould know that voice; it ſhould be—; but he is drown'd, and theſe are devils." MALONE.

Perhaps the ſentence is left imperfect, becauſe he did not know by what name to call him. BLACKSTONE.

5 — *do it* kindly,] i. e. naturally. MASON.

6 — *modeſty.*] By *modeſty* is meant *moderation*, without ſuffering our merriment to break into an exceſs. JOHNSON.

7 — *to accept our duty.*] It was in thoſe times the cuſtom of players to travel in companies, and offer their ſervice at great houſes. JOHNSON.

In the fifth *Earl of Northumberland's Houſhold Book*, (with a copy of which I was honoured by the late dutcheſs,) the following article occurs. The book was begun in the year 1512:

"Rewards to Playars.

"Item, to be payd to the ſaid Richard Gowge and Thomas Percy for rewards

Lord. With all my heart.—This fellow I remember,
Since once he play'd a farmer's eldeſt ſon ;—
'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman ſo well :
I have forgot your name ; but, ſure, that part
Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.

1. *Play.* I think [8], 'twas Soto that your honour means.

Lord. 'Tis very true ;—thou didſt it excellent.—
Well, you are come to me in happy time ;
The rather for I have ſome ſport in hand,
Wherein your cunning can aſſiſt me much.
There is a lord will hear you play to-night :
But I am doubtful of your modeſties ;
Leſt, over-eying of his odd behaviour,
(For yet his honour never heard a play,)
You break into ſome merry paſſion,
And ſo offend him ; for I tell you, ſirs,
If you ſhould ſmile, he grows impatient.

1. *Play.* Fear not, my lord ; we can contain ourſelves,
Were he the verieſt antick in the world.

Lord. Go, ſirrah, take them to the buttery *,

And

rewards to players for playes playd in Chryſtinmas by ſtranegers in my houſe after xxd. every play by eſtimacion somme xxxiij s. iiij d. Which ys apoynted to be payd to the ſaid Richard Gowge and Thomas Percy at the ſaid Chriſtynmas in full contentacion of the ſaid rewardys xxxiij s. iiij d." STEEVENS.

[8] 1. Play. *I think*, &c.] To this ſpeech *Sinklo* is inadvertently prefixed in the old copy. *Sinklo* or Sinkler was an actor in the ſame company with Shakſpeare, &c.—He is introduced together with Burbage, Condell, Lowin, &c. in the Induction to Marſton's *Malcontent*, 1604, and was alſo a performer in the entertainment entitled *The Seven Deadlie Sinns*. Mr. Tyrwhitt ſome years ago pointed out the error. MALONE.

There can be no doubt that *Sinklo* was the name of one of the players, which has crept in both here and in the Third Part of *Henry VI.* inſtead of the name of the perſon repreſented.—Again at the concluſion of the Second Part of *King Henry IV.* "Enter *Sinklo* and three or four officers." See the quarto, 1600. TYRWHITT.

* — *take them to the buttery*,] Mr. Pope had probably theſe words in his thoughts, when he wrote the following paſſage of his preface : "— the top of the profeſſion were then mere players, not gentlemen of the ſtage ; they were led into the *buttery* by the ſteward, not placed at the lord's

And give them friendly welcome every one;
Let them want nothing that my house affords.—
[*Exeunt* Servant *and* Players.
Sirrah, go you to Bartholomew my page, [*to a* Servant.
And see him dress'd in all suits like a lady:
That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber,
And call him—madam, do him obeisance.
Tell him from me, (as he will win my love,)
He bear himself with honourable action,
Such as he hath observ'd in noble ladies
Unto their lords, by them accomplished:
Such duty to the drunkard let him do,
With soft low tongue [9], and lowly courtesy;
And say,—What is't your honour will command,
Wherein your lady, and your humble wife,
May shew her duty, and make known her love?
And then—with kind embracements, tempting kisses,
And with declining head into his bosom,—
Bid him shed tears, as being over-joy'd
To see her noble lord restor'd to health,
Who for this seven years hath esteemed him [1]
No better than a poor and loathsome beggar:
And if the boy have not a woman's gift,

lord's table, on the lady's toilette." But he seems not to have observed, that the players here introduced are *strollers*; and there is no reason to suppose that our author, Heminge, Burbage, Condell, &c. who were licensed by King James, were treated in this manner. MALONE.

9 *With* soft low *tongue*—] So, in *King Lear*:

" ——— Her voice was ever *soft*,
" Gentle and *low*; an excellent thing in woman." MALONE.

1 *Who for this seven years hath esteemed him*] " That the poet (says Mr. Theobald) designed, the tinker's supposed lunacy should be of fourteen years standing at least, is evident from two parallel passages in the play to that purpose." He therefore reads—for *twice* seven years. But in both those passages the term mentioned is *fifteen*, not *fourteen*, years. The servants (p. 255.) may well be supposed to forget the precise period dictated to them by their master, or, as is the custom of such persons, to aggravate what they have heard. There is therefore, in my opinion, no need of change. MALONE.

Our author rarely reckons time with any great correctness. Both *Falstaff* and *Orlando* forget the true hour of their appointments. STEEV.

To

To rain a ſhower of commanded tears,
An onion[2] will do well for ſuch a ſhift;
Which in a napkin being cloſe convey'd,
Shall in deſpight enforce a watry eye.
See this diſpatch'd with all the haſte thou canſt;
Anon I'll give thee more inſtructions.— [*Exit* Servant.
I know, the boy will well uſurp the grace,
Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman:
I long to hear him call the drunkard, huſband;
And how my men will ſtay themſelves from laughter,
When they do homage to this ſimple peaſant.
I'll in to counſel them: haply, my preſence
May well abate the over-merry ſpleen,
Which otherwiſe would grow into extremes. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Bedchamber in the Lord's Houſe[3].

SLY *is diſcovered*[4] *in a rich night gown, with attendants; ſome with apparel, others with baſon, ewer, and other appurtenances. Enter* Lord, *dreſs'd like a Servant.*

Sly. For God's ſake, a pot of ſmall ale[5].

1. *Ser.*

[2] *An* onion—] It is not unlikely that the *onion* was an expedient uſed by the actors of interludes. JOHNSON.

So, in *Anthony and Cleopatra*: "*The tears live in an* onion *that ſhould water this ſorrow.*" STEEVENS.

[3] *A Bedchamber*, &c.] From the original ſtage-direction in the firſt folio it appears that Sly and the other perſons mentioned in the Induction, were intended to be exhibited here, and during the repreſentation of the comedy, in a balcony above the ſtage. The direction here is: "*Enter* aloft the *drunkard with attendants*, &c." So afterwards at the end of this ſcene—"*The Preſenters* above *ſpeak.*" See The Account of our old theatres, Vol. I. MALONE.

[4] *Sly* is diſcovered, &c.] Thus in the original play: "Enter two with a table and banquet on it, and two other with *Slie* aſleepe in a chaire, richlie apparelled, and the muſick plaieng."

"*One.* So, ſirha, now go call my lord;
"And tell him all things are ready as he will'd it.
"*Another.* Set thou ſome wine upon the boord,
"And then Ile go fetch my lord preſently. *Exit.*
"*Enter*

1. *Serv.* Will't pleaſe your lordſhip drink a cup of ſack?

2. *Serv.* Will't pleaſe your honour taſte of theſe conſerves?

3. *Serv.* What raiment will your honour wear to-day?

Sly. I am Chriſtophero Sly; call not me—honour, nor lordſhip: I ne'er drank ſack in my life; and if you give me any conſerves, give me conſerves of beef: Ne'er aſk me what raiment I'll wear; for I have no more doublets than backs, no more ſtockings than legs, nor no more ſhoes than feet; nay, ſometimes, more feet than ſhoes, or ſuch ſhoes as my toes look through the overleather.

Lord. Heaven ceaſe this idle humour in your honour!
O, that a mighty man, of ſuch deſcent,
Of ſuch poſſeſſions, and ſo high eſteem,
Should be infuſed with ſo foul a ſpirit!

Sly. What, would you make me mad? Am not I Chri-

" *Enter the Lord and his men.*
" *Lord.* How now, what is all things readie?
" *One.* Yea, my lord.
" *Lord.* Then ſound the muſick, and Ile wake him ſtrait,
" And ſee you do as earſt I gave in charge.
" My lord, my lord, (he ſleepes ſoundly) my lord.
" *Slie.* Tapſter, give's a little ſmall ale: heigh ho.
" *Lord.* Here's wine, my lord, the pureſt of the grape.
" *Slie.* For which lord?
" *Lord.* For your honor, my lord.
" *Slie.* Who I, am I a lord?—What fine apparell have I got!
" *Lord.* More richer far your honour hath to weare,
" And if it pleaſe you I will fetch them ſtraight.
" *Wil.* And if your honour pleaſe to ride abroad,
" Ile fetch your luſtie ſteedes more ſwift of pace
" Then winged Pegaſus in all his pride,
" That ran ſo ſwiftlie over Perſian plaines.
" *Tom.* And if your honour pleaſe to hunt the deere,
" Your hounds ſtand readie coupled at the doore,
" Who in running will oretake the row,
" And make the long-breathde tygre broken-winded." STEEVENS.

s —*ſmall ale.*] This beverage is mentioned in the accounts of the Stationers' Company, in the year 1558:—" For a ſtande of *ſmall ale*—." I ſuppoſe it was what we now call *ſmall beer*, no mention of that liquor being made on the ſame books, though " duble bere, and duble duble ale," are frequently recorded. STEEVENS.

ſtopher

ſtopher Sly, old Sly's ſon of Burton-heath; by birth a pedler, by education a card-maker, by tranſmutation a bear-herd, and now by preſent profeſſion a tinker? Aſk Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot[6], if ſhe know me not: if ſhe ſay I am not fourteen pence on the ſcore for ſheer ale, ſcore me up for the lying'ſt knave in Chriſtendom. What, I am not beſtraught[7]: Here's—

3. *Ser.* O, this it is that makes your lady mourn.

2. *Ser.* O, this it is that makes your ſervants droop.

Lord. Hence comes it that your kindred ſhun your houſe,
As beaten hence by your ſtrange lunacy.
O, noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth;
Call home thy ancient thoughts from baniſhment,
And baniſh hence theſe abject lowly dreams:
Look, how thy ſervants do attend on thee,
Each in his office ready at thy beck.
Wilt thou have muſick? hark! Apollo plays, [*Muſick.*
And twenty caged nightingales do ſing:
Or wilt thou ſleep? we'll have thee to a couch,
Softer and ſweeter than the luſtful bed

[6] — *of Burton-heath—Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot,*] I ſuſpect we ſhould read—*Barton-heath. Barton* and *Woodmancot*, or, as it is vulgarly pronounced, *Woncot*, are both of them in Gloſterſhire, near the reſidence of Shakſpeare's old enemy, Juſtice Shallow. Very probably too, this fat ale-wife might be a real character. STEEVENS.

Wilnecotte is a village in Warwickſhire, with which Shakſpeare was well acquainted, near Stratford. The houſe kept by our genial hoſteſs, ſtill remains, but is at preſent a mill. The meaneſt hovel to which Shakſpeare has an alluſion, intereſts curioſity, and acquires an importance: at leaſt, it becomes the object of a poetical antiquarian's inquiries. T. WARTON.

There is likewiſe a village in Warwickſhire called *Burton* Haſtings. Among Sir A. Cockayn's poems (as Dr. Farmer and Mr. Steevens have obſerved) there is an epigram on Sly and his ale, addreſſed to Mr. Clement Fiſher of *Wincot*. MALONE.

[7] — *I am not* beſtraught:] *Beſtraught* ſeems to have been ſynonymous to *diſtraught*, or diſtracted. See Minſheu's DICT. 1617: "*Beſtract*, a Lat. diſtractus mente. Vi. *Mad* and Bedlam." MALONE.

There is no verb extant from which the participle *beſtraught* can be formed. In *Albion's England*, however by Warner, 1602, and in Lord Surrey's Tranſlation of the 4th book of Virgil's *Æneid*, I meet with the word as ſpelt by Shakſpeare. STEEVENS.

On

On purpoſe trimm'd up for Semiramis.
Say, thou wilt walk; we will beſtrew the ground:
Or wilt thou ride? thy horſes ſhall be trapp'd,
Their harneſs ſtudded all with gold and pearl.
Doſt thou love hawking? thou haſt hawks, will ſoar
Above the morning lark: Or wilt thou hunt?
Thy hounds ſhall make the welkin anſwer them,
And fetch ſhrill echoes from the hollow earth.

1. *Ser.* Say, thou wilt courſe; thy greyhounds are as ſwift
As breathed ſtags, ay, fleeter than the roe.

2. *Ser.* Doſt thou love pictures? we will fetch thee ſtraight
Adonis, painted by a running brook;
And Cytherea all in ſedges hid;
Which ſeem to move and wanton with her breath,
Even as the waving ſedges play with wind.

Lord. We'll ſhew thee Io, as ſhe was a maid;
And how ſhe was beguiled and ſurpris'd,
As lively painted as the deed was done.

3. *Ser.* Or Daphne, roaming through a thorny wood;
Scratching her legs, that one ſhall ſwear ſhe bleeds:
And at that ſight ſhall ſad Apollo weep,
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

Lord. Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord:
Thou haſt a lady far more beautiful
Than any woman in this waining age.

1. *Ser.* And, till the tears, that ſhe hath ſhed for thee,
Like envious floods, o'er-ran her lovely face,
She was the faireſt creature in the world;
And yet ſhe is inferior to none.

Sly. Am I a lord? and have I ſuch a lady?
Or do I dream? or have I dream'd till now?
I do not ſleep: I ſee, I hear, I ſpeak;
I ſmell ſweet ſavours, and I feel ſoft things:—
Upon my life, I am a lord, indeed;
And not a tinker, nor Chriſtopher Sly.—
Well, bring our lady hither to our ſight;
And once again, a pot o' the ſmalleſt ale.

2. *Ser.*

2. *Ser.* Will't pleaſe your mightineſs to waſh your hands?
[Servants *preſent an ewer, baſon, and napkin.*
O, how we joy to ſee your wit reſtor'd!
O, that once more you knew but what you are!
Theſe fifteen years you have been in a dream;
Or, when you wak'd, ſo wak'd as if you ſlept.

Sly. Theſe fifteen years! by my fay, a goodly nap.
But did I never ſpeak of all that time?

1. *Ser.* O, yes, my lord; but very idle words:—
For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you ſay, ye were beaten out of door;
And rail upon the hoſteſs of the houſe;
And ſay, you would preſent her at the leet[8],
Becauſe ſhe brought ſtone-jugs, and no ſeal'd quarts:—
Sometimes, you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

Sly. Ay, the woman's maid of the houſe.

3. *Ser.* Why, ſir, you know no houſe, nor no ſuch maid;
Nor no ſuch men, as you have reckon'd up,—
As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece[9],
And Peter Turf, and Henry Pimpernell;

[8] — *leet,*] At the *Court-leet*, or courts of the manor. JOHNSON.

[9] — *John Naps of* Greece,] A *hart of Greece* was a *fat hart. Graiſſe*, Fr. So, in the old ballad of *Adam Bell*, &c.

" Eche of them ſlew a hart of *graece.*"

Again, in *Ives's Select Papers*, at the coronation feaſt of Elizabeth of York, queen of king Henry VII. among other diſhes were " capons *of High Greece.*"

Perhaps this expreſſion was uſed to imply that *John Naps* (who might have been a real character) was *a fat man:* or as Poins calls the aſſociates of Falſtaff *Trojans*, John Naps might be called a *Grecian* for ſuch another reaſon. STEEVENS.

For *old John Naps* of Greece, read—*old John Naps* o' the Green. BLACKSTONE.

The addition ſeems to have been a common one. So, in our author's *K. Henry IV.* P. II: " Who is next?—Peter Bullcalf *of the Green.*" In *the London Chanticleers*, a comedy, 1659, a ballad entitled " George *o' the Green*" is mentioned. Again, in our author's *K. Henry IV.* P. II: " I beſeech you, ſir, to countenance William Viſor of Woncot, againſt Clement Perkes *o' the hill.*"—The emendation propoſed by Sir W. Blackſtone was alſo ſuggeſted in Theobald's edition, and adopted by Sir T. Hanmer. MALONE.

And

And twenty more ſuch names and men as theſe,
Which never were, nor no man ever ſaw.

Sly. Now, Lord be thanked for my good amends!

All. Amen.

Sly. I thank thee; thou ſhalt not loſe by it.

Enter Page, *as a lady, with attendants*[1].

Page. How fares my noble lord?

Sly. Marry, I fare well; for here is cheer enough. Where is my wife?

Page. Here, noble lord; What is thy will with her?

Sly. Are you my wife, and will not call me—huſband? My men ſhould call me—lord; I am your good-man.

Page. My huſband and my lord, my lord and huſband; I am your wife in all obedience.

Sly. I know it well:—What muſt I call her?

Lord. Madam.

Sly. Al'ce madam, or Joan madam?

Lord. Madam, and nothing elſe; ſo lords call ladies.

Sly. Madam wife, they ſay, that I have dream'd, And ſlept above ſome fifteen year or more.

Page. Ay, and the time ſeems thirty unto me; Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

Sly. 'Tis much;—Servants, leave me and her alone.— Madam, undreſs you, and come now to bed.

Page. Thrice noble lord, let me entreat of you, To pardon me yet for a night or two; Or, if not ſo, until the ſun be ſet: For your phyſicians have expreſsly charg'd, In peril to incur your former malady, That I ſhould yet abſent me from your bed: I hope, this reaſon ſtands for my excuſe.

Sly. Ay, it ſtands ſo, that I may hardly tarry ſo long. But I would be loth to fall into my dreams again; I will therefore tarry, in deſpight of the fleſh and the blood.

[1] *Enter* Page, *&c.*] Here, as in the preceding part of this *Induction*, Shakſpeare has purſued the track marked out by the author of the old *Taming of a Shrew*; always, however, improving greatly on his original. MALONE.

Enter

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Your honour's players, hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleaſant comedy,
For ſo your doctors hold it very meet;
Seeing too much ſadneſs hath congeal'd your blood,
And melancholy is the nurſe of frenzy,
Therefore, they thought it good you hear a play,
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thouſand harms, and lengthens life.

Sly. Marry, I will; let them play it: Is not a commonty [2] a Chriſtmas gambol, or a tumbling trick?

Page. No, my good lord; it is more pleaſing ſtuff.

Sly. What, houſhold ſtuff?

Page. It is a kind of hiſtory.

Sly. Well, we'll ſee't: Come, madam wife, ſit by my ſide, and let the world ſlip; we ſhall ne'er be younger.

[*They ſit down.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

Padua. *A public Place.*

Enter LUCENTIO *and* TRANIO.

Luc. Tranio, ſince—for the great deſire I had
To ſee fair Padua, nurſery of arts,—
I am arriv'd for fruitful Lombardy [3],
The pleaſant garden of great Italy;
And, by my father's love and leave, am arm'd
With his good will, and thy good company,
My truſty ſervant, well approv'd in all;
Here let us breathe, and happily inſtitute
A courſe of learning, and ingenious ſtudies [4].

Piſa,

2 *Is not a* commonty—] *Commonty* for comedy. STEEVENS.

3 — *for fruitful* Lombardy,] Padua is a city of Lombardy. STEEV.

4 — ingenious *ſtudies.*] I rather think it was written *ingenuous* ſtudies, but of this and a thouſand ſuch obſervations there is little certainty. JOHNSON.

Pisa, renowned for grave citizens,
Gave me my being, and my father first,
A merchant of great traffick through the world,
Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii[5].
Vincentio's son[6], brought up in Florence,
It shall become, to serve all hopes conceiv'd[7],
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,
Virtue, and that part of philosophy
Will I apply[8], that treats of happiness
By virtue 'specially to be atchiev'd.
Tell me thy mind: for I have Pisa left,
And am to Padua come; as he that leaves
A shallow plash, to plunge him in the deep,
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

Tra. Mi perdonate[9], gentle master mine,
I am in all affected as yourself;

In Cole's Dictionary, 1677, it is remarked—"*ingenuous* and *ingenius* are often confounded." Thus in *The Bird in a Cage*, by Shirley, 1633—"deal *ingeniously*, sweet lady." REED.

5 Vincentio, *come of the Bentivolii.*] The old copy reads—*Vincentio's*—. The emendation was made by Sir T. Hanmer. I am not sure that it is right. Our author might have written

Vincentio's *son*, come of the Bentivolii.

If that be the true reading, this line should be connected with the following, and a colon placed after *world* in the preceding line; as is the case in the original copy, which adds some support to the emendation now proposed:

Vincentio's *son*, come of the Bentivolii,
Vincentio's son, brought up in Florence,
It shall become, &c. MALONE.

6 Vincentio's *son* &c.] *Vincentio's* is here used as a quadrisyllable. Mr. Pope, I suppose, not perceiving this, unnecessarily reads—Vincentio *his* son, which has been too hastily adopted by the subsequent editors. MALONE.

7 —*to* serve *all hopes conceiv'd,*] To fulfill the expectations of his friends. MALONE.

8 *Virtue, and that part of philosophy* &c.] Sir Thomas Hanmer, and after him Dr. Warburton, read—*to* virtue; but formerly *ply* and *apply* were indifferently used, as to *ply* or *apply* his studies. JOHNSON.

9 *Mi perdonate,*] Old Copy—*Me pardonato.* The emendation was suggested by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

Glad

Glad that you thus continue your reſolve,
To ſuck the ſweets of ſweet philoſophy.
Only, good maſter, while we do admire
This virtue, and this moral diſcipline,
Let's be no ſtoicks, nor no ſtocks, I pray;
Or ſo devote to Ariſtotle's checks [1],
As Ovid be an outcaſt quite abjur'd:
Talk logick * with acquaintance that you have,
And practice rhetorick in your common talk;
Muſick and poeſy uſe, to quicken you;
The mathematicks, and the metaphyſicks,
Fall to them, as you find your ſtomach ſerves you:
No profit grows, where is no pleaſure ta'en;—
In brief, ſir, ſtudy what you moſt affect.

Luc. Gramercies, Tranio, well doſt thou adviſe.
If, Biondello, thou wert come aſhore,
We could at once put us in readineſs;
And take a lodging, fit to entertain
Such friends as time in Padua ſhall beget.
But ſtay a while: What company is this?

Tra. Maſter, ſome ſhow, to welcome us to town.

Enter BAPTISTA, CATHARINA, BIANCA, GREMIO, *and* HORTENSIO. LUCENTIO *and* TRANIO *ſtand aſide.*

Bap. Gentlemen, impórtune me no farther,
For how I firmly am reſolv'd you know;
That is,—not to beſtow my youngeſt daughter,
Before I have a huſband for the elder:
If either of you both love Catharina,
Becauſe I know you well, and love you well,
Leave ſhall you have to court her at your pleaſure.

[1] — *Ariſtotle's checks,*] are, I ſuppoſe, the harſh rules of Ariſtotle. STEEVENS.
Such as tend to *check* and reſtrain the indulgence of the paſſions. MALONE.
Tranio is here deſcanting on academical learning, and mentions by name ſix of the ſeven liberal ſciences. I ſuſpect this to be a miſ-print, made by ſome copyiſt or compoſitor, for *ethicks*. The ſenſe confirms it. BLACKSTONE.

* Talk *logick*—] Old Copy—*Balk*—. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

Gre. To cart her rather: She's too rough for me:—
There, there, Hortenſio, will you any wife?
Cath. I pray you, ſir, [*to* BAP.] is it your will
To make a ſtale of me amongſt theſe mates?
Hor. Mates, maid! how mean you that? no mates for you,
Unleſs you were of gentler, milder mould.
Cath. I'faith, ſir, you ſhall never need to fear;
I wis, it is not half way to her heart:
But, if it were, doubt not, her care ſhould be
To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd ſtool,
And paint your face, and uſe you like a fool.
Hor. From all ſuch devils, good Lord, deliver us!
Gre. And me too, good Lord!
Tra. Huſh, maſter! here is ſome good paſtime toward;
That wench is ſtark mad, or wonderful froward.
Luc. But in the other's ſilence do I ſee
Maid's mild behaviour and ſobriety.
Peace, Tranio.
Tra. Well ſaid, maſter; mum! and gaze your fill.
Bap. Gentlemen, that I may ſoon make good
What I have ſaid,—Bianca, get you in:
And let it not diſpleaſe thee, good Bianca;
For I will love thee ne'er the leſs, my girl.
Cath. A pretty peat[2]! 'tis beſt
Put finger in the eye,—an ſhe knew why.
Bian. Siſter, content you in my diſcontent.—
Sir, to your pleaſure humbly I ſubſcribe:
My books and inſtruments ſhall be my company;
On them to look, and practiſe by myſelf.
Luc. Hark, Tranio! thou may'ſt hear Minerva ſpeak.
[*aſide.*
Hor. Signior Baptiſta, will you be ſo ſtrange[3]?

[2] *A pretty* peat!] *Peat* or *pet* is a word of endearment from *petit*, *little*, as if it meant—pretty little thing. JOHNSON.

This word is, I believe, of Scotch extraction. I find it in one of the proverbs of that country, where it ſignifies *darling*. "He has fault of a wife, that marries mam's *pet*." i. e. He is in great want of a wife who marries one that is her mother's darling. STEEVENS.

[3] —*ſo ſtrange?*] That is, ſo odd, ſo different from others in your conduct. JOHNSON.

Sorry

Sorry am I, that our good will effects
Bianca's grief.

Gre. Why, will you mew her up,
Signior Baptiſta, for this fiend of hell,
And make her bear the penance of her tongue?

Bap. Gentlemen, content ye; I am reſolv'd:—
Go in, Bianca. [*Exit* BIANCA.
And for I know, ſhe taketh moſt delight
In muſick, inſtruments, and poetry,
Schoolmaſters will I keep within my houſe,
Fit to inſtruct her youth.—If you, Hortenſio,—
Or ſignior Gremio, you,—know any ſuch,
Prefer them hither; for to cunning men[4]
I will be very kind, and liberal
To mine own children in good bringing-up;
And ſo farewel. Catharina, you may ſtay;
For I have more to commune with Bianca. [*Exit.*

Cath. Why, and, I truſt, I may go too, May I not?
What, ſhall I be appointed hours; as though, belike,
I knew not what to take, and what to leave? Ha! [*Exit.*

Gre. You may go to the devil's dam; your gifts[5] are ſo good, here is none will hold you. Their love is not ſo great[6], Hortenſio, but we may blow our nails together, and faſt it fairly out; our cake's dough on both ſides. Farewel:—Yet, for the love I bear my ſweet Bianca, if I can by any means light on a fit man, to teach her that wherein ſhe delights, I will wiſh him to her father[7].

Hor. So will I, ſignior Gremio: But a word, I pray.

4 — *to* cunning *men*] *Cunning* had not yet loſt its original ſignification of *knowing, learned*, as may be obſerved in the tranſlation of the Bible. JOHNSON.

5 —*your* gifts—] *Gifts* for *endowments*. MALONE.

6 Their *love is not ſo great*,—] Perhaps we ſhould read—*Your* love. In the old manner of writing y^r ſtood for either *their* or *your*. The editor of the third folio and ſome modern editors, with, I think, leſs probability, read *our*. If *their* love be right, it muſt mean—the good will of Baptiſta and Bianca towards us. MALONE.

7 — *I will* wiſh *him to her father*.] i. e. I will *recommend* him. So, in *Much ado about nothing*:

"To *wiſh* him wreſtle with affection." REED.

Though the nature of our quarrel yet never brook'd parle, know now, upon advice, it toucheth us both,—that we may yet again have access to our fair mistress, and be happy rivals in Bianca's love,—to labour and effect one thing 'specially.

Gre. What's that, I pray?

Hor. Marry sir, to get a husband for her sister.

Gre. A husband! a devil.

Hor. I say, a husband.

Gre. I say, a devil: Think'st thou, Hortensio, though her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool to be married to hell?

Hor. Tush, Gremio! though it pass your patience, and mine, to endure her loud alarums, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and money enough.

Gre. I cannot tell: but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition,—to be whipp'd at the high cross every morning.

Hor. 'Faith, as you say, there's small choice in rotten apples. But, come; since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintain'd,—till by helping Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband, we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to't afresh. —Sweet Bianca!—Happy man be his dole[8]! He that runs fastest, gets the ring. How say you, signior Gremio?

Gre. I am agreed: and 'would I had given him the best horse in Padua to begin his wooing, that would thoroughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the house of her. Come on. [*Exeunt* GRE. *and* HOR.

Tra. [*advancing*] I pray, sir, tell me,—Is it possible That love should of a sudden take such hold?

[8] — *Happy man be his* dole!] A proverbial expression. It is used in *Damon and Pithias*, 1582. *Dole* is any thing dealt out or distributed, though its original meaning was the provision given away at the doors of great men's houses. STEEVENS.

In *Cupid's Revenge*, by B. and Fletcher, we meet with a similar expression, which may serve to explain that before us: "Then *happy man* be his *fortune!*" i. e. May his fortune be that of a happy man! MALONE.

Luc.

Luc. O, Tranio, till I found it to be true,
I never thought it poſſible, or likely;
But ſee! while idly I ſtood looking on,
I found the effect of love in idleneſs:
And now in plainneſs do confeſs to thee,—
That art to me as ſecret, and as dear,
As Anna to the queen of Carthage was,—
Tranio, I burn, I pine, I periſh, Tranio,
If I atchieve not this young modeſt girl:
Counſel me, Tranio, for I know thou canſt;
Aſſiſt me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

Tra. Maſter, it is no time to chide you now;
Affection is not rated [9] from the heart:
If love have touch'd you, nought remains but ſo,—
Redime te captum quam queas minimo [1].

Luc. Gramercies, lad; go forward: this contents;
The reſt will comfort, for thy counſel's ſound.

Tra. Maſter, you look'd ſo longly on the maid,
Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

Luc. O yes, I ſaw ſweet beauty in her face,
Such as the daughter of Agenor [2] had,
That made great Jove to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kiſs'd the Cretan ſtrand.

Tra. Saw you no more? mark'd you not, how her ſiſter
Began to ſcold; and raiſe up ſuch a ſtorm,
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?

Luc. Tranio, I ſaw her coral lips to move,
And with her breath ſhe did perfume the air;
Sacred, and ſweet, was all I ſaw in her.

9 — *is not* rated—] is not driven out by chiding. MALONE.

1 *Redime te captum quam queas minimo.*] Our author had this line from *Lilly*, which I mention, that it may not be brought as an argument of his learning. JOHNSON.

Dr. Farmer's pamphlet affords an additional proof that this line was taken from *Lilly*, and not from *Terence*; becauſe it is quoted, as it appears in the *grammarian*, and not as it appears in the *poet*. It may be added, that *captus eſt, habet*, is not in the ſame play which furniſhed the quotation. STEEVENS.

2 — *daughter of Agenor*—] Europa, for whoſe ſake Jupiter transformed himſelf into a bull. STEEVENS.

Tra. Nay, then, 'tis time to ſtir him from his trance.
I pray, awake, ſir; If you love the maid,
Bend thoughts and wits to atchieve her. Thus it ſtands;
Her elder ſiſter is ſo curſt and ſhrewd,
That, till the father rid his hands of her,
Maſter, your love muſt live a maid at home;
And therefore has he cloſely mew'd her up,
Becauſe ſhe ſhall not be annoy'd [3] with ſuitors.

Luc. Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he!
But art thou not adviſ'd, he took ſome care
To get her cunning ſchoolmaſters to inſtruct her?

Tra. Ay, marry, am I, ſir; and now 'tis plotted.

Luc. I have it, Tranio.

Tra. Maſter, for my hand,
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.

Luc. Tell me thine firſt.

Tra. You will be ſchool-maſter,
And undertake the teaching of the maid:
That's your device.

Luc. It is: May it be done?

Tra. Not poſſible; For who ſhall bear your part,
And be in Padua here Vincentio's ſon?
Keep houſe, and ply his book; welcome his friends;
Viſit his countrymen, and banquet them?

Luc. Baſta [4]; content thee; for I have it full.
We have not yet been ſeen in any houſe;
Nor can we be diſtinguiſh'd by our faces,
For man, or maſter: then it follows thus;—
Thou ſhalt be maſter, Tranio, in my ſtead,
Keep houſe, and port [5], and ſervants, as I ſhould:
I will ſome other be; ſome Florentine,
Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Piſa.—
'Tis hatch'd, and ſhall be ſo:—Tranio, at once
Uncaſe thee; take my colour'd hat and cloak:
When Biondello comes, he waits on thee;

[3] —*ſhe* ſhall *not be annoy'd*—] Old Copy—ſhe *will* not. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[4] *Baſta*;] i. e. *'tis enough*; Italian and Spaniſh. STEEVENS.

[5] — port,] *Port*, is figure, ſhow, appearance. JOHNSON.

But

But I will charm him firſt to keep his tongue.
Tra. So had you need. [*They exchange habits.*
In brief, ſir, ſith it your pleaſure is,
And I am ty'd to be obedient;
(For ſo your father charg'd me at our parting;
Be ſerviceable to my ſon, quoth he,
Although, I think, 'twas in another ſenſe,)
I am content to be Lucentio,
Becauſe ſo well I love Lucentio.
Luc. Tranio, be ſo, becauſe Lucentio loves:
And let me be a ſlave, to atchieve that maid
Whoſe ſudden ſight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Here comes the rogue.—Sirrah, where have you been?
Bion. Where have I been? Nay, how now, where are you?
Maſter, has my fellow Tranio ſtol'n your cloaths?
Or you ſtol'n his? or both? pray, what's the news?
Luc. Sirrah, come hither; 'tis no time to jeſt,
And therefore frame your manners to the time.
Your fellow Tranio here, to ſave my life,
Puts my apparel and my countenance on,
And I for my eſcape have put on his;
For in a quarrel, ſince I came aſhore,
I kill'd a man, and fear I was deſcry'd [6]:
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,
While I make way from hence to ſave my life:
You underſtand me?
Bion. Ay, ſir, ne'er a whit.
Luc. And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth;
Tranio is chang'd into Lucentio.
Bion. The better for him; 'Would, I were ſo too!
Tra. So would I [7], 'faith, boy, to have the next wiſh after,—

[6] —*and fear I* was *deſcry'd*:] i. e. I fear I was obſerv'd in the act of killing him. The editor of the third folio reads—I *am* deſcry'd; which has been adopted by the modern editors. MALONE.

[7] *So* would *I*,—] The old copy has—*could*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

That

That Lucentio indeed had Baptiſta's youngeſt daughter.
But, ſirrah,—not for my ſake, but your maſter's,—I adviſe
You uſe your manners diſcreetly in all kind of companies:
When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio;
But in all places elſe, your maſter [8] Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, let's go:—
One thing more reſts, that thyſelf execute;—
To make one among theſe wooers: If thou aſk me why,—
Sufficeth, my reaſons are both good and weighty [9].

[*Exeunt* [1].

1. Ser. *My lord, you nod; you do not mind the play.*

Sly. *Yes, by ſaint Anne, do I. A good matter, ſurely; Comes there any more of it?*

Page. *My lord, 'tis but begun.*

Sly. *'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam lady; Would, 'twere done!*

SCENE II.

The ſame. Before Hortenſio's *Houſe.*

Enter PETRUCHIO *and* GRUMIO.

Pet. Verona, for a while I take my leave,
To ſee my friends in Padua; but, of all,
My beſt beloved and approved friend,
Hortenſio; and, I trow, this is his houſe:—
Here, ſirrah Grumio; knock, I ſay.

8 — *your* maſter—] Old Copy—*you* maſter. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

9 — *good and weighty.*] The diviſion for the ſecond act of this play is neither marked in the folio nor quarto editions. Shakſpeare ſeems to have meant the firſt act to conclude here, where the ſpeeches of the Tinker are introduced; though they have been hitherto thrown to the end of the firſt act, according to a modern and arbitrary regulation. STEEVENS.

1 *Exeunt.*] Here in the old copy we have—"The Preſenters above ſpeake."—meaning Sly, &c. who were placed in a balcony raiſed at the back of the ſtage. After the words—"Would it were done," the marginal direction is—*They ſit and mark.* MALONE.

Gru.

Gru. Knock, sir! whom should I knock? is there any man has rebus'd your worship[2]?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

Gru. Knock you here[3], sir? why, sir, what am I, sir,
That I should knock you here, sir?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me at this gate,
And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate.

Gru. My master is grown quarrelsome:—I should knock you first,
And then I know after who comes by the worst.

Pet. Will it not be?
'Faith, sirrah, an you'll not knock, I'll wring it;
I'll try how you can *sol, fa,* and sing it.

[*He wrings* GRUMIO *by the ears.*

Gru. Help, masters[4], help! my master is mad.

Pet. Now knock when I bid you: sirrah! villain!

Enter HORTENSIO.

Hor. How now? what's the matter?—My old friend Grumio! and my good friend Petruchio!—How do you all at Verona?

Pet. Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray?
Con tutto il core bene trovato, may I say.

Hor. *Alla nostra casa bene venuto,*
Molto honorato signor mio Petruchio.
Rise, Grumio, rise; we will compound this quarrel.

[2] —*has* rebus'd *your worship?*] What is the meaning of *rebus'd?* or is it a false print for *abus'd?* TYRWHITT.

[3] *Knock you here,*—] Grumio's pretensions to wit have a strong resemblance to those of Dromio in the *Comedy of Errors*; and this circumstance makes it the more probable that these two plays were written at no great distance of time from each other. MALONE.

[4] *Help,* masters—] The old copy reads—here; and in several other places in this play *mistress,* instead of *masters.* Corrected by Mr. Theobald. In the Mss. of our author's age *M.* was the common abbreviation of *Master* and *Mistress.* Hence the mistake. See *the Merchant of Venice,* Act V. 1600, and 1623:

"What ho, M. [Master] Lorenzo, and M. [Mistress] Lorenzo."
MALONE.

Gru.

Gru. Nay, 'tis no matter, what he 'leges in Latin[5].—
If this be not a lawful cauſe for me to leave his ſervice,—
Look you, ſir,—he bid me knock him, and rap him ſoundly, ſir: Well, was it fit for a ſervant to uſe his maſter ſo; being, perhaps, (for aught I ſee) two and thirty,
—a pip out[6]?
Whom, would to God, I had well knock'd at firſt,
Then had not Grumio come by the worſt.

Pet. A ſenſeleſs villain!—Good Hortenſio,
I bade the raſcal knock upon your gate,
And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Gru. Knock at the gate?—O heavens!—
Spake you not theſe words plain,—*Sirrah, knock me here, Rap me here, knock me well, and knock me ſoundly?*
And come you now with—knocking at the gate?

Pet. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I adviſe you.

Hor. Petruchio, patience; I am Grumio's pledge:
Why, this is a heavy chance 'twixt him and you;
Your ancient, truſty, pleaſant ſervant Grumio.
And tell me now, ſweet friend,—what happy gale
Blows you to Padua here, from old Verona?

Pet. Such wind as ſcatters young men through the world,
To ſeek their fortunes farther than at home,
Where ſmall experience grows. But, in a few[7],
Signior Hortenſio, thus it ſtands with me:—
Antonio, my father, is deceas'd;
And I have thruſt myſelf into this maze,

5 — *what he* 'leges *in Latin.*] i. e. I ſuppoſe, what he *alleges* in Latin. STEEVENS.

I cannot help ſuſpecting that we ſhould read—"Nay, 'tis no matter what *he leges* in Latin, if this be not a lawful cauſe for me to leave his ſervice. Look you, ſir."—That is, *'Tis no matter what is* law, *if this be not a lawful cauſe*, &c. TYRWHITT.

6 — *a* pip *out?*] The old copy has—*peepe.* Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

7 *But* in a few,] *In a few*, means the ſame as *in ſhort*, *in few* words. JOHNSON.

So, in *K. Henry IV.* Part II:

"In *few*;—his death, whoſe ſpirit lent a fire—." STEEVENS.

Haply

Haply to wive, and thrive, as beſt I may:
Crowns in my purſe I have, and goods at home,
And ſo am come abroad to ſee the world.

Hor. Petruchio, ſhall I then come roundly to thee,
And wiſh thee to a ſhrewd ill-favour'd wife?
Thou'dſt thank me but a little for my counſel:
And yet I'll promiſe thee ſhe ſhall be rich,
And very rich:—but thou'rt too much my friend,
And I'll not wiſh thee to her.

Pet. Signior Hortenſio, 'twixt ſuch friends as we,
Few words ſuffice: and, therefore, if thou know
One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife,
(As wealth is burthen of my wooing dance [8],)
Be ſhe as foul as was Florentius' love [9],

As

8 (*As wealth is* burthen *of my wooing* dance)] The *burthen* of a *dance* is an expreſſion which I have never heard; the *burthen of his wooing ſong* had been more proper. JOHNSON.

9 *Be ſhe as foul as was Florentius' love,*] I ſuppoſe this alludes to the ſtory of a Florentine, which is met with in an old book, called, *A Thouſand Notable Things*, and perhaps in other Collections. "He was raviſhed over-night with the luſtre of jewels, and was mad till the marriage was ſolemnized; but next morning, viewing his lady before ſhe was ſo gorgeouſly trim'd up,—ſhe was ſuch a leane, yellow, rivell'd, deform'd creature, that he never lived with her afterwards." FARMER.

The alluſion is to a ſtory told by Gower in the firſt book *De Confeſſione Amantis*. *Florent* is the name of a knight who had bound himſelf to marry a deformed hag, provided ſhe taught him the ſolution of a riddle on which his life depended. The following is the deſcription of her:

"*Florent* his wofull heed up liſte,
"And ſaw this vecke, where that ſhe ſit,
"Which was the lotheſt wighte
"That ever man caſte on his eye:
"Hir noſe baas, hir browes hie,
"Hir eyes ſmall, and depe ſette,
"Hir cheekes ben with teres wette,
"And rivelyn as an empty ſkyn,
"Hangyng downe unto the chyn;
"Hir lippes ſhronken ben for age,
"There was no grace in hir viſage.
"Hir front was narowe, hir lockes hore,
"She loketh foorth as doth a more:

"Hir

As old as Sibyl, and as curſt and ſhrewd
As Socrates' Xantippe, or a worſe,
She moves me not, or not removes, at leaſt,
Affection's edge in me; were ſhe as rough [1]
As are the ſwelling Adriatick ſeas:
I come to wive it wealthily in Padua;
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

Gru. Nay, look you, ſir, he tells you flatly what his mind is: Why, give him gold enough, and marry him to a puppet, or an aglet-baby [2]; or an old trot with ne'er a tooth in her head, though ſhe have as many diſeaſes as two and fifty horſes [3]: why, nothing comes amiſs, ſo money comes withal.

Hor. Petruchio, ſince we have ſtept thus far in,
I will continue that I broach'd in jeſt.
I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and young, and beauteous;
Brought up, as beſt becomes a gentlewoman:

> "Hir neck is ſhorte, hir ſhulders courbe,
> "That might a mans luſte diſtourbe:
> "Hir bodie great, and no thyng ſmall,
> "And ſhortly to deſcrive hir all,
> "She hath no lith without a lacke,
> "But like unto the woll ſacke: &c."—
>
> "Though ſhe be the *fouleſte* of all, &c."

This ſtory might have been borrowed by Gower from an older narrative in the *Geſta Romanorum*. See the Introductory Diſcourſe to the *Canterbury Tales of Chaucer*, laſt edit. Vol. IV. p. 153. STEEVENS.

[1] — *were ſhe as rough*] The old copy reads were ſhe *is* as rough. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[2] — *an aglet-baby*;] was a ſmall image or head cut on the tag of a point, or lace. That ſuch figures were ſometimes appended to them, Dr. Warburton has proved by a paſſage in Mezeray, the French Hiſtorian:—"portant meme ſur les *aiguillettes* [points] des petites *tetes* de mort." MALONE.

[3] — *as many diſeaſes as two and fifty horſes*:] I ſuſpect this paſſage to be corrupt, though I know not how to rectify it.—*The fifty diſeaſes of a horſe* ſeem to have been proverbial. So, in *the Yorkſhire Tragedy*, 1608: "O ſtumbling jade! the ſpavin o'ertake thee! the *fifty diſeaſes* ſtop thee!" MALONE.

Her only fault (and that is—faults enough [4],)
Is,—that she is intolerable curst,
And shrewd [5], and froward; so beyond all measure,
That, were my state far worser than it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

Pet. Hortensio, peace; thou know'st not gold's effect:—
Tell me her father's name, and 'tis enough;
For I will board her, though she chide as loud
As thunder, when the clouds in autumn crack.

Hor. Her father is Baptista Minola,
An affable and courteous gentleman:
Her name is, Catharina Minola,
Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.

Pet. I know her father, though I know not her;
And he knew my deceased father well:—
I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her;
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
To give you over at this first encounter,
Unless you will accompany me thither.

Gru. I pray you, sir, let him go while the humour lasts. O' my word, an she knew him as well as I do, she would think scolding would do little good upon him: She may, perhaps, call him half a score knaves, or so: why, that's nothing; an he begin once, he'll rail in his rope-tricks [6]. I'll

4 — *and that is*—faults *enough*,] And that one is itself a host of faults. The editor of the second folio, who has been copied by all the subsequent editors, unnecessarily reads—and that is *fault* enough. MALONE.

5 — shrew'd,] here means, having the qualities of a *shrew*. The adjective *is* now used only in the sense of *acute, intelligent*. MALONE.

6 — *he'll rail in his* rope-tricks.] Sir T. Hanmer reads—in his *rhetorick*. But the old copy is certainly right. *Repary* or *rope-tricks* originally signified abusive language, without any determinate idea; such language as parrots are taught to speak. So, in *Hudibras*:

"Could tell what subt'lest parrots mean,
"That speak, and think contrary clean;
"What member 'tis of whom they talk,
"When they cry *rope*, and walk, knave, walk."

The following passage in Wilson's *Art of Rhetorique*, 1553, shews that this was the meaning of the term: "Another good fellow in the countrey,

I'll tell you what, ſir,—an ſhe ſtand him but a little, he will throw a figure in her face, and ſo diſfigure her with it, that ſhe ſhall have no more eyes to ſee withal than a cat[7]: You know him not, ſir.

Hor. Tarry, Petruchio, I muſt go with thee;
For in Baptiſta's keep[8] my treaſure is:
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
His youngeſt daughter, beautiful Bianca;
And her withholds from me, and other more[9]

countrey, being an officer and maiour of a toune, and deſirous to ſpeak like a fine learned man, having juſt occaſion to rebuke a runnegate fellow, ſaid after this wife in a great heate: Thou yngram and vacation knave, if I take thee any more within the circumciſion of my dampnacion, I will ſo corrupte thee that all vacation knaves ſhall take ill ſample by thee." This the author in the margin calls—"*rope-ripe* chiding." So, in *May-day*, a comedy by Chapman, 1611:

"Lord! how you role in your *rope-ripe* terms. MALONE.

In *Romeo and Juliet*, Shakſpeare uſes *ropery* for *roguery*, and therefore certainly wrote *rope-tricks*. *Rope-tricks* we may ſuppoſe to mean tricks of which the contriver would deſerve the *rope*. STEEVENS.

[7] —*that ſhe ſhall have no more eyes to ſee withal than a cat*:] The humour of this paſſage I do not underſtand. This animal is remarkable for the keenneſs of its ſight. Probably the poet meant to have ſaid—*a cat in a bottle*. Of this diverſion ſee an account in *Much ado about nothing*, Act I. [Vol. II. p. 217.] to the note on which the following paſſages may be added from a poem called *Cornu-copiæ, or Paſquil's Night-cap, or an Antidote for the Head-ache*, 1623, p. 48:

"Fairer than any ſtake in Greys-inne field, &c.
"Guarded with gunners, bill-men, and a rout
"Of bow-men bold, which *at a cat do ſhoot*."

Again, *ibid*:

"Nor on the top a *cat-a-mount* was fram'd,
"Or ſome wilde beaſt that ne'er before was tam'd;
"Made at the charges of ſome archer ſtout,
"To have his name canoniz'd in the clout."

Theſe inſtances ſerve to ſhew that it was cuſtomary to ſhoot at factitious as well as real cats. STEEVENS.

It may mean, that he ſhall ſwell up her eyes with blows, till ſhe ſhall ſeem to peep with a contracted pupil, like a cat in the light. JOHNSON.

[8] —*in Baptiſta's* keep—] *Keep* is cuſtody. The ſtrongeſt part of an ancient caſtle was called the *keep*. STEEVENS.

[9] —and *other more*] *And*, which appears to have been accidentally omitted in the old copy, was ſupplied by Dr. Thirlby; who likewiſe reformed the metre of this paſſage. MALONE.

Suitors

Suitors to her, and rivals in my love:
Suppoſing it a thing impoſſible,
(For thoſe defects I have before rehears'd,)
That ever Catharina will be woo'd,
Therefore this order hath Baptiſta ta'en;—
That none ſhall have acceſs unto Bianca,
Till Catharine the curſt have got a huſband.

Gru. Catharine the curſt!
A title for a maid, of all titles the worſt.

Hor. Now ſhall my friend Petruchio do me grace;
And offer me, diſguis'd in ſober robes,
To old Baptiſta as a ſchool-maſter
Well ſeen in muſick[1], to inſtruct Bianca:
That ſo I may by this device, at leaſt,
Have leave and leiſure to make love to her,
And, unſuſpected, court her by herſelf.

Enter GREMIO; *with him* LUCENTIO *diſguis'd, with books under his arm.*

Gru. Here's no knavery! See; to beguile the old folks, how the young folks lay their heads together! Maſter, maſter, look about you: Who goes there? ha.

Hor. Peace, Grumio; 'tis the rival of my love:—Petruchio, ſtand by a while.

Gru. A proper ſtripling, and an amorous! [*They retire.*

Gre. O, very well; I have perus'd the note.
Hark you, ſir; I'll have them very fairly bound:
All books of love, ſee that at any hand[2];
And ſee you read no other lectures to her:
You underſtand me:—Over and beſides
Signior Baptiſta's liberality,
I'll mend it with a largeſs:—Take your papers too,
And let me have them very well perfum'd;
For ſhe is ſweeter than perfume itſelf,

[1] *Well* ſeen *in muſick,*] *Seen* is *verſed,* practiſed. So, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen,* b. iv. c. ii:
"Well *ſeene* in every ſcience that mote bee." STEEVENS.

[2] — *at any hand;*] i. e. at all events. STEEVENS.

To whom they go to. What will you read to her?

Luc. Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you,
As for my patron, (ſtand you ſo aſſur'd,)
As firmly as yourſelf were ſtill in place:
Yea, and (perhaps) with more ſucceſsful words
Than you, unleſs you were a ſcholar, ſir.

Gre. O this learning! what a thing it is!

Gru. O this woodcock [3]! what an aſs it is!

Pet. Peace, ſirrah.

Hor. Grumio, mum!—God ſave you, ſignior Gremio!

Gre. And you are well met, ſignior Hortenſio.
Trow you, whither
I am going?—To Baptiſta Minola.
I promis'd to enquire carefully about
A ſchoolmaſter for the fair Bianca:
And, by good fortune, I have lighted well
On this young man; for learning, and behaviour,
Fit for her turn; well read in poetry,
And other books,—good ones, I warrant you.

Hor. 'Tis well: and I have met a gentleman,
Hath promis'd me to help me [4] to another,
A fine muſician to inſtruct our miſtreſs;
So ſhall I no whit be behind in duty
To fair Bianca, ſo belov'd of me.

Gre. Belov'd of me,—and that my deeds ſhall prove.

Gru. And that his bags ſhall prove. [*aſide.*

Hor. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love:
Liſten to me, and, if you ſpeak me fair,
I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.
Here is a gentleman, whom by chance I met,
Upon agreement from us to his liking,
Will undertake to woo curſt Catharine;
Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry pleaſe.

Gre. So ſaid, ſo done, is well:—
Hortenſio, have you told him all her faults?

3 *O this woodcock!*] See Vol. II. p. 290, n. 6. MALONE.

4 — *help* me—] The old copy reads—help *one*. STEEVENS. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

Pet.

Pet. I know, she is an irksome brawling scold;
If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.
Gre. No, say'st me so, friend? What countryman?
Pet. Born in Verona, old Antonio's son[5]:
My father dead, my fortune lives for me;
And I do hope good days, and long, to see.
Gre. O, sir, such a life, with such a wife, were strange:
But, if you have a stomach, to't o'God's name;
You shall have me assisting you in all.
But will you woo this wild cat?
Pet. Will I live?
Gru. Will he woo her? ay, or I'll hang her. [*aside.*
Pet. Why came I hither, but to that intent?
Think you, a little din can daunt mine ears?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,
Rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?
Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang[6]?
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue;
That gives not half so great a blow to the ear[7],
As will a chesnut in a farmer's fire?
Tush, tush! fear boys with bugs[8].
Gru. For he fears none. [*aside*
Gre. Hortensio, hark!
This gentleman is happily arriv'd,
My mind presumes, for his own good, and yours.
Hor. I promis'd, we would be contributors,

5 — Antonio's *son:*] Old Copy—*Butonio's* son. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

6 — *and trumpets' clang?*] i. e. the clang of trumpets. STEEVENS.

7 — *so great a blow to* the ear,] The old copy reads—to *bear*. The emendation is Sir T. Hanmer's. MALONE.

So, in *K. John:*

"Our *ears* are *cudgell'd*; not a word of his
"But *buffets* better than a fist of France." STEEVENS.

8 — *with bugs.*] i. e. with *bug-bears*. So, in *Cymbeline:*

" ——— *are become*
" *The mortal* bugs *o'th' field.*" STEEVENS.

And bear his charge of wooing, whatſoe'er.

Gre. And ſo we will; provided, that he win her.

Gru. I would, I were as ſure of a good dinner. [*aſide.*

Enter TRANIO, *bravely apparell'd*; *and* BIONDELLO.

Tra. Gentlemen, God ſave you! If I may be bold,
Tell me, I beſeech you, which is the readieſt way
To the houſe of ſignior Baptiſta Minola?

Bion. He that has the two fair daughters[9]:—is't [*aſide to* Tra.] he you mean?

Tra. Even he, Biondello[1].

Gre. Hark you, ſir; You mean not her to—[2]

Tra. Perhaps him and her, ſir; What have you to do?

Pet. Not her that chides, ſir, at any hand, I pray.

Tra. I love no chiders, ſir:—Biondello, let's away.

Luc. Well begun, Tranio. [*aſide.*

Hor. Sir, a word ere you go;—
Are you a ſuitor to the maid you talk of, yea, or no?

Tra. An if I be, ſir, is it any offence?

Gre. No; if, without more words, you will get you hence.

Tra. Why, ſir, I pray, are not the ſtreets as free
For me, as for you?

Gre. But ſo is not ſhe.

Tra. For what reaſon, I beſeech you?

Gre. For this reaſon, if you'll know,—

9 *He that has the two fair daughters:*—&c.] This ſpeech ſhould rather be given to Gremio; to whom, with the others, Tranio has addreſſed himſelf. TYRWHITT.

1 *Even he, Biondello!*] Mr. Tyrwhitt would regulate this line thus: "Even he. Biondello!" But I think the old copy, both here and in the preceding ſpeech, is right. Biondello adds to what his maſter had ſaid, the words—"He that has the two fair daughters," to aſcertain more preciſely the perſon for whom he had enquired; and then addreſſes Tranio; "—is't he you mean?" MALONE.

2 —*You mean not her* to—] Mr. Tyrwhitt would read—you mean not her *too*. I believe, an abrupt ſentence was intended; or perhaps Shakſpeare might have written—her to *woo*. Tranio in his anſwer might mean, that he would *woo* the father, to obtain his conſent, and the daughter for herſelf. This, however, will not complete the metre. I incline therefore to my firſt ſuppoſition. MALONE.

That ſhe's the choice love of ſignior Gremio.
Hor. That ſhe's the choſen of ſignior Hortenſio.
Tra. Softly, my maſters! if you be gentlemen,
Do me this right,—hear me with patience.
Baptiſta is a noble gentleman,
To whom my father is not all unknown;
And, were his daughter fairer than ſhe is,
She may more ſuitors have, and me for one.
Fair Leda's daughter had a thouſand wooers;
Then well one more may fair Bianca have:
And ſo ſhe ſhall; Lucentio ſhall make one,
Though Paris came, in hope to ſpeed alone.
Gre. What! this gentleman will out-talk us all.
Luc. Sir, give him head; I know, he'll prove a jade.
Pet. Hortenſio, to what end are all theſe words?
Hor. Sir, let me be ſo bold as to aſk you,
Did you yet ever ſee Baptiſta's daughter?
Tra. No, ſir; but hear I do, that he hath two;
The one as famous for a ſcolding tongue,
As is the other for beauteous modeſty.
Pet. Sir, ſir, the firſt's for me; let her go by.
Gre. Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules;
And let it be more than Alcides' twelve.
Pet. Sir, underſtand you this of me, inſooth;—
The youngeſt daughter, whom you hearken for,
Her father keeps from all acceſs of ſuitors;
And will not promiſe her to any man,
Until the eldeſt ſiſter firſt be wed:
The younger then is free, and not before.
Tra. If it be ſo, ſir, that you are the man
Muſt ſtead us all, and me amongſt the reſt;
An if you break the ice, and do this feat [3],—
Atchieve the elder, ſet the younger free
For our acceſs,—whoſe hap ſhall be to have her,
Will not ſo graceleſs be, to be ingrate.
Hor. Sir, you ſay well, and well you do conceive;
And ſince you do profeſs to be a ſuitor,

3 —*this* feat—] The old copy reads—this *ſeeke*. The emendation was made by Mr. Rowe. STEEVENS.

You muſt, as we do, gratify this gentleman,
To whom we all reſt generally beholden.

Tra. Sir, I ſhall not be ſlack: in ſign whereof,
Pleaſe ye we may contrive this afternoon[4],
And quaff carouſes to our miſtreſs' health;
And do as adverſaries do in law[5],—
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

Gru. Bion. O excellent motion! Fellows, let's begone[6].

Hor. The motion's good indeed, and be it ſo;—
Petruchio, I ſhall be your *ben venuto*. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The ſame. A Room in Baptiſta's *Houſe.*

Enter CATHARINA *and* BIANCA.

Bian. Good ſiſter, wrong me not, nor wrong yourſelf*,
To make a bondmaid and a ſlave of me;
That I diſdain: but for theſe other gawds[7],—
Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off myſelf,

4 — contrive *this afternoon*,] *Contrive* does not ſignify here to *project* but to *ſpend*, and *wear out*. As in this paſſage of *Spenſer*:

"*Three ages, ſuch as mortal men* contrive." WARBURTON.

The word is uſed in the ſame ſenſe of *ſpending* or *wearing out* in Painter's *Palace of Pleaſure*. JOHNSON.

Contrive, I ſuppoſe, is from *contero*. So, in the *Hecyra* of Terence: "Totum hunc *contrivi* diem." STEEVENS.

5 — *as* adverſaries *do* in law,] By *adverſaries in law*, I believe, our author means not ſuitors, but *barriſters*, who, however warm in their oppoſition to each other in the courts of law, live in greater harmony and friendſhip in private, than perhaps thoſe of any other of the liberal profeſſions. Their *clients* ſeldom "eat and drink with their adverſaries as friends." MALONE.

6 — Fellows, *let's begone*.] *Fellows* means *fellow ſervants*. Grumio and Biondello addreſs, each the other, and alſo the diſguiſed Lucentio. MALONE.

* *nor* wrong *yourſelf*,] Do not act in a manner unbecoming a woman and a ſiſter. So, in the *Merry Wives of Windſor*: "Maſter Ford, this *wrongs* you." MALONE.

7 — *but for theſe other* gawds,—] The old copy reads—*goods*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. *Gawds*, he obſerves, are *toys*, trifling ornaments. MALONE.

Yea,

Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat;
Or, what you will command me, will I do,
So well I know my duty to my elders.

Cath. Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee [8], tell
Whom thou lov'st best: see thou dissemble not.

Bian. Believe me, sister, of all the men alive,
I never yet beheld that special face
Which I could fancy more than any other.

Cath. Minion, thou liest; Is't not Hortensio?

Bian. If you affect him, sister, here I swear,
I'll plead for you myself, but you shall have him.

Cath. O then, belike, you fancy riches more;
You will have Gremio to keep you fair [9].

Bian. Is it for him you do envy me so?
Nay, then you jest; and now I well perceive,
You have but jested with me all this while:
I pr'ythee, sister Kate, untie my hands.

Cath. If that be jest, then all the rest was so. [*strikes her.*

Enter BAPTISTA.

Bap. Why, how now, dame! whence grows this insolence?—
Bianca, stand aside;—poor girl! she weeps:—
Go ply thy needle; meddle not with her.—
For shame, thou hilding [1] of a devilish spirit,
Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?
When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

Cath. Her silence flouts me, and I'll be reveng'd.
[*flies after* BIANCA.

Bap. What, in my sight?—Bianca, get thee in.
[*Exit* BIANCA.

Cath. Will you not suffer me [2]? Nay, now I see,

[8] —*I charge* thee,] *Thee*, which was accidentally omitted in the old copy, was supplied by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

[9] —*to keep you* fair.] I wish to read—to keep you *fine*. But either word may serve. JOHNSON.

[1] —hilding—] The word *hilding* or *hinderling*, is a *low wretch*; it is applied to Catharine for the coarseness of her behaviour. JOHNSON.

[2] *Will you not suffer me?* The old copy reads—*What*, will &c. The compositor probably caught the former word from the preceding line. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

She is your treaſure, ſhe muſt have a huſband;
I muſt dance bare-foot on her wedding-day,
And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell[3].
Talk not to me; I will go ſit and weep,
Till I can find occaſion of revenge. [*Exit* CATHARINA.

Bap. Was ever gentleman thus griev'd as I?
But who comes here?

Enter GREMIO, *with* LUCENTIO *in the habit of a mean man*; PETRUCHIO, *with* HORTENSIO *as a muſician*; *and* TRANIO, *with* BIONDELLO *bearing a lute and books.*

Gre. Good-morrow, neighbour Baptiſta.

Bap. Good-morrow, neighbour Gremio: God ſave you, gentlemen!

Pet. And you, good ſir! Pray, have you not a daughter
Call'd Catharina, fair, and virtuous?

Bap. I have a daughter, ſir, call'd Catharina.

Gre. You are too blunt; go to it orderly.

Pet. You wrong me, ſignior Gremio; give me leave.—
I am a gentleman of Verona, ſir,
That,—hearing of her beauty, and her wit,
Her affability, and baſhful modeſty,
Her wond'rous qualities, and mild behaviour,—
Am bold to ſhew myſelf a forward gueſt
Within your houſe, to make mine eye the witneſs
Of that report which I ſo oft have heard.
And, for an entrance to my entertainment,
I do preſent you with a man of mine,
[*preſenting* Hortenſio.
Cunning in muſick, and the mathematicks,
To inſtruct her fully in thoſe ſciences,

[3] *And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell.*] "To lead apes" was in our author's time, as at preſent, one of the employments of a bear-herd, who often carries about one of thoſe animals along with his bear: but I know not how this phraſe came to be applied to old maids. We meet with it again in *Much ado about nothing*: "Therefore (ſays Beatrice,) I will even take ſix-pence in earneſt of the *bear-herd*, and lead *his apes* to hell." MALONE.

Whereof,

Whereof, I know, ſhe is not ignorant:
Accept of him, or elſe you do me wrong;
His name is Licio, born in Mantua.

Bap. You're welcome, ſir; and he, for your good ſake:
But for my daughter Catharine,—this I know,
She is not for your turn, the more my grief.

Pet. I ſee, you do not mean to part with her;
Or elſe you like not of my company.

Bap. Miſtake me not, I ſpeak but as I find.
Whence are you, ſir? what may I call your name?

Pet. Petruchio is my name; Antonio's ſon,
A man well known throughout all Italy.

Bap. I know him well: you are welcome for his ſake.

Gre. Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray,
Let us, that are poor petitioners, ſpeak too:
Baccare! you are marvellous forward[4].

Pet. O, pardon me, ſignior Gremio; I would fain be doing.

Gre. I doubt it not, ſir; but you will curſe your wooing.—
Neighbour[5], this is a gift very grateful, I am ſure of it. To expreſs the like kindneſs myſelf, that have been more kindly beholden to you than any, I freely give unto you this young ſcholar[6], [*preſenting* Lucentio,] that hath been

4 Baccare! *you are marvellous forward.*] *Baccare* is an old proverbial word, uſed by John Heywood; who hath made, what he pleaſes to call, *epigrams* upon it. Take two of them, ſuch as they are:

"*Backare*, quoth Mortimer to his ſow,
"Went that ſow *backe* at that bidding, trow you?"

"*Backare*, quoth Mortimer to his ſow: ſe,
"Mortimer's ſow ſpeaketh as good Latin as he." FARMER.

5 *Neighbour,*] The old copy has—*neighbours.* Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

6 —I *freely give unto* you *this young ſcholar,*] The words in Roman characters, which were certainly omitted in the old copy by the negligence of the compoſitor or tranſcriber, were ſupplied by Mr. Tyrwhitt. If his emendation wanted any ſupport, it might be had in the preceding part of this ſcene, where Petruchio, preſenting Hortenſio to Baptiſta, uſes almoſt the ſame form of words:

"And

been long ſtudying at Rheims; as cunning in Greek, Latin, and other languages, as the other in muſick and mathematicks: his name is Cambio; pray, accept his ſervice.

Bap. A thouſand thanks, ſignior Gremio: welcome, good Cambio.—But, gentle ſir, [*to* Tranio.] methinks, you walk like a ſtranger; May I be ſo bold to know the cauſe of your coming?

Tra. Pardon me, ſir, the boldneſs is mine own;
That, being a ſtranger in this city here,
Do make myſelf a ſuitor to your daughter,
Unto Bianca, fair, and virtuous.
Nor is your firm reſolve unknown to me,
In the preferment of the eldeſt ſiſter:
This liberty is all that I requeſt,—
That, upon knowledge of my parentage,
I may have welcome 'mongſt the reſt that woo,
And free acceſs and favour as the reſt.
And, toward the education of your daughters,
I here beſtow a ſimple inſtrument,
And this ſmall packet of Greek and Latin books[7]:
If you accept them, then their worth is great.

Bap. Lucentio is your name[8]? of whence, I pray?

Tra. Of Piſa, ſir; ſon to Vincentio.

" And, for an entrance of my entertainment,
" *I* do *preſent you* with a man of mine,
" Cunning in muſick, &c."

Free leave give &c. was the abſurd correction of the editor of the third folio. MALONE.

[7] — *this ſmall packet of Greek and Latin books:*] In queen Elizabeth's time the young ladies of quality were uſually inſtructed in the learned languages, if any pains were beſtowed on their minds at all. Lady Jane Gray and her ſiſters, queen Elizabeth, &c. are trite inſtances. PERCY.

[8] Lucentio *is your name?*] How ſhould Baptiſta know this? Perhaps a line is loſt, or perhaps our author was negligent. Mr. Theobald ſuppoſes they converſe privately, and that thus the name is learned; but then the action muſt ſtand ſtill; for there is no ſpeech interpoſed between that of Tranio and this of Baptiſta. Another editor imagines that Lucentio's name was written on the packet of books. MALONE.

Bap.

Bap. A mighty man of Piſa, by report;
I know him well [9]: you are very welcome, ſir.—
Take you [*to* Hor.] the lute, and you [*to* Luc.] the ſet of books,
You ſhall go ſee your pupils preſently.
Holla, within!—

Enter a Servant.

Sirrah, lead theſe gentlemen
To my daughters; and tell them both,
Theſe are their tutors; bid them uſe them well.
[*Exit* Servant, *with* Hortenſio, Lucentio, *and* Biond.
We will go walk a little in the orchard,
And then to dinner: You are paſſing welcome,
And ſo I pray you all to think yourſelves.
Pet. Signior Baptiſta, my buſineſs aſketh haſte,
And every day I cannot come to woo [1].
You knew my father well; and in him, me,
Left ſolely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have better'd rather than decreas'd:

9 *I know him well:*] It appears in a ſubſequent part of this play that Baptiſta was not *perſonally* acquainted with Vincentio. The pedant indeed talks of Vincentio and Baptiſta having lodged together twenty years before at an inn in Genoa; but this appears to have been a fiction for the *nonce*; for when the pretended Vincentio is introduced, Baptiſta expreſſes no ſurpriſe at his not being the ſame man with whom he had formerly been acquainted; and, when the real Vicentio appears, he ſuppoſes him an impoſtor. The words therefore, "I know him well," muſt mean, *I know well who he is.* Baptiſta uſes the ſame words before, ſpeaking of Petruchio's father: "I know him well; you are welcome for his ſake"—where they muſt have the ſame meaning; viz. *I know who he was*; for Petruchio's father is ſuppoſed to have died before the commencement of the play.

Some of the modern editors point the paſſage before us thus:

A mighty man of Piſa; by report
I know him well.—

but it is not ſo pointed in the old copy, and the regulation ſeems unneceſſary, the very ſame words having been before uſed with equal licence concerning the father of Petruchio. MALONE.

1 *And every day I cannot come to woo.*] This is the burthen of part of an old ballad, entitled *The Ingenious Braggadocia*:

"And I cannot come every day to wooe." STEEVENS.

Then

Then tell me,—if I get your daughter's love,
What dowry ſhall I have with her to wife?

Bap. After my death, the one half of my lands;
And, in poſſeſſion, twenty thouſand crowns.

Pet. And, for that dowry, I'll aſſure her of
Her widowhood [2],—be it that ſhe ſurvive me,—
In all my lands and leaſes whatſoever:
Let ſpecialties be therefore drawn between us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. Ay, when the ſpecial thing is well obtain'd,
That is,—her love; for that is all in all.

Pet. Why, that is nothing; for I tell you, father,
I am as peremptory as ſhe proud-minded;
And where two raging fires meet together,
They do conſume the thing that feeds their fury:
Though little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extreme guſts will blow out fire and all:
So I to her, and ſo ſhe yields to me;
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

Bap. Well may'ſt thou woo, and happy be thy ſpeed!
But be thou arm'd for ſome unhappy words.

Pet. Ay, to the proof; as mountains are for winds,
That ſhake not, though they blow perpetually.

Re-enter HORTENSIO, *with his head broken.*

Bap. How now, my friend? why doſt thou look ſo pale?

Hor. For fear, I promiſe you, if I look pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good muſician?

Hor. I think, ſhe'll ſooner prove a ſoldier;
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

Bap. Why, then thou canſt not break her to the lute?

Hor. Why, no; for ſhe hath broke the lute to me.
I did but tell her, ſhe miſtook her frets [3],

[2] ——— *I'll aſſure her of*
Her widowhood,—] Sir T. Hanmer reads—*for* her widowhood. The reading of the old copy is harſh to our ears, but it might have been the phraſeology of the time. MALONE.

[3] —*her frets,*] A fret is that ſtop of a muſical inſtrument which cauſes or regulates the vibration of the ſtring. JOHNSON.

And

And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering;
When, with a moſt impatient deviliſh ſpirit,
Frets, call you theſe? quoth ſhe: *I'll fume with them:*
And, with that word, ſhe ſtruck me on the head,
And through the inſtrument my pate made way;
And there I ſtood amazed for a while,
As on a pillory, looking through the lute:
While ſhe did call me,—raſcal fidler,
And—twangling Jack[4]; with twenty ſuch vile terms,
As ſhe had[5] ſtudied to miſuſe me ſo.

Pet. Now, by the world, it is a luſty wench;
I love her ten times more than e'er I did:
O, how I long to have ſome chat with her!

Bap. Well, go with me, and be not ſo diſcomfited:
Proceed in practice with my younger daughter;
She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns.—
Signior Petruchio, will you go with us;
Or ſhall I ſend my daughter Kate to you?

Pet. I pray you, do; I will attend her here,—
[*Exeunt* BAP. GRE. TRA. *and* HOR.
And woo her with ſome ſpirit when ſhe comes.
Say, that ſhe rail; Why, then I'll tell her plain,
She ſings as ſweetly as a nightingale:
Say, that ſhe frown; I'll ſay, ſhe looks as clear
As morning roſes newly waſh'd with dew:
Say, ſhe be mute, and will not ſpeak a word;
Then I'll commend her volubility,
And ſay—ſhe uttereth piercing eloquence:
If ſhe do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,
As though ſhe bid me ſtay by her a week;
If ſhe deny to wed, I'll crave the day
When I ſhall aſk the banns, and when be married:—
But here ſhe comes; and now, Petruchio, ſpeak.

4 *And—twangling* Jack;] *Jack*, it has been already obſerved, was an expreſſion of contempt. See Vol. II. p. 214, n. 5. *Twangling Jack* is, *mean, paltry* lutaniſt. MALONE.

5 —*ſhe had*—] In the old copy theſe words are accidentally tranſpoſed. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

Enter

Enter CATHARINA.

Good-morrow, Kate; for that's your name, I hear.

Cath. Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing[6];

They call me—Catharine, that do talk of me.

Pet. You lie, in faith; for you are call'd plain Kate,
And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst;
But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,
Kate of Kate-hall, my super-dainty Kate,
For dainties are all cates: and therefore, Kate,
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation;—
Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town,
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,
(Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,)
Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.

Cath. Mov'd! in good time: let him that mov'd you hither,
Remove you hence: I knew you at the first,
You were a moveable.

Pet. Why, what's a moveable?

Cath. A joint-stool[7].

Pet. Thou hast hit it: come, sit on me.

Cath. Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

Pet. Women are made to bear, and so are you.

Cath. No such jade, sir[8], as you, if me you mean.

Pet. Alas, good Kate, I will not burden thee:
For, knowing thee to be but young and light,—

6 *Well have you* heard, *but something* hard *of hearing*;] A poor quibble was here intended. It appears from many old English books that *heard* was pronounced in our author's time, as if it were written *hard*. MALONE.

7 *A joint stool.*] This is a proverbial expression:

"Cry you mercy, I took you for a join'd stool."

See Ray's *Collection*. STEEVENS.

8 *No such* jade, sir,—] The latter word, which is not in the old copy, was supplied by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

Perhaps we should read—no such *jack*. However there is authority for *jade* in a male sense. So, in *Soliman and Perseda*, Piston says of Basiliſco, "He just like a knight! He'll just like a *jade*." FARMER.

So before, in p. 277: "—I know, *he*'ll prove a *jade*." MALONE.

Cath.

Cath. Too light for such a swain as you to catch;
And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

Pet. Should be? should buz.

Cath. Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.

Pet. O, slow-wing'd turtle! shall a buzzard take thee?

Cath. Ay, for a turtle; as he takes a buzzard[9].

Pet. Come, come, you wasp; i'faith, you are too angry.

Cath. If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

Pet. My remedy is then, to pluck it out.

Cath. Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.

Pet. Who knows not where a wasp doth wear his sting?
In his tail.

Cath. In his tongue.

Pet. Whose tongue?

Cath. Yours, if you talk of tails[1]; and so farewel.

Pet. What with my tongue in your tail? nay, come
again,
Good Kate; I am a gentleman.

Cath. That I'll try. [*striking him.*

Pet. I swear, I'll cuff you, if you strike again.

Cath. So may you loose your arms:
If you strike me, you are no gentleman;
And if no gentleman, why, then no arms.

Pet. A herald, Kate? O, put me in thy books.

Cath. What is your crest? a coxcomb?

Pet. A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.

Cath. No cock of mine, you crow too like a craven[2].

[9] *Ay, for a turtle, as he takes a buzzard.*] Perhaps we may read better:—*Ay, for a turtle,* and *he takes a buzzard.* That is, he may take me for a *turtle,* and he shall find me a hawk. JOHNSON.

This kind of expression likewise seems to have been proverbial. So, in the *Three Lords of London,* 1590:

"——— hast no more skill,
"Than *take a faulcon for a buzzard?*" STEEVENS.

[1] *Yours, if you talk of* tails;] The old copy reads—*tales,* and it may perhaps be right.—"Yours, if your talk be no better than an *idle tale.*" Our author is very fond of using words of similar sounds in different senses.—I have, however, followed the emendation made by Mr. Pope, which all the modern editors have adopted. MALONE.

[2] — a craven.] A *craven* is a degenerate, dispirited cock. STEEV.

Pet.

Pet. Nay, come, Kate come; you muſt not look ſo ſour.
Cath. It is my faſhion, when I ſee a cra l
Pet. Why, here's no crab; and therefore look not ſour.
Cath. There is, there is.
Pet. Then ſhew it me.
Cath. Had I a glaſs, I would.
Pet. What, you mean my face?
Cath. Well aim'd of ſuch a young one.
Pet. Now, by ſaint George, I am too young for you.
Cath. Yet you are wither'd.
Pet. 'Tis with cares.
Cath. I care not.
Pet. Nay, hear you, Kate: in ſooth, you 'ſcape not ſo.
Cath. I chafe you, if I tarry; let me go.
Pet. No, not a whit; I find you paſſing gentle.
'Twas told me, you were rough, and coy, and ſullen,
And now I find report a very liar;
For thou art pleaſant, gameſome, paſſing courteous;
But ſlow in ſpeech, yet ſweet as ſpring-time flowers:
Thou canſt not frown, thou canſt not look aſkance,
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will;
Nor haſt thou pleaſure to be croſs in talk;
But thou with mildneſs entertain'ſt thy wooers,
With [illegible] conference, ſoft, and affable.
Why does the world report, that Kate doth limp?
O ſlanderous world! Kate, like the hazle-twig,
Is ſtraight, and ſlender; and as brown in hue
As hazle nuts, and ſweeter than the kernels.
O, let me ſee thee walk: thou doſt not halt.
Cath. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'ſt command [3].
Pet. Did ever Dian ſo become a grove,
As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?
O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate;
And then let Kate be chaſte, and Dian ſportful!
Cath. Where did you ſtudy all this goodly ſpeech?

[3] *Go, fool, and whom thou keep'ſt command.*] This is exactly the Παστάμενθ' ἐπίταξον of Theocritus, Eid. xv. v. 90. and yet I would not be poſitive that Shakſpeare had ever read even a tranſlation of Theocritus. TYRWHITT.

Pet.

Pet. It is extempore, from my mother-wit.
Cath. A witty mother! witleſs elſe her ſon.
Pet. Am I not wiſe?
Cath. Yes; keep you warm [4].
Pet. Marry, ſo I mean, ſweet Catharine, in thy bed:
And therefore, ſetting all this chat aſide,
Thus in plain terms:—Your father hath conſented
That you ſhall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on;
And, will you, nill you, I will marry you.
Now, Kate, I am a huſband for your turn;
For, by this light, whereby I ſee thy beauty,
(Thy beauty, that doth make me like thee well,)
Thou muſt be married to no man but me:
For I am he am born to tame you, Kate;
And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate
Conformable [5], as other houſhold Kates.
Here comes your father; never make denial,
I muſt and will have Catharine to my wife.

Re-enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, *and* TRANIO.

Bap. Now, ſignior Petruchio; how ſpeed you with my daughter?
Pet. How but well, ſir? how but well?
It were impoſſible, I ſhould ſpeed amiſs.
Bap. Why, how now, daughter Catharine? in your dumps?
Cath. Call you me, daughter? now, I promiſe you,
You have ſhew'd a tender fatherly regard,
To wiſh me wed to one half lunatick;
A mad-cap ruffian, and a ſwearing Jack [6],
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

[4] *Am I not wiſe?*
Yes; keep you warm.] So, in *Much ado about nothing*: "—*that if he has* wit *enough to keep himſelf* warm." STEEVENS.
[5] *And bring you from a wild* Kate *to a Kate*
Conformable,—] Thus the old copy. The editor of the ſecond folio with ſome probability reads—from a wild *Kat* (meaning certainly *cat*). So before: "But will you woo this *wild cat?*" MALONE.
[6] —*and a ſwearing* Jack,] See p. 285, n. 4. MALONE.

Pet. Father, 'tis thus,—yourſelf and all the world,
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiſs of her;
If ſhe be curſt, it is for policy:
For ſhe's not froward, but modeſt as the dove;
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;
For patience ſhe will prove a ſecond Griſſel[7],
And Roman Lucrece for her chaſtity:
And to conclude,—we have 'greed ſo well together,
That upon ſunday is the wedding-day.

Cath. I'll ſee thee hang'd on ſunday firſt.

Gre. Hark, Petruchio! ſhe ſays, ſhe'll ſee thee hang'd firſt.

Tra. Is this your ſpeeding? nay, then, good night our part!

Pet. Be patient, gentlemen; I chooſe her for myſelf;
If ſhe and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?
'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,
That ſhe ſhall ſtill be curſt in company.
I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe
How much ſhe loves me: O, the kindeſt Kate!—
She hung about my neck; and kiſs on kiſs
She vy'd ſo faſt[8], proteſting oath on oath,
That in a twink ſhe won me to her love.

[7] — *a ſecond* Griſſel;] There is a play entered at Stationers' Hall, May 28, 1599, called "The plaie of *Patient Griſſel*." Bocaccio was the inventor of the ſtory, and Chaucer copied it in his *Clerke of Oxenforde's Tale*. STEEVENS.

[8] —— *kiſs on kiſs*

She vy'd *ſo faſt*,—] *Vie* and *revye* were terms at cards, now ſuperſeded by the more modern word, *brag*. The words were frequently uſed in a ſenſe ſomewhat remote from their original one. In the famous trial of the ſeven biſhops, the chief juſtice ſays, "We muſt not permit *vying and revying* upon one another." FARMER.

Vie and *Revie* were terms at *Primero*, the faſhionable game in our author's time. See Florio's *Second Frutes*, quarto, 1591: S. "Let us play at Primero then. A. What ſhall we play for? S. One ſhilling ſtake and three reſt.—I *vye* it; will you hould it? A. Yea, ſir, I hould it, and *revye* it."

To out-vie Howel explains in his Dictionary, 1660, thus: "Faire peur ou intimider avec un vray ou feint *envy*, et faire quitter le jeu a la partie contraire." MALONE.

O, you

O, you are novices! 'tis a world to see [9],
How tame, when men and women are alone,
A meacock wretch [1] can make the curſteſt ſhrew.—
Give me thy hand, Kate: I will unto Venice,
To buy apparel 'gainſt the wedding-day:—
Provide the feaſt, father, and bid the gueſts;
I will be ſure, my Catharine ſhall be fine.

Bap. I know not what to ſay: but give me your hands;
God ſend you joy, Petruchio! 'tis a match.

Gre. Tra. Amen, ſay we; we will be witneſſes.

Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu;
I will to Venice, ſunday comes apace:—
We will have rings, and things, and fine array;
And kiſs me, Kate, we will be married o'ſunday.

[*Exeunt* PET. *and* CATH. *ſeverally.*

Gre. Was ever match clap'd up ſo ſuddenly?

Bap. 'Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's part,
And venture madly on a deſperate mart.

Tra. 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you;
'Twill bring you gain, or periſh on the ſeas.

Bap. The gain I ſeek is—quiet in the match *.

Gre. No doubt, but he hath got a quiet catch.
But now, Baptiſta, to your younger daughter;—
Now is the day we long have looked for;
I am your neighbour, and was ſuitor firſt.

Tra. And I am one, that love Bianca more
Than words can witneſs, or your thoughts can gueſs.

Gre. Youngling! thou canſt not love ſo dear as I.

Tra. Grey-beard! thy love doth freeze.

Gre. But thine doth fry [2]. Skipper,

9 — *'tis a world to* ſee,] i. e. It is wonderful to *ſee*. This expreſſion is often met with in old hiſtorians, as well as dramatick writers. STEEVENS.

1 — *a* meacock *wretch*—] i. e. a timorous daſtardly creature. STEEVENS.

* — in *the match*.] Old Copy—*me* the match. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

2 *But thine doth fry*.] Old Gremio's notions are confirmed by *Shadwell*:

" *The fire of love in youthful blood,*
" *Like what is kindled in bruſh-wood,*

Skipper, ſtand back; 'tis age, that nouriſheth.

Tra. But youth, in ladies' eyes that flouriſheth.

Bap. Content you, gentlemen; I will compound this ſtrife:

'Tis deeds, muſt win the prize; and he, of both,
That can aſſure my daughter greateſt dower,
Shall have my Bianca's love—.
Say, ſignior Gremio, what can you aſſure her?

Gre. Firſt, as you know, my houſe within the city
Is richly furniſhed with plate and gold;
Baſons, and ewers [3], to lave her dainty hands;
My hangings all of Tyrian tapeſtry:
In ivory coffers I have ſtuff'd my crowns;
In cypreſs cheſts my arras, counterpoints [4],
Coſtly apparel, tents, and canopies [5],
Fine linen, Turky cuſhions boſs'd with pearl,

" *But for a moment burns:—*
" *But when crept into aged veins,*
" *It ſlowly burns, and long remains;*
" *It glows, and with a ſullen heat,*
" *Like fire in logs, it burns, and warms us long;*
" *And though the flame be not ſo great,*
" *Yet is the heat as ſtrong.*" JOHNSON.

[3] *Baſons and ewers,—*] A *baſon* and *ewer* ſeem to have been furniture of which much account was made in our author's time. They were uſually of ſilver; and probably the faſhion of theſe articles was more particularly attended to, becauſe they were regularly exhibited to the gueſts before and after dinner, it being the cuſtom to waſh the hands at both thoſe times. See p. 315, n. 3. MALONE.

[4] — counterpoints,] Theſe coverings for beds are at preſent called *counterpanes*; but either mode of ſpelling is proper.

Counterpoint is the monkiſh term for a particular ſpecies of muſick, in which notes of equal duration, but of different harmony, are ſet in oppoſition to each other. In like manner *counterpanes* were anciently compoſed of patch-work, and ſo contrived that every *pane* or partition in them, was contraſted with one of a different colour, though of the ſame dimenſions. STEEVENS.

[5] — tents *and canopies*,] I ſuppoſe by *tents* old Gremio means work of that kind which the ladies call *tent-ſtitch*. He would hardly enumerate *tents* (in their common acceptation) among his domeſtick riches. STEEVENS.

I ſuſpect, the furniture of ſome kind of bed, in the form of a pavilion, was known by this name in our author's time. MALONE.

Valance

Valance of Venice gold in needle-work,
Pewter[6] and braſs, and all things that belong
To houſe, or houſe-keeping: then, at my farm,
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,
Sixſcore fat oxen ſtanding in my ſtalls,
And all things anſwerable to this portion.
Myſelf am ſtruck in years, I muſt confeſs;
And, if I die to-morrow, this is hers,
If, whilſt I live, ſhe will be only mine.

Tra. That, only, came well in—Sir, liſt to me;
I am my father's heir, and only ſon:
If I may have your daughter to my wife,
I'll leave her houſes three or four as good,
Within rich Piſa walls, as any one
Old ſignior Gremio has in Padua;
Beſides two thouſand ducats by the year
Of fruitful land, all which ſhall be her jointure.—
What, have I pinch'd you, ſignior Gremio?

Gre. Two thouſand ducats by the year, of land!
My land amounts not to ſo much in all:
That ſhe ſhall have; beſides an argoſy[7],
That now is lying in Marſeilles' road:—
What, have I chok'd you with an argoſy?

Tra. Gremio, 'tis known, my father hath no leſs
Than three great argoſies; beſides two galliaſſes[8],
And twelve tight gallies: theſe I will aſſure her,
And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'ſt next.

[6] Pewter—] We may ſuppoſe that *pewter* was, even in the time of queen Elizabeth, too coſtly to be uſed in common. It appears from "The regulations and eſtabliſhment of the houſehold of Henry Algernon Percy, the fifth earl of Northumberland, &c." that veſſels of *pewter* were hired by the year. This *houſehold-book* was begun in the year 1512. See Holinſhed's Deſcription of England, p. 188, and 189. STEEVENS.

[7] *That ſhe ſhall have; beſides an argoſy,*—] She ſhall have that, whatever be its value, and an argoſy over and above. HEATH.

[8] — *two* galliaſſes,] A *galeas* or *galliaſs*, is a heavy low-built veſſel of burthen, with both ſails and oars, partaking at once of the nature of a ſhip and a galley. STEEVENS.

Gre. Nay, I have offer'd all, I have no more;
And she can have no more than all I have;—
If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

Tra. Why, then the maid is mine from all the world,
By your firm promise; Gremio is out-vied [9].

Bap. I must confess, your offer is the best;
And, let your father make her the assurance,
She is your own; else, you must pardon me:
If you should die before him, where's her dower?

Tra. That's but a cavil; he is old, I young.

Gre. And may not young men die, as well as old?

Bap. Well, gentlemen,
I am thus resolv'd:—On sunday next, you know,
My daughter Catharine is to be marry'd:
Now, on the sunday following, shall Bianca
Be bride to you, if you make this assurance;
If not, to signior Gremio:
And so I take my leave, and thank you both. [*Exit.*

Gre. Adieu, good neighbour.—Now I fear thee not;
Sirrah, young gamester [1], your father were a fool
To give thee all, and, in his waining age,
Set foot under thy table: Tut! a toy!
An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy. [*Exit.*

Tra. A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide;
Yet I have fac'd it with a card of ten [2].
'Tis in my head to do my master good:—
I see no reason, but suppos'd Lucentio
Must get a father, call'd—suppos'd Vincentio;
And that's a wonder: fathers, commonly,

9 — *out-vied.*] See p. 290, n. 8. MALONE.

1 *Sirrah, young* gamester,—] Perhaps alluding to the pretended Lucentio's having before talk'd of *out-vying* him. See the last note. MALONE.

2 — *with a* card of ten.] i. e. with a very high card. The phrase seems to have been applied to those persons who gained their ends by impudence, and bold confident assertion. MALONE.

So, Skelton:

"Fyrste pycke a quarrel, and fall out with him then,
"And so outface him with a *card of ten.*" WARBURTON.

Do

Do get their children; but, in this caſe of wooing,
A child ſhall get a ſire, if I fail not of my cunning[3].
Exit.

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Room in Baptiſta's *Houſe.*

Enter LUCENTIO, HORTENSIO, *and* BIANCA.

Luc. Fidler, forbear; you grow too forward, ſir:
Have you ſo ſoon forgot the entertainment
Her ſiſter Catharine welcom'd you withal?
Hor. But, wrangling pedant, this is*
The patroneſs of heavenly harmony:
Then give me leave to have prerogative;
And when in muſick we have ſpent an hour,
Your lecture ſhall have leiſure for as much.
Luc. Prepoſterous aſs! that never read ſo far
To know the cauſe why muſick was ordain'd!
Was it not, to refreſh the mind of man,
After his ſtudies, or his uſual pain?
Then give me leave to read philoſophy,
And, while I pauſe, ſerve in your harmony.
Hor. Sirrah, I will not bear theſe braves of thine.
Bian. Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong,
To ſtrive for that which reſteth in my choice:
I am no breeching ſcholar[4] in the ſchools;
I'll not be ty'd to hours, nor 'pointed times,

[3] — *if I fail not of my* cunning.] As this is the concluſion of an act, I ſuſpect that the poet deſign'd a rhyming couplet. Inſtead of *cunning* we might read—*doing*, which is often uſed by Shakſpeare in the ſenſe here wanted, and agrees perfectly well with the beginning of the line—"a child ſhall *get* a ſire." STEEVENS.

* — *this is*] Probably our author wrote—this *lady* is, which completes the metre, *wrangling* being uſed as a triſyllable. MALONE.

[4] — *no* breeching *ſcholar*—] i. e. no ſchool-boy liable to corporal correction. So, in *K. Edward II.* by Marlowe, 1598:

"Whoſe looks were as a *breeching* to a boy." STEEVENS.

But learn my leſſons as I pleaſe myſelf.
And, to cut off all ſtrife, here ſit we down :—
Take you your inſtrument, play you the whiles;
His lecture will be done, ere you have tun'd.

Hor. You'll leave his lecture, when I am in tune?
[*to* Bianca. Hor. *retires.*

Luc. That will be never ;—tune your inſtrument.

Bian. Where left we laſt?

Luc. Here, madam :—
Hic ibat Simois ; hic eſt Sigeia tellus ;
Hic ſteterat Priami regia celſa ſenis.

Bian. Conſtrue them.

Luc. Hic ibat, as I told you before,—*Simois*, I am Lucentio,—*hic eſt*, ſon unto Vincentio of Piſa,—*Sigeia tellus*, diſguiſed thus to get your love ;—*Hic ſteterat*, and that Lucentio that comes a wooing,—*Priami*, is my man Tranio,—*regia*, bearing my port,—*celſa ſenis*, that we might beguile the old pantaloon [5].

Hor. Madam, my inſtrument's in tune. [*returning.*

Bian. Let's hear :— [Hor. *plays.*
O fie! the treble jars.

Luc. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

Bian. Now let me ſee if I can conſtrue it: *Hic ibat Simois*, I know you not ;—*hic eſt Sigeia tellus*, I truſt you not ;—*Hic ſteterat Priami*, take heed he hear us not ;—*regia*, preſume not ;—*celſa ſenis*, deſpair not.

Hor. Madam, 'tis now in tune.

Luc. All but the baſe.

Hor. The baſe is right ; 'tis the baſe knave that jars.
How fiery and forward our pedant is!
Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love :
Pedaſcule [6], I'll watch you better yet.

5 —*pantaloon.*] The old cully in Italian farces. JOHNSON.

6 *Pedaſcule,*] He would have ſaid *Didaſcale*, but thinking this too honourable, he coins the word *Pedaſcule*, in imitation of it, from *pedant*. WARBURTON.

I believe it is no coinage of Shakſpeare's. It is more probable that *it lay in his way, and he found it.* STEEVENS.

Bian.

Bian. In time I may believe, yet I miſtruſt [7].
Luc. Miſtruſt it not; for, ſure, *Æacides* [8]
Was Ajax,—call'd ſo from his grandfather.
Bian. I muſt believe my maſter; elſe, I promiſe you,
I ſhould be arguing ſtill upon that doubt:
But let it reſt.—Now, Licio, to you:—
Good maſters [9], take it not unkindly, pray,
That I have been thus pleaſant with you both.
Hor. You may go walk, [*to* Luc.] and give me leave awhile;
My leſſons make no muſick in three parts.
Luc. Are you ſo formal, ſir? well, I muſt wait,
And watch withal; for, but I be deceiv'd [1],
Our fine muſician groweth amorous. [*aſide.*
Hor. Madam, before you touch the inſtrument,
To learn the order of my fingering,
I muſt begin with rudiments of art;
To teach you gamut in a briefer ſort,
More pleaſant, pithy, and effectual,
Than hath been taught by any of my trade:
And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.
Bian. Why, I am paſt my gamut long ago.
Hor. Yet read the gamut of Hortenſio.
Bian. Gamut, *I am, the ground of all accord,* [reads.
A re, *to plead Hortenſio's paſſion;*
B mi, *Bianca, take him for thy lord,*
C faut, *that loves with all affection:*
D ſol re, *one cliff, two notes have I;*
E la mi, *ſhow pity, or I die.*

7 *In time I may believe, yet I miſtruſt.*] This and the ſeven verſes that follow have in all the editions been ſtupidly ſhuffled and miſplaced to wrong ſpeakers; ſo that every word ſaid was glaringly out of character. THEOBALD.

8 — *for, ſure, Æacides* &c.] This is only ſaid to deceive Hortenſio, who is ſuppoſed to liſten. STEEVENS.

9 *Good* maſters,] Old copy—*maſter*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

1 — but *I be deceiv'd,*] *But* has here the ſignification of *unleſs*. MALONE.

Call

Call you this—gamut? tut! I like it not:
Old fashions please me best; I am not so nice,
To change true rules for odd inventions [2].

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mistress, your father prays you leave your books,
And help to dress your sister's chamber up;
You know, to-morrow is the wedding-day.

Bian. Farewel, sweet masters, both; I must begone.
[*Exeunt* Bian. *and* Serv.

Luc. 'Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay. [*Exit.*

Hor. But I have cause to pry into this pedant;
Methinks, he looks as though he were in love:—
Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble,
To cast thy wand'ring eyes on every stale,
Seize thee, that list: If once I find thee ranging,
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The same. Before Baptista's *House.*

Enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO, CATHARINA, BIANCA, LUCENTIO, *and Attendants.*

Bap. Signior Lucentio, [*to* Tra.] this is the 'pointed day
That Catharine and Petruchio should be marry'd,
And yet we hear not of our son-in-law:
What will be said? what mockery will it be,
To want the bridegroom, when the priest attends
To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage?
What says Lucentio to this shame of ours?

Cath. No shame but mine: I must, forsooth, be forc'd

[2] *To* change *true rules for* odd *inventions.*] The old copy reads—To *charge* true rules for *old* inventions: The former emendation was made by the editor of the second folio; the latter by Mr. Theobald.—*Old*, however, may be right. I believe, an opposition was intended. As *change* was corrupted into *charge*, why might not *true* have been put instead of *new*? Perhaps the author wrote

To change *new* rules for old inventions.

i. e. to accept of new rules in exchange for old inventions. MALONE.

To

To give my hand, oppos'd againſt my heart,
Unto a mad-brain rudeſby, full of ſpleen [3];
Who woo'd in haſte, and means to wed at leiſure.
I told you, I, he was a frantick fool,
Hiding his bitter jeſts in blunt behaviour:
And, to be noted for a merry man,
He'll woo a thouſand, 'point the day of marriage,
Make friends, invite them, and proclaim the banns [4];
Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.
Now muſt the world point at poor Catharine,
And ſay,—*Lo, there is mad Petruchio's wife,*
If it would pleaſe him come and marry her.

Tra. Patience, good Catharine, and Baptiſta too;
Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,
Whatever fortune ſtays him from his word:
Though he be blunt, I know him paſſing wiſe;
Though he be merry, yet withal he's honeſt.

Cath. 'Would, Catharine had never ſeen him though!
[*Exit, weeping, followed by* Bianca *and others.*

Bap. Go, girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep;
For ſuch an injury would vex a very ſaint,
Much more a ſhrew of thy impatient humour [5].

Enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. Maſter, maſter! news, old news [6], and ſuch news as you never heard of!

3 —*full of ſpleen*;] That is, full of humour, caprice, and inconſtancy. JOHNSON.

4 *Make friends, invite* them, *and proclaim the banns*;] *Them* is not in the old copy. For this emendation the preſent editor is anſwerable. The editor of the ſecond folio, to ſupply the defect in the metre, reads, with leſs probability in my opinion,

Make friends, invite, *yes*, and proclaim &c. MALONE.

5 —*of* thy *impatient humour*.] *Thy*, which is not in the old copy, was inſerted by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

6 —*old news*.] Theſe words have been added by ſome of the editors, and neceſſarily, for the reply of Baptiſta ſuppoſes them to have been already ſpoken.—*Old laughing*,—*old utis*, &c. are expreſſions of that time merely hyperbolical, and have been more than once uſed by Shakſpeare. See a note on *K. Henry IV.* P. II. Act II. ſc. iv. STEEVENS.

They were added by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

Bap.

Bap. Is it new and old too? how may that be?

Bion. Why, is it not news, to hear of Petruchio's coming?

Bap. Is he come?

Bion. Why, no, sir.

Bap. What then?

Bion. He is coming.

Bap. When will he be here?

Bion. When he stands where I am, and sees you there.

Tra. But say, what:—To thine old news.

Bion. Why, Petruchio is coming, in a new hat, and an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches, thrice turn'd; a pair of boots that have been candle-cases, one buckled, another laced; an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town armory, with a broken hilt, and chapeless, with two broken points [7]: His horse hip'd with an old mothy saddle, and stirrups of no kindred: besides, possess'd with the glanders, and like to mose in the chine; troubled with the lampass, infected with the fashions, full of windgalls, sped with spavins, raied with the yellows, past cure of the fives [8], stark spoil'd with the staggers, begnawn with the

7 — *pair of boots—one buckled, another laced*; *an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town-armory, with a broken hilt, and chapeless, with two broken points:*] How a sword should have *two broken points*, I cannot tell. There is, I think, a transposition caused by the seeming relation of *point* to *sword*. I read, *a pair of boots, one buckled, another laced* with two broken points; *an old rusty sword—with a broken hilt, and chapeless.* JOHNSON.

I suspect that several words giving an account of Petruchio's *belt* are wanting. The belt was then broad and rich, and worn on the outside of the clothes. *Two broken points* might therefore have concluded the description of its ostentatious meanness. STEEVENS.

The broken *points* might be the two broken tags to the laces. TOLLET.

— *that have been candle-cases,*] That is, I suppose, boots long left off, and after having been converted into cases to hold the ends of candles, returning to their first office. STEEVENS.

8 — *infected with the* fashions,—*past cure of the* fives,] *Fashions.* So called in the West of England, but by the best writers on farriery, *farcins*, or *farcy*.—*Fives.* So called in the West; *vives* elsewhere, and *avives* by the French; a distemper in horses, little differing from the strangles. GREY.

Shakspeare

the bots; ſway'd in the back [9], and ſhoulder-ſhotten; ne'er legg'd before [1], and with a half-check'd bit, and a headſtall of ſheep's leather; which, being reſtrain'd to keep him from ſtumbling, hath been often burſt, and now repair'd with knots: one girt ſix times pieced, and a woman's crupper of velure [2], which hath two letters for her name, fairly ſet down in ſtuds, and here and there pieced with packthread.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. O, ſir, his lacquey, for all the world capariſon'd like the horſe; with a linen ſtock [3] on one leg, and a kerſey boot-hoſe on the other, garter'd with a red and blue liſt; an old hat, and the humour of forty fancies prick'd in't for a feather [4]: a monſter, a very monſter in

Shakſpeare is not the only writer who uſes *faſhions* for *farcy*. See Decker's comedy of *Old Fortunatus*, 1600, and the *New Ordinary* by Brome. STEEVENS.

9 — ſway'd *in the back*,] The old copy has—*waid*. Corrected by Sir T. Hanmer. MALONE.

1 — ne'er *legg'd before*,] i. e. founder'd in his fore feet; having, as the jockies term it, *never* a *fore leg* to ſtand on. The ſubſequent words—"which, being reſtrain'd, to keep him from *ſtumbling*"—ſeem to countenance this interpretation. The modern editors read—*near-legg'd* before; but to go near before is not reckoned a defect, but a perfection, in a horſe. MALONE.

2 — *a crupper of* velure,] *Velure* is velvet. *Velours*, Fr. STEEVENS.

3 — *ſtock*—] i. e. ſtocking. STEEVENS.

4 — *an old hat, and* the humour of forty fancies *prick'd in't for a feather:*] This was ſome ballad or drollery of that time, which the poet here ridicules, by making Petruchio prick it up in his foot-boy's old hat for a feather. His ſpeakers are perpetually quoting ſcraps and ſtanzas of old ballads, and often very obſcurely; for, ſo well are they adapted to the occaſion, that they ſeem of a piece with the reſt. In Shakſpeare's time, the kingdom was over-run with theſe doggrel compoſitions. WARBURTON.

I have ſome doubts concerning this interpretation. A *fancy* appears to have been ſome ornament worn formerly in the hat. So Peacham, in his *Worth of a Penny*, deſcribing "an indigent and diſcontented ſoldat," ſays, "he walks with his arms folded, his belt without a ſword or rapier, that perhaps being ſomewhere in trouble; a *hat* without a band, hanging over his eyes; only it wears a weather-beaten *fancy* for faſhion-ſake." MALONE.

apparel;

apparel; and not like a chriſtian foot-boy, or a gentleman's lacquey.

Tra. 'Tis ſome odd humour pricks him to this faſhion;—
Yet oftentimes he goes but mean apparell'd.

Bap. I am glad he is come, howſoe'er he comes.

Bion. Why, ſir, he comes not.

Bap. Didſt thou not ſay, he comes?

Bion. Who? that Petruchio came?

Bap. Ay, that Petruchio came.

Bion. No, ſir; I ſay, his horſe comes with him on his back.

Bap. Why, that's all one.

Bion. Nay, by ſaint Jamy, I hold you a penny,
A horſe and a man is more than one, and yet not many.

Enter PETRUCHIO *and* GRUMIO.

Pet. Come, where be theſe gallants? who is at home?

Bap. You are welcome, ſir.

Pet. And yet I come not well.

Bap. And yet you halt not.

Tra. Not ſo well apparell'd
As I wiſh you were.

Pet. Were it better, I ſhould ruſh in thus.
But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride?—
How does my father?—Gentles, methinks you frown:
And wherefore gaze this goodly company;
As if they ſaw ſome wond'rous monument,
Some comet, or unuſual prodigy?

Bap. Why, ſir, you know, this is your wedding-day:
Firſt were we ſad, fearing you would not come;
Now ſadder, that you come ſo unprovided.
Fye! doff this habit, ſhame to your eſtate,
An eye-ſore to our ſolemn feſtival.

Tra. And tell us, what occaſion of import
Hath all ſo long detain'd you from your wife,
And ſent you hither ſo unlike yourſelf?

Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harſh to hear;
Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word,

Though

Though in ſome part enforced to digreſs[5];
Which, at more leiſure, I will ſo excuſe
As you ſhall well be ſatisfied withal.
But, where is Kate? I ſtay too long from her;
The morning wears, 'tis time we were at church.

Tra. See not your bride in theſe unreverent robes;
Go to my chamber, put on cloaths of mine.

Pet. Not I, believe me; thus I'll viſit her.

Bap. But thus, I truſt, you will not marry her.

Pet. Good ſooth, even thus; therefore have done with words;
To me ſhe's marry'd, not unto my cloaths:
Could I repair what ſhe will wear in me,
As I can change theſe poor accoutrements,
'Twere well for Kate, and better for myſelf.
But what a fool am I, to chat with you,
When I ſhould bid good-morrow to my bride,
And ſeal the title with a lovely kiſs?

[*Exeunt* PET. GRU. *and* BION.

Tra. He hath ſome meaning in his mad attire:
We will perſuade him, be it poſſible,
To put on better ere he go to church.

Bap. I'll after him, and ſee the event of this. [*Exit.*

Tra. But, ſir, to her love[6] concerneth us to add
Her father's liking: Which to bring to paſs,
As I before imparted[7] to your worſhip,
I am to get a man,—whate'er he be,
It ſkills not much; we'll fit him to our turn,—

5 — *to digreſs*;] to deviate from any promiſe. JOHNSON.

6 *But, ſir,* to her *love*—] The words *to her*, which are wanting in the old copy, have been inſerted on the ſuggeſtion of Mr. Tyrwhitt. The nominative caſe to the verb *concerneth* is here underſtood. A ſimilar licence may be found in *As you like it*, p. 232, l. 2. MALONE.

We muſt ſuppoſe, that Lucentio had before informed Tranio in private of his having obtained Bianca's love; and Tranio here reſumes the converſation, by obſerving, that *to her love* it concerns them to add *her father's conſent*; and then goes on to propoſe a ſcheme for obtaining the latter. TYRWHITT.

7 *As* I *before imparted*—] *I*, which was inadvertently omitted in the old copy, was added by the editor of the ſecond folio; but with his uſual inaccuracy was inſerted in the wrong place. MALONE.

And he ſhall be Vincentio of Piſa;
And make aſſurance, here in Padua,
Of greater ſums than I have promiſed.
So ſhall you quietly enjoy your hope,
And marry ſweet Bianca with conſent.

Luc. Were it not that my fellow ſchool-maſter
Doth watch Bianca's ſteps ſo narrowly,
'Twere good, methinks, to ſteal our marriage;
Which once perform'd, let all the world ſay—no,
I'll keep mine own, deſpight of all the world.

Tra. That by degrees we mean to look into,
And watch our vantage in this buſineſs:
We'll over-reach the grey-beard, Gremio,
The narrow-prying father, Minola;
The quaint muſician, amorous Licio;
All for my maſter's ſake, Lucentio.—

Re-enter GREMIO.

Signior Gremio! came you from the church?

Gre. As willingly as e'er I came from ſchool [8].

Tra. And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?

Gre. A bridegroom, ſay you? 'tis a groom, indeed,
A grumbling groom, and that the girl ſhall find.

Tra. Curſter than ſhe? why, 'tis impoſſible.

Gre. Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

Tra. Why, ſhe's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.

Gre. Tut! ſhe's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him.
I'll tell you, ſir Lucentio; When the prieſt
Should aſk—if Catharine ſhould be his wife,
Ay, by gogs-wouns, quoth he; and ſwore ſo loud,
That, all amaz'd, the prieſt let fall the book:
And, as he ſtoop'd again to take it up,
This mad-brain'd bridegroom took him ſuch a cuff,
That down fell prieſt and book, and book and prieſt;
Now take them up, quoth he, *if any liſt.*

Tra. What ſaid the wench, when he roſe again?

Gre. Trembled and ſhook; for why, he ſtamp'd, and
ſwore,

[8] *As willingly* &c.] This is a proverbial ſaying. See Ray's *Collection.* STEEVENS.

As

As if the vicar meant to cozen him.
But after many ceremonies done,
He calls for wine:
A health, quoth he; as if he had been aboard,
Carousing to his mates after a storm:
Quaff'd off the muscadel[9], and threw the sops
All in the sexton's face; having no other reason,—
But that his beard grew thin and hungerly,
And seem'd to ask him sops as he was drinking.
This done, he took the bride about the neck;
And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack,
That, at the parting, all the church did echo.

[9] *Quaff'd off the muscadel,*] It appears from this passage, and the following one in *the History of the two Maids of Moreclacke*, a comedy by Robert Armin, 1609, that it was the custom to drink wine immediately after the marriage ceremony. Armin's play begins thus:
Enter a Maid strewing flowers, and a serving-man perfuming the door.
"*Maid.* Strew, strew.
"*Man.* The *muscadine* stays for the bride at church.
"The priest and Hymen's ceremonies 'tend
"To make them man and wife."
There was likewise a flower [*Sops in Wine*] that borrowed its name from this ceremony. STEEVENS.

The fashion of introducing a bowl of wine into the church at a wedding, to be drank by the bride and bridegroom and persons present, was very anciently a constant ceremony; and, as appears from this passage, not abolished in our author's age. We find it practised at the magnificent marriage of queen Mary and Philip, in Winchester cathedral, 1554. "The trumpets sounded, and they both returned to their traverses in the quire, and there remayned untill masse was done: at which tyme, *wyne* and *sopes* were hallowed and delyvered to them both." COLLECT. Append. Vol. IV. p. 400, edit. 1770. T. WARTON.

This custom is of very high antiquity; for it subsisted among our Gothick ancestors.—"*Ingressus domum convivalem sponsus cum pronubo suo, sumpto poculo, quod maritale vocant, ac paucis à pronubo de mutato vitæ genere præfatis, in signum constantiæ, virtutis, defensionis et tutelæ*, propinat *sponsæ, & simul morgengaticam* [dotalitium *ob virginitatem*] *promittit, quod ipsa grato animo recipiens, pari ratione & modo, paulo post mutato in uxorium habitum operculo capitis, ingressa,* poculum, *uti nostrates vocant*, uxorium leviter delibans, *amorem, fidem, diligentiam, & subjectionem promittit.*" Stiernhook *de Jure Sueonum & Gothorum vetusto*, p. 163, quarto, 1672. MALONE.

I, seeing this [1], came thence for very shame;
And after me, I know, the rout is coming:
Such a mad marriage never was before:
Hark, hark! I hear the minstrels play. [*Musick.*

Enter PETRUCHIO, CATHARINA, BIANCA, BAPTISTA, HORTENSIO, GRUMIO, *and Train.*

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains:
I know, you think to dine with me to-day,
And have prepar'd great store of wedding cheer;
But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

Bap. Is't possible, you will away to-night?

Pet. I must away to-day, before night come:—
Make it no wonder; if you knew my business,
You would entreat me rather go than stay.
And, honest company, I thank you all,
That have beheld me give away myself
To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife:
Dine with my father, drink a health to me;
For I must hence, and farewel to you all.

Tra. Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.

Pet. It may not be.

Gre. Let me entreat you.

Pet. It cannot be.

Cath. Let me entreat you.

Pet. I am content.

Cath. Are you content to stay?

Pet. I am content you shall entreat me stay;
But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.

Cath. Now, if you love me, stay.

Pet. Grumio my horse.

Gru. Ay, sir, they be ready; the oats have eaten the horses [2].

Cath.

[1] I, *seeing this*,—] The old copy has—*And* I seeing—. *And* was probably caught from the beginning of the next line. The emendation is Sir T. Hanmer's. MALONE.

[2] — *the oats have eaten the horses.*] There is still a ludicrous expression, when horses have staid so long in a place as to have eaten more than they

Cath. Nay, then,
Do what thou canſt, I will not go to-day;
No, nor to-morrow, nor till [3] I pleaſe myſelf.
The door is open, ſir, there lies your way,
You may be jogging, whiles your boots are green;
For me, I'll not be gone, till I pleaſe myſelf:—
'Tis like, you'll prove a jolly ſurly groom,
That take it on you at the firſt ſo roundly.

Pet. O, Kate, content thee; pr'ythee, be not angry.

Cath. I will be angry; What haſt thou to do?—
Father, be quiet; he ſhall ſtay my leiſure.

Gre. Ay, marry, ſir: now it begins to work.

Cath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner:—
I ſee, a woman may be made a fool,
If ſhe had not a ſpirit to reſiſt.

Pet. They ſhall go forward, Kate, at thy command:—
Obey the bride, you that attend on her:
Go to the feaſt, revel and domineer,
Carouſe full meaſure to her maidenhead,
Be mad and merry,—or go hang yourſelves;
But for my bonny Kate, ſhe muſt with me.
Nay, look not big, nor ſtamp, nor ſtare, nor fret;
I will be maſter of what is mine own:
She is my goods, my chattels; ſhe is my houſe,
My houſhold-ſtuff, my field, my barn,
My horſe, my ox, my aſs, my any thing;
And here ſhe ſtands, touch her whoever dare;

they are worth,—viz. that *their heads are too big for the ſtable door.* I ſuppoſe Grumio has ſome ſuch meaning, though it is more openly expreſs'd, as follows, in the original play:

" *Feran.* Tut, *Kate*, I tel thee we muſt needes go home:
" Vilaine, haſt thou ſaddled my horſe?
" *San.* Which horſe? your cuſtall?
" *Feran.* Souns, you ſlave, ſtand you prating here?
" Saddle the bay gelding for your miſtris.
" *Kate.* Not for me, for I will not go.
" *San. The oſtler will not let me have him: you owe ten pence for his meate, and 6 pence for ſtuffing my miſtris ſaddle.*
" *Feran.* Here, villaine; goe pay him ſtrait." STEEVENS.

[3] — nor *till*—] Old Copy—*not* till. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

I'll bring mine action on the proudeſt he
That ſtops my way in Padua.—Grumio,
Draw forth thy weapon, we're beſet with thieves;
Reſcue thy miſtreſs, if thou be a man:—
Fear not, ſweet wench, they ſhall not touch thee, Kate;
I'll buckler thee againſt a million.

[*Exeunt* PET. CATH. *and* GRU.

Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

Gre. Went they not quickly, I ſhould die with laughing.

Tra. Of all mad matches, never was the like!

Luc. Miſtreſs, what's your opinion of your ſiſter?

Bian. That, being mad herſelf, ſhe's madly mated.

Gre. I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.

Bap. Neighbours and friends, though bride and bridegroom wants
For to ſupply the places at the table,
You know, there wants no junkets at the feaſt;—
Lucentio, you ſhall ſupply the bridegroom's place;
And let Bianca take her ſiſter's room.

Tra. Shall ſweet Bianca practiſe how to bride it?

Bap. She ſhall, Lucentio.—Come, gentlemen, let's go.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Hall in Petruchio's *Country Houſe.*

Enter GRUMIO.

Gru. Fye, fye, on all tired jades! on all mad maſters! and all foul ways! Was ever man ſo beaten? was ever man ſo ray'd[4]? was ever man ſo weary? I am ſent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm

4 — *ſo* ray'd?] i. e. *bewray'd*, made dirty. So Spenſer, B. II. c. 8. ſt. 32: "Ruffled and foully *ray'd* with filthy ſoil." TOLLET.

So, in *Summer's Laſt Will and Teſtament*, 1600: "Let there be a few ruſhes laid in the place where Backwinter ſhall tumble, for fear of *raying* his clothes." STEEVENS.

them.

them. Now, were not I a little pot, and ſoon hot [5], my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I ſhould come by a fire to thaw me:—But, I, with blowing the fire, ſhall warm myſelf; for, conſidering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold. Holla, hoa! Curtis!

Enter CURTIS.

Curt. Who is that, calls ſo coldly?

Gru. A piece of ice: If thou doubt it, thou may'ſt ſlide from my ſhoulder to my heel, with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.

Curt. Is my maſter and his wife coming, Grumio?

Gru. Oh, ay, Curtis, ay: and therefore fire, fire; caſt on no water [6].

Curt. Is ſhe ſo hot a ſhrew as ſhe's reported?

Gru. She was, good Curtis, before this froſt: but, thou know'ſt, winter tames man, woman, and beaſt; for it hath tam'd my old maſter, and my new miſtreſs, and myſelf, fellow Curtis [7].

Curt.

[5] — *a little pot, and ſoon hot,*] This is a proverbial expreſſion. STEEVENS.

[6] — *fire, fire; caſt on no water.*] There is an old popular catch of three parts, in theſe words:

"Scotland burneth, Scotland burneth.
"Fire, fire;——Fire, fire;
"Caſt on ſome more water." BLACKSTONE.

[7] — *winter tames man,* &c.] "*Winter,*" ſays Grumio, "tames *man, woman, and beaſt:* for it has tamed my old maſter, my newmiſtreſs, and *myſelf*, fellow *Curtis*.—Away, you three-inch'd fool," replies *Curtis*, "*I am no beaſt.*" Why, aſks Dr. Warburton, had Grumio call'd him one? He alters therefore *myſelf* to *thyſelf*, and all the editors follow him. But there is no neceſſity; if Grumio calls *himſelf* a *beaſt*, and *Curtis, fellow*, ſurely he calls *Curtis a beaſt* likewiſe. Malvolio takes this ſenſe of the word: "let this *fellow* be look'd to!—*Fellow!* not *Malvolio*, after my degree, but *fellow!*" In Ben Jonſon's *Caſe is Altered*, "What ſays my *fellow Onion?*" quoth *Chriſtophero.*—"All of a houſe," replies *Onion*, "but not *fellows.*"

In the old play, call'd *The Return from Parnaſſus*, we have a curious paſſage, which ſhews the opinion of contemporaries concerning the *learning* of Shakſpeare; this uſe of the word *fellow* brings it to my remembrance. Burbage and Kempe are introduced to teach the univerſity-men the art of acting, and are repreſented (particularly Kempe, as

Curt. Away, you three-inch fool[8]! I am no beaſt.

Gru. Am I but three inches? why, thy horn is a foot[9]; and ſo long am I, at the leaſt. But wilt thou make a fire, or ſhall I complain on thee to our miſtreſs, whoſe hand (ſhe being now at hand) thou ſhalt ſoon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being ſlow in thy hot office.

Curt. I pr'ythee, good Grumio, tell me, How goes the world?

Gru. A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine; and, therefore, fire: Do thy duty, and have thy duty; for my maſter and miſtreſs are almoſt frozen to death.

Curt. There's fire ready; And therefore, good Grumio, the news?

Gru. Why, *Jack boy! ho boy*[1]! and as much news as thou wilt.

Curt. Come, you are ſo full of conycatching:—

Gru. Why therefore, fire; for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook? is ſupper ready, the houſe trimm'd, ruſhes ſtrew'd, cobwebs ſwept; the ſerving-men in their new fuſtian, their white ſtockings[3], and every officer his wedding-garment on? Be the jacks fair with-

leaden ſpouts,—very illiterate. "Few of the univerſity, ſays Kempe, pen plays well; *they* ſmell too much of that writer, *Ovid*, and that writer *Metamorphoſis*:—why, here's our *Fellow Shakſpeare* puts them all down." FARMER.

The ſentence delivered by Grumio is proverbial:

"Wedding, and ill-wintering, tame both man and beaſt."

See Ray's *Collection*. STEEVENS.

[8] *Away, you* three-inch *fool!*] This contemptuous expreſſion alludes to Grumio's diminutive ſize. He has already mentioned it himſelf:—"Now, were not I a *little pot*—" His anſwer likewiſe, "—and ſo *long* am I at the leaſt,"—ſhews that this is the meaning, and that Dr. Warburton was miſtaken in ſuppoſing that theſe words allude to the *thickneſs* of Grumio's *ſkull*. MALONE.

[9] *Why*, thy horn *is a foot*;] The meaning is, that he had made Curtis a cuckold. WARBURTON.

[1] *Jack boy! ho boy!*] is the beginning of an old round in three parts. Sir JOHN HAWKINS.

[2] —*as* thou wilt.] Old Copy—*wilt thou*. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[3] —their *white ſtockings*,—] The old copy reads—*the* white—. Corrected by the editor of the third folio. MALONE.

in,

in, the jills fair without[4], the carpets laid[5], and every thing in order?

Curt. All ready; And therefore, I pray thee, news[6]?

Gru. Firſt, know, my horſe is tired; my maſter and miſtreſs fallen out.

Curt. How?

Gru. Out of their ſaddles into the dirt; And thereby hangs a tale.

Curt. Let's ha't, good Grumio.

Gru. Lend thine ear.

Curt. Here.

Gru. There. [*ſtriking him.*

Curt. This is[7] to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Gru. And therefore 'tis call'd, a ſenſible tale: and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beſeech liſt'ning. Now I begin: *Imprimis*, we came down a foul hill, my maſter riding behind my miſtreſs:—

Curt. Both of one horſe?

Gru. What's that to thee?

Curt. Why, a horſe.

Gru. Tell thou the tale:—But hadſt thou not croſs'd me, thou ſhould'ſt have heard how her horſe fell, and ſhe under her horſe; thou ſhould'ſt have heard, in how miry a place: how ſhe was bemoil'd[8]; how he left her with the horſe upon her; how he beat me becauſe her horſe

4 *Be the Jacks fair within, the Jills fair without?*] i. e. Are the drinking veſſels clean, and the maid ſervants dreſs'd? WARBURTON.

I believe the poet meant to play upon the words *Jack* and *Jill*, which ſignify *two drinking meaſures*, as well as *men* and *maid ſervants*. The diſtinction made in the queſtions concerning them, was owing to this. The *Jacks* being of leather, could not be made to appear beautiful on the outſide, but were very apt to contract foulneſs within; whereas, the *Jills*, being of metal, were expected to be kept bright externally, and were not liable to dirt on the inſide like the leather. STEEVENS.

5 — *the carpets laid,*] In our author's time it was cuſtomary to cover tables with carpets. Floors, as appears from the preſent paſſage and others, were ſtrewed with ruſhes. MALONE.

6 *I pray* thee, *news?*] I believe the author wrote—I pray, *thy* news. MALONE.

7 *This* is—] Old Copy—This *'tis*—. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

8 — *bemoil'd;*] i. e. be-draggled, bemired. STEEVENS.

ſtumbled; how ſhe waded through the dirt to pluck him off me; how he ſwore; how ſhe pray'd—that never pray'd before[9]; how I cry'd; how the horſes ran away; how her bridle was burſt[1]; how I loſt my crupper; —with many things of worthy memory; which now ſhall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienced to thy grave.

Curt. By this reckoning, he is more ſhrew than ſhe.

Gru. Ay; and that thou and the proudeſt of you all ſhall find, when he comes home. But what talk I of this? —call forth Nathaniel, Joſeph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarſop, and the reſt: let their heads be ſleekly comb'd, their blue coats bruſh'd[2], and their garters of an indifferent knit[3]: let them curt'ſy with their left legs; and not preſume to touch a hair of my maſter's horſe-tail, till they kiſs their hands. Are they all ready?

Curt. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

[9] — *how he ſwore*;
how ſhe pray'd—that never pray'd before;] Theſe lines, with little variation, are found in the old copy of *K. Leir*, publiſhed before that of Shakſpeare. STEEVENS.

[1] — *her bridle was* burſt;] See p. 244, n. 6. MALONE.

[2] — *their* blue coats *bruſh'd*,] The dreſs of ſervants at the time. So, in Decker's *Belman's Night Walkes*, ſig. E. 3: "— the other act their parts in *blue coates*, as they were *ſerving men*—." REED.

[3] — *garters of an indifferent knit*:] What is the ſenſe of this I know not, unleſs it means, that their *garters* ſhould be *fellows*; *indifferent*, or *not different*, one from the other. JOHNSON.

This is rightly explained. So, in *Hamlet*:

"As the *indifferent* children of the earth." STEEVENS.

Perhaps by "garters of an *indifferent* knit" the author meant *particoloured* garters; garters of a *different* knit. In Shakſpeare's time *indifferent* was ſometimes uſed for *different*. Thus Speed (*Hiſt. of Gr. Brit.* p. 770,) deſcribing the French and Engliſh armies at the battle of Agincourt, ſays, "—the face of theſe hoaſts were diverſe and *indifferent*."

That garters of a *different knit* were formerly worn, appears from TEXNOΓAMIA, *or the Marriages of the Arts*, by Barton Holyday, 1630, where the following ſtage direction occurs. "Phantaſtes in a branched velvet jerkin,—red ſilk ſtockings, and *particoloured garters*." MALONE.

Curt.

Curt. Do you hear, ho? you muſt meet my maſter, to countenance my miſtreſs.

Gru. Why, ſhe hath a face of her own.

Curt. Who knows not that?

Gru. Thou, it ſeems; that call'ſt for company to countenance her.

Curt. I call them forth to credit her.

Gru. Why, ſhe comes to borrow nothing of them.

Enter ſeveral Servants.

Nath. Welcome home, Grumio.

Phil. How now, Grumio!

Joſ. What, Grumio!

Nich. Fellow Grumio!

Nath. How now, old lad?

Gru. Welcome, you;—how now, you;—what, you;—fellow, you;—and thus much for greeting. Now, my ſpruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

Nath. All things is ready [4]: How near is our maſter?

Gru. E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not,—Cock's paſſion, ſilence!—I hear my maſter.

Enter PETRUCHIO *and* CATHARINA [5].

Pet. Where be theſe knaves? What, no man at door*,
To hold my ſtirrup, nor to take my horſe!
Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?—

All Serv. Here, here, ſir; here, ſir.

Pet. Here, ſir! here, ſir! here, ſir! here, ſir!—
You logger-headed and unpoliſh'd grooms!
What, no attendance? no regard? no duty?—
Where is the fooliſh knave I ſent before?

Gru. Here, ſir; as fooliſh as I was before.

4 *All things is ready:*] Though in general it is proper to correct the falſe concords that are found in almoſt every page of the old copy, here it would be improper; becauſe the language ſuits the character. MALONE.

5 *Enter Petruchio and Catharina.*] The old *Taming of a Shrew*, already mentioned, furniſhed our author with materials for this ſcene. MALONE.

* — *at* door,] Door is here, and in other places, uſed as a diſſyllable. MALONE.

Pet.

Pet. You peasant swain! you whoreson malt-horse drudge!
Did not I bid thee meet me in the park,
And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?

Gru. Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made,
And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i' the heel;
There was no link to colour Peter's hat [6],
And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing:
There were none fine, but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory;
The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly;
Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.

Pet. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.—
[*Exeunt some of the* Servants.
Where is the life that late I led— [7] [*sings.*
Where are those—Sit down, Kate, and welcome.—
Soud, soud, soud, soud [8]!

Re-enter Servants, *with supper.*

Why when, I say?—Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.
Off with my boots, you rogues, you villains; When?

It was the friar of orders grey [9], [sings.
As he forth walked on his way:—

[6] — *no* link *to colour Peter's hat,*] A *link* is a torch of pitch. Greene, in his *Mihil Mumchance*, says—"This cozenage is used likewise in selling old hats found upon dunghills, instead of newe, blackt over with the *smoake of an old linke.*" STEEVENS.

[7] *Where is the life that late I led*—] A scrap of some old ballad. Ancient Pistol elsewhere quotes the same line. In an old black letter book, intitled *A gorgious Gallery of gallant inventions* is a song *To the tune of* "Where is the life that late I led." ANONYMOUS.

[8] *Soud, soud,* &c.] This, I believe, is a word coined by our poet, to express the noise made by a person heated and fatigued. MALONE.

[9] *It was the friar of orders grey,*] Dispersed through Shakspeare's plays are many little fragments of ancient ballads, the entire copies of which cannot now be recovered. Many of these being of the most beautiful and pathetic simplicity, Dr. Percy has selected some of them, and connected them together with a few supplemental stanzas; a work, which at once shews his own poetical abilities, as well as his respect to the truly venerable remains of our most ancient bards. STEEVENS.

Out,

Out, out, you rogue[1]! you pluck my foot awry:
Take that, and mend the plucking off the other.—
[*ſtrikes him.*
Be merry, Kate:—Some water, here; what ho!—
Where's my ſpaniel Troilus?—Sirrah, get you hence,
And bid my couſin Ferdinand come hither[2]:—[*Exit* Ser.
One, Kate, that you muſt kiſs, and be acquainted with.—
Where are my ſlippers?—Shall I have ſome water?
[*A baſon is preſented to him.*
Come, Kate, and waſh[3], and welcome heartily:—
[*Servant lets the ewer fall.*
You, whoreſon villain! will you let it fall? [*ſtrikes him.*
Cath. Patience, I pray you; 'twas a fault unwilling.
Pet. A whoreſon, beetle-headed, flap-ear'd knave!
Come, Kate, ſit down; I know, you have a ſtomach.
Will you give thanks, ſweet Kate; or elſe ſhall I?—
What's this? mutton?
1. *Ser.* Ay.
Pet. Who brought it?
1. *Ser.* I.

1 *Out*, out, *you rogue!*] The ſecond word was inſerted by Mr. Pope, to complete the metre. When a word occurs twice in the ſame line, the compoſitor very frequently omits one of them. MALONE.

2 *And bid my couſin* Ferdinand *come hither:*] This couſin *Ferdinand*, who does not make his perſonal appearance on the ſcene, is mentioned, I ſuppoſe, for no other reaſon than to give Catharine a hint, that he could keep even his own relations in order, and make them obedient as his ſpaniel Troilus. STEEVENS.

3 *Come, Kate, and* waſh,] It has been already obſerved, that it was the cuſtom in our author's time, (and long before,) to waſh the hands immediately before dinner and ſupper, as well as afterwards. So, in Ives's *Select Papers*, p. 139: "And after that the Queen [Elizabeth, the wife of K. Henry VII.] was returned and *waſhed*, the Archbiſhop ſaid grace." Again, in Florio's *Second Frutes*, 1591: C. "The meate is coming, let us ſit downe. S. I would waſh firſt—. What ho, bring us ſome water to waſh our hands.—Give me a faire, cleane and white towel." From the ſame dialogue it appears that it was cuſtomary to waſh after meals likewiſe, and that ſetting the water on the table was then (as at preſent) peculiar to Great Britain and Ireland. "Bring ſome water (ſays one of the company, when dinner is ended,) to waſh our hands, and ſet the bacin upon the board, *after the Engliſh faſhion*, that all may waſh." MALONE.

Pet. 'Tis burnt; and so is all the meat:
What dogs are these?—Where is the rascal cook?
How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,
And serve it thus to me that love it not?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all:
[*Throws the meat, &c. about the stage.*
You heedless jolt-heads, and unmanner'd slaves!
What, do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.

Cath. I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet;
The meat was well, if you were so contented.

Pet. I tell thee Kate, 'twas burnt, and dry'd away;
And I expressly am forbid to touch it,
For it engenders choler, planteth anger;
And better 'twere, that both of us did fast,—
Since, of ourselves, ourselves are cholerick,—
Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.
Be patient; to-morrow it shall be mended,
And, for this night, we'll fast for company:—
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.
[*Exeunt* PET. CATH. *and* CURTIS.

Nath. [*advancing.*] Peter, didst ever see the like?

Peter. He kills her in her own humour.

Re-enter CURTIS.

Gru. Where is he?

Curt. In her chamber,
Making a sermon of continency to her:
And rails, and swears, and rates; that she, poor soul,
Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak;
And sits as one new-risen from a dream.
Away, away! for he is coming hither. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter PETRUCHIO.

Pet. Thus have I politickly begun my reign,
And 'tis my hope to end successfully:
My falcon now is sharp, and passing empty;
And, till she stoop, she must not be full-gorg'd [4],
For

[4] — *full-gorg'd*, &c.] A hawk too much fed was never tractable. The

For then she never looks upon her lure.
Another way I have to man my haggard [5],
To make her come, and know her keeper's call;
That is,—to watch her [6], as we watch these kites,
That bate *, and beat, and will not be obedient.
She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat;
Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not;
As with the meat, some undeserved fault
I'll find about the making of the bed;
And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,
This way the coverlet, another way the sheets:—
Ay, and amid this hurly, I intend [7],
That all is done in reverend care of her;
And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night:
And, if she chance to nod, I'll rail, and brawl,
And with the clamour keep her still awake.
This is a way to kill a wife with kindness;
And thus I'll curb her mad and head-strong humour:—
He that knows better how to tame a shrew,
Now let him speak; 'tis charity, to shew. [*Exit.*

The *lure* was only a thing stuff'd like that kind of bird which the hawk was designed to pursue. The use of the *lure* was to tempt him back after he had flown. STEEVENS.

5 — *to man my* haggard,] A *haggard* is a *wild hawk*; to *man* a hawk is to *tame* her. JOHNSON.

6 *That is,—to* watch *her,*] To keep her waking. MALONE.

Thus in the book of *Haukyng*, &c. b. l. commonly called, *The Book of St. Albans:* "And then the same night after the teding, *wake* her all night, and on the morrowe all day." Again, in the *Lady Errant*, by Cartwright: "We'll keep you as they do *hawks*; *watching* you until you leave your wildness." STEEVENS.

* *That* bate,] To *bate* is to flutter as a hawk does when it swoops upon its prey. Minsheu supposes it to be derived either from *batre*, Fr. to beat, or from *s'abatre*, to descend. MALONE.

7 — *amid this hurly, I* intend,] *Intend* is sometimes used by our author for *pretend*, and is, I believe, so used here. So, in *King Richard III:*

"Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,
"*Intending* deep suspicion." MALONE.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Padua. *Before* Baptiſta's *Houſe.*

Enter TRANIO *and* HORTENSIO.

Tra. Is't poſſible, friend Licio, that miſtreſs Bianca
Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?
I tell you, ſir, ſhe bears me fair in hand.
Hor. Sir, to ſatisfy you in what I have ſaid,
Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.
[*They ſtand aſide.*

Enter BIANCA *and* LUCENTIO.

Luc. Now, miſtreſs, profit you in what you read?
Bian. What, maſter, read you? firſt, reſolve me that.
Luc. I read that I profeſs, the art to love.
Bian. And may you prove, ſir, maſter of your art!
Luc. While you, ſweet dear, prove miſtreſs of my heart.
[*They retire.*

Hor. Quick proceeders, marry[8]! Now, tell me, I pray,
You that durſt ſwear that your miſtreſs Bianca
Lov'd none[9] in the world ſo well as Lucentio.
Tra. O deſpightful love! unconſtant womankind!—
I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.
Hor. Miſtake no more: I am not Licio,
Nor a muſician, as I ſeem to be;
But one that ſcorn to live in this diſguiſe,
For ſuch a one as leaves a gentleman,
And makes a god of ſuch a cullion:
Know, ſir, that I am call'd—Hortenſio.
Tra. Signior Hortenſio, I have often heard
Of your entire affection to Bianca;
And ſince mine eyes are witneſs of her lightneſs,

[8] *Quick* proceeders, *marry!*] Perhaps here an equivoque was intended. To *proceed* Maſter of Arts, &c. is the academical term. MALONE.

[9] *Lov'd* none—] Old Copy—Lov'd *me.* Mr. Rowe made this neceſſary correction. MALONE.

I will

I will with you,—if you be ſo contented,—
Forſwear Bianca and her love for ever.

Hor. See, how they kiſs and court!—Signior Lucentio,
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow—
Never to woo her more; but do forſwear her,
As one unworthy all the former favours
That I have fondly flatter'd her withal [1].

Tra. And here I take the like unfeigned oath,—
Ne'er to marry with her, though ſhe would entreat:
Fye on her! ſee, how beaſtly ſhe doth court him.

Hor. Would, all the world, but he, had quite forſworn!
For me,—that I may ſurely keep mine oath,
I will be marry'd to a wealthy widow,
Ere three days paſs; which hath as long lov'd me,
As I have lov'd this proud diſdainful haggard:
And ſo farewel, ſignior Lucentio.—
Kindneſs in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love:—and ſo I take my leave,
In reſolution as I ſwore before.

[*Exit* HOR.—LUC. *and* BIAN. *advance.*

Tra. Miſtreſs Bianca, bleſs you with ſuch grace
As 'longeth to a lover's bleſſed caſe!
Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love;
And have forſworn you, with Hortenſio.

Bian. Tranio, you jeſt; But have you both forſworn me?

Tra. Miſtreſs, we have.

Luc. Then we are rid of Licio.

Tra. I'faith, he'll have a luſty widow now,
That ſhall be woo'd and wedded in a day.

Bian. God give him joy!

Tra. Ay, and he'll tame her [2].

[1] —*flatter'd* her *withal.*] The old copy reads—*them* withal. The emendation was made by the editor of the third folio. MALONE.

[2] *Ay, and he'll tame her,* &c.] Thus in the original play:

"——— he means to tame his wife ere long.

"*Val.* Hee ſaies ſo.

"*Aurel.* Faith he's gon unto the taming-ſchoole.

"*Val.* The taming-ſchoole! why is there ſuch a place?

"*Aurel.* I: and *Ferando* is the maiſter of the ſchoole." STEEVENS.

Bian.

Bian. He says so, Tranio.

Tra. 'Faith he is gone unto the taming school.

Bian. The taming school! what, is there such a place?

Tra. Ay, mistress, and Petruchio is the master;
That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,—
To tame a shrew, and charm her chattering tongue [3].

Enter BIONDELLO, *running.*

Bion. O master, master, I have watch'd so long
That I'm dog-weary; but at last I spied
An ancient angel [4] coming down the hill,
Will serve the turn.

Tra. What is he, Biondello?

Bion. Master, a mercatantè, or a pedant [5],
I know not what; but formal in apparel,
In gait and countenance surely like a father [6].

Luc. And what of him, Tranio?

3 — charm *her chattering tongue.*] So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. III:

" Peace, wilful boy, or I will *charm* your tongue." STEEVENS.

4 *An ancient* angel—] *Angel* primitively signifies a *messenger*, but perhaps this sense is not strictly applicable to the passage before us. Chapman, in his translation of *Homer*, always calls a messenger an *angel*. STEEVENS.

5 *Master, a mercatantè, or a pedant,*] The old editions read *marcantant.* The Italian word *mercatantè* is frequently used in the old plays for a merchant, and therefore I have made no scruple of placing it here. The modern editors, who printed the word as they found it spelt in the folio and quarto, were obliged to supply a syllable to make out the verse, which the Italian pronunciation renders unnecessary.—A *pedant* was the common name for a teacher of languages. So, in *Cynthia's Revels*, by Ben Jonson: " He loves to have a fencer, a *pedant*, and a musician, seen in his lodgings." STEEVENS.

Mercatantè. So, Spenser, in the third book of his *Fairy Queen*:

" Sleves dependant Albanesè-wise."

And our author has *Veronesè* in his *Othello.* FARMER.

6 — surely *like a father.*] I know not what he is, says the speaker, however this is certain, he has the gait and countenance of a fatherly man. WARBURTON.

The editor of the second folio reads—*surly*, which Mr. Theobald adopted, and has quoted the following lines, addressed by Tranio to the pedant, in support of the emendation:

" 'Tis well; and hold your own in any case,
" With such *austerity* as *longeth* to a *father.*" MALONE.

Tra.

Tra. If he be credulous, and truſt my tale,
I'll make him glad to ſeem Vincentio;
And give aſſurance to Baptiſta Minola,
As if he were the right Vincentio.
Take in your love [7], and then let me alone.

[*Exeunt* Luc. *and* Bian.

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God ſave you, ſir!

Tra. And you, ſir! you are welcome.
Travel you far on, or are you at the fartheſt?

Ped. Sir, at the fartheſt for a week or two:
But then up farther; and as far as Rome;
And ſo to Tripoly, if God lend me life.

Tra. What countryman, I pray?

Ped. Of Mantua.

Tra. Of Mantua, ſir?—marry, God forbid!
And come to Padua, careleſs of your life?

Ped. My life, ſir! how, I pray? for that goes hard.

Tra. 'Tis death for any one in Mantua [8]
To come to Padua; Know you not the cauſe?
Your ſhips are ſtaid at Venice; and the duke
(For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him,)
Hath publiſh'd and proclaim'd it openly:
'Tis marvel; but that you're but newly come,
You might have heard it elſe proclaim'd about.

Ped. Alas, ſir, it is worſe for me than ſo;
For I have bills for money by exchange
From Florence, and muſt here deliver them.

Tra. Well, ſir, to do you courteſy,
This will I do, and this I will adviſe you;—
Firſt, tell me, have you ever been at Piſa?

Ped. Ay, ſir, in Piſa have I often been;
Piſa, renowned for grave citizens.

Tra. Among them, know you one Vincentio?

[7] *Take* in *your love,*] The old copy reads—Take *me.* Corrected by Mr. Theobald. Malone.

[8] *'Tis death for any one in Mantua* &c.] So, in the *Comedy of Errors*:

" ——— if any Syracuſan born
" Come to the bay of Epheſus, he dies. Steevens.

Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of him;
A merchant of incomparable wealth.

Tra. He is my father, sir; and, sooth to say,
In countenance somewhat doth resemble you.

Bion. As much as an apple doth an oyster, and all one. [*aside.*

Tra. To save your life in this extremity,
This favour will I do you for his sake;
And think it not the worst of all your fortunes,
That you are like to sir Vincentio.
His name and credit shall you undertake,
And in my house you shall be friendly lodg'd;—
Look that you take upon you as you should;
You understand me, sir;—so shall you stay
Till you have done your business in the city:
If this be courtesy, sir, accept of it.

Ped. O, sir, I do; and will repute you ever
The patron of my life and liberty.

Tra. Then go with me, to make the matter good.
This, by the way, I let you understand;—
My father is here look'd for every day,
To pass assurance [9] of a dower in marriage
'Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here:
In all these circumstances I'll instruct you:
Go with me [1], to cloath you as becomes you. [*Exeunt.*

9 *To pass* assurance *&c.*] To pass *assurance* means to make a conveyance or deed. Deeds are by law-writers called, "The common *assurances* of the realm," because thereby each man's property is *assured* to him. So, in a subsequent scene of this act, "they are busied about a counterfeit *assurance*." MALONE.

1 *Go with me*, &c.] There is an old comedy called *Supposes*, translated from *Ariosto*, by George Gascoigne. Thence Shakspeare borrowed this part of the plot, (as well as some of the phraseology) though Theobald pronounces it his own invention. There likewise he found the quaint name of Petruchio. My young master and his man exchange habits, and persuade a *Scenæse*, as he is called, to personate *the father*, exactly as in this play, by the pretended danger of his coming from *Sienna* to *Ferrara*, contrary to the order of the government. FARMER.

In the same play our author likewise found the name of *Licio*. MALONE.

SCENE

SCENE III.

A Room in Petruchio's *House.*

Enter CATHARINA *and* GRUMIO[2].

Gru. No, no, forſooth; I dare not for my life.
Cath. The more my wrong, the more his ſpite appears:
What, did he marry me to famiſh me?
Beggars, that come unto my father's door,
Upon entreaty, have a preſent alms;
If not, elſewhere they meet with charity:
But I,—who never knew how to entreat,
Nor never needed that I ſhould entreat,—
Am ſtarv'd for meat, giddy for lack of ſleep;
With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed:
And that which ſpites me more than all theſe wants,
He does it under name of perfect love;
As who ſhould ſay,—if I ſhould ſleep, or eat,
'Twere deadly ſickneſs, or elſe preſent death.—
I pr'ythee go, and get me ſome repaſt;
I care not what, ſo it be wholeſome food.
Gru. What ſay you to a neat's foot?
Cath. 'Tis paſſing good; I pr'ythee, let me have it.
Gru. I fear, it is too cholerick a meat[3]:—
How ſay you to a fat tripe, finely broil'd?
Cath. I like it well; good Grumio, fetch it me.
Gru. I cannot tell; I fear, 'tis cholerick.
What ſay you to a piece of beef, and muſtard?
Cath. A diſh that I do love to feed upon.
Gru. Ay, but the muſtard is too hot a little.
Cath. Why, then the beef, and let the muſtard reſt.

[2] *Enter Catharina and Grumio.*] Our author (as Mr. Steevens has obſerved) was furniſhed with ſome hints for this ſcene, from the old *Taming of a Shrew.* MALONE.

[3] *I fear it is too* cholerick *a meat?*] So before:

"And I expreſsly am forbid to touch it;
"For it engenders *choler.*"

The editor of the ſecond folio arbitrarily reads—too *phlegmatick* a meat; which has been adopted by all the ſubſequent editors. MALONE.

Gru. Nay, then I will not; you ſhall have the muſtard,
Or elſe you get no Beef of Grumio.

Cath. Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.

Gru. Why, then the muſtard without the beef.

Cath. Go, get thee gone, thou falſe deluding ſlave,
[*beats him.*
That feed'ſt me with the very name of meat:
Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you,
That triumph thus upon my miſery!
Go, get thee gone, I ſay.

Enter PETRUCHIO, *with a diſh of meat*; *and* HORTENSIO.

Pet. How fares my Kate? What, ſweeting, all amort[4]?

Hor. Miſtreſs, what cheer?

Cath. 'Faith, as cold as can be.

Pet. Pluck up thy ſpirits, look chearfully upon me.
Here, love; thou ſee'ſt how diligent I am,
To dreſs thy meat myſelf, and bring it thee:
[*ſets the diſh on a table.*
I am ſure, ſweet Kate, this kindneſs merits thanks.
What, not a word? Nay then, thou lov'ſt it not;
And all my pains is ſorted to no proof[5]:—
Here, take away this diſh.

Cath. I pray you, let it ſtand.

Pet. The pooreſt ſervice is repaid with thanks;
And ſo ſhall mine, before you touch the meat.

Cath. I thank you, ſir.

Hor. Signior Petruchio, fye! you are to blame:
Come, miſtreſs Kate, I'll bear you company.

Pet. Eat it up all, Hortenſio, if thou lov'ſt me.— [*aſide.*
Much good do it unto thy gentle heart!
Kate, eat apace:—And now, my honey love,
Will we return unto thy father's houſe;
And revel it as bravely as the beſt,

4 *What, ſweeting, all* amort?] That is, all ſunk and diſpirited. MALONE.

This galliciſm is common to many of the old plays. STEEVENS.

5 *And all my pains is* ſorted *to no proof:*] And all my labour has ended in nothing, or *proved* nothing. "*We tried an experiment, but it* ſorted *not.*" Bacon. JOHNSON.

With

With silken coats, and caps, and golden rings,
With ruffs, and cuffs, and fardingals, and things[6];
With scarfs, and fans, and double change of bravery,
With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery.
What, hast thou din'd? The tailor stays thy leisure,
To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure[7].—

[6] —*fardingals, and* things;] Though *things* is a poor word, yet I have no better, and perhaps the authour had not another that would rhime. JOHNSON.

However poor the word, the poet must be answerable for it, as he had used it before, Act II. sc. v. when the rhime did not force it upon him:

We will have rings, and things, *and fine array.*

Again, in the *Tragedy of Hoffman*, 1632:

"'Tis true that I am poor, and yet have *things*,
"And golden rings, &c."

A *thing* is a trifle too inconsiderable to deserve particular discrimination. STEEVENS.

[7] —*with his* ruffling *treasure.*] This is the reading of the old copy, which Mr. Pope changed to *rustling*, I think, without necessity. Our author has indeed in another play,—"*Prouder* than *rustling* in unpaid for silk;" but *ruffling* is sometimes used in *nearly* the same sense. Thus in *K. Lear*:

"—— the high winds
"Do sorely *ruffle.*"

There clearly the idea of noise as well as turbulence is annexed to the word. A *ruffler* in our author's time signified a *noisy* and turbulent swaggerer; and the word *ruffling* may here be applied in a kindred sense to dress. So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. II.

"And his proud wife, high-minded Eleanor,
"That *ruffles* it with such a troop of ladies,
"As strangers in the court take her for queen."

Again, more appositely, in Camden's *Remaines*, 1605: "There was a nobleman merry conceited and riotously given, that having lately sold a mannor of a hundred tenements, came *ruffling* into the court in a *new sute*, saying, Am not I a mightie man that beare an hundred houses on my backe?"

Boyle speaks of the *ruffling* of silk, and *ruffled* is used by so late an author as Addison in the sense of *plaited*; in which last signification perhaps the word *ruffling* should be understood here. Petruchio has just before told Catharine that she should "revel it with *ruffs* and cuffs;" from the former of which words, *ruffled*, in the sense of plaited, seems to be derived. As *ruffling* therefore may be understood either in this sense, or that first suggested, (which I incline to think the true one,) I have adhered to the reading of the old copy. MALONE.

Enter Tailor.

Come, tailor, let us ſee theſe ornaments;

Enter Haberdaſher[8].

Lay forth the gown.—What news with you, ſir?

Hab. Here is the cap your worſhip did beſpeak.

Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer[9];
A velvet diſh;—fye, fye! 'tis lewd and filthy:
Why, 'tis a cockle, or a walnut-ſhell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap;
Away with it, come, let me have a bigger.

Cath. I'll have no bigger; this doth fit the time,
And gentlewomen wear ſuch caps as theſe.

Pet. When you are gentle, you ſhall have one too,
And not till then.

Hor. That will not be in haſte. [*aſide.*

Cath. Why, ſir, I truſt, I may have leave to ſpeak;
And ſpeak I will; I am no child, no babe:
Your betters have endur'd me ſay my mind;
And, if you cannot, beſt you ſtop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart;
Or elſe my heart, concealing it, will break:
And, rather than it ſhall, I will be free
Even to the uttermoſt, as I pleaſe, in words.

Pet. Why, thou ſay'ſt true; it is a paltry cap,
A cuſtard-coffin[1], a bauble, a ſilken pye:
I love thee well, in that thou lik'ſt it not.

Cath. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap;
And it I will have, or I will have none.

Pet. Thy gown? why, ay:—Come, tailor, let us ſee't.
O mercy, God! what maſking ſtuff is here?

[8] Enter Haberdaſher.] To a ſcene in the old play of *the Taming of a Shrew*, (which Mr. Steevens has quoted at length,) the author is indebted for the outline of the following dialogue between Petruchio, the Tailor and Haberdaſher. Some of the expreſſions are copied almoſt literally. But the play having been lately re-printed, I have not tranſcribed them. MALONE.

[9] — *on a* porringer;] The ſame thought occurs in *K. Henry VIII:* "—rail'd upon me till her pink'd *porringer* fell off her head." STEEV.

[1] *A cuſtard* coffin,—] A *coffin* was the ancient culinary term for the raiſed cruſt of a pye or cuſtard. STEEVENS.

What's

What's this? a ſleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon:
What! up and down, carv'd like an apple-tart?
Here's ſnip, and nip, and cut, and ſliſh, and ſlaſh,
Like to a cenſer [2] in a barber's ſhop:—
Why, what, o' devil's name, tailor, call'ſt thou this?

Hor. I ſee, ſhe's like to have neither cap nor gown.
[*aſide.*

Tai. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the faſhion, and the time.

Pet. Marry, and did; but if you be remember'd,
I did not bid you mar it to the time.
Go, hop me over every kennel home,
For you ſhall hop without my cuſtom, ſir:
I'll none of it; hence, make your beſt of it.

Cath. I never ſaw a better faſhion'd gown,
More quaint, more pleaſing, nor more commendable:
Belike, you mean to make a puppet of me.

Pet. Why, true; he means to make a puppet of thee.

Tai. She ſays, your worſhip means to make a puppet
Of her.

Pet. O monſtrous arrogance! thou lieſt,
Thou thread, thou thimble [3],
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail,
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter-cricket thou:—
Brav'd in mine own houſe with a ſkein of thread!
Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant;
Or I ſhall ſo be-mete [4] thee with thy yard,
As thou ſhalt think on prating whilſt thou liv'ſt!
I tell thee, I, that thou haſt marr'd her gown.

Tai. Your worſhip is deceiv'd; the gown is made
Juſt as my maſter had direction:

[2] *Like to a* cenſer—] *Cenſers* in barber's ſhops, are now diſuſed, but they may eaſily be imagined to have been veſſels which, for the emiſſion of the ſmoke, were cut with great number and varieties of interſtices. JOHNSON.

In *K. Henry IV.* P. II. Doll calls the beadle "thou thin man in a *cenſer*. MALONE.

[3] — *thou thimble*,] The taylor's trade, having an appearance of effeminacy, has always been, among the rugged Engliſh, liable to ſarcaſms and contempt. JOHNSON.

[4] — *be*-mete—] i. e. be-meaſure thee. STEEVENS.

Grumio gave order how it ſhould be done.

Gru. I gave him no order, I gave him the ſtuff.

Tai. But how did you deſire it ſhould be made?

Gru. Marry, ſir, with needle and thread.

Tai. But did you not requeſt to have it cut?

Gru. Thou haſt faced many things [5].

Tai. I have.

Gru. Face not me: thou haſt braved many men [6]; brave not me; I will neither be faced, nor braved. I ſay unto thee,—I bid thy maſter cut out the gown; but I did not bid him cut it to pieces: *ergo*, thou lieſt.

Tai. Why, here is the note of the faſhion to teſtify.

Pet. Read it.

Gru. The note lies in his throat, if he ſay I ſaid ſo.

Tai. Imprimis, a looſe-body'd gown:

Gru. Maſter, if ever I ſaid looſe-body'd gown [7], ſow me in the ſkirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread: I ſaid, a gown.

Pet. Proceed.

Tai. With a ſmall compaſs'd cape [8];

Gru. I confeſs the cape.

Tai. With a trunk ſleeve;—

Gru. I confeſs two ſleeves.

[5] — faced *many things.*] i. e. turned up many gowns, &c. with *facings*, &c. So, in *K. Henry IV:*

" To *face* the garment of rebellion
" With ſome fine colour." STEEVENS.

[6] — brav'd *many men*;] i. e. made many men *fine*. *Bravery* was the ancient term for elegance of dreſs. STEEVENS.

[7] — looſe-body'd *gown*,] I think the joke is impair'd, unleſs we read with the original play already quoted—a *looſe body*'s gown. It appears, however, that *looſe-bodied* gowns were the dreſs of *harlots*. Thus, in the *Michaelmas Term* by Middleton, 1607: " Doſt dream of virginity now? remember a *looſe-bodied* gown, wench, and let it go." STEEV.

[8] — *a ſmall compaſs'd cape*;] Stubbs, in his *Anatomy of Abuſes* 1595, gives a moſt elaborate deſcription of the gowns of women; and adds—" Some have *capes* reaching down to the midſt of their backs, faced with velvet, or elſe with ſome fine wrought taffata, at the leaſt, fringed about, very bravely." STEEVENS.

A *compaſs'd cape* is a round cape. To *compaſs* is *to come round*. JOHNSON.

Tai.

Tai. *The ſleeves curiouſly cut.*

Pet. Ay, there's the villainy.

Gru. Error i' the bill, ſir; error i' the bill. I commanded the ſleeves ſhould be cut out, and ſow'd up again; and that I'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

Tai. This is true, that I ſay; an I had thee in place where, thou ſhould'ſt know it.

Gru. I am for thee ſtraight: take thou the bill[9], give me thy mete-yard[1], and ſpare not me.

Hor. God-a-mercy, Grumio! then he ſhall have no odds.

Pet. Well, ſir, in brief, the gown is not for me.

Gru. You are i' the right, ſir; 'tis for my miſtreſs.

Pet. Go, take it up unto thy maſter's uſe.

Gru. Villain, not for thy life: Take up my miſtreſs' gown for thy maſter's uſe!

Pet. Why, ſir, what's your conceit in that?

Gru. O, ſir, the conceit is deeper than you think for: Take up my miſtreſs' gown to his maſter's uſe!
O, fye, fye, fye!

Pet. Hortenſio, ſay thou wilt ſee the tailor paid:— [*aſide.*
Go take it hence; be gone, and ſay no more.

Hor. Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow.
Take no unkindneſs of his haſty words:
Away, I ſay; commend me to thy maſter. [*Exit* Tailor.

Pet. Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your father's,
Even in theſe honeſt mean habiliments;
Our purſes ſhall be proud, our garments poor:
For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich;
And as the ſun breaks through the darkeſt clouds,
So honour peereth in the meaneſt habit.
What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
Becauſe his feathers are more beautiful?

9 — *take thou the* bill,] The ſame quibble between the written *bill*, and *bill* the ancient weapon carried by foot-ſoldiers, is to be met with in *Timon*. STEEVENS.

1 — *thy mete-yard,*] i. e. thy meaſuring-yard. STEEVENS.

Or

Or is the adder better than the eel,
Becauſe his painted ſkin contents the eye?
O, no, good Kate; neither art thou the worſe
For this poor furniture, and mean array.
If thou account'ſt it ſhame, lay it on me:
And therefore, frolick; we will hence forthwith,
To feaſt and ſport us at thy father's houſe.—
Go, call my men, and let us ſtraight to him;
And bring our horſes unto Long-lane end,
There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.—
Let's ſee; I think, 'tis now ſome ſeven o'clock,
And well we may come there by dinner time.

Cath. I dare aſſure you, ſir, 'tis almoſt two;
And 'twill be ſupper-time, ere you come there.

Pet. It ſhall be ſeven, ere I go to horſe;
Look, what I ſpeak, or do, or think to do,
You are ſtill croſſing it.—Sirs, let't alone:
I will not go to-day; and ere I do,
It ſhall be what o'clock I ſay it is.

Hor. Why, ſo! this gallant will command the ſun.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV[2].

Padua. *Before* Baptiſta's *Houſe.*

Enter TRANIO, *and the* Pedant *dreſſed like* VINCENTIO.

Tra. Sir, this is the houſe[3]; Pleaſe it you, that I call?

Ped. Ay, what elſe? and, but I be deceived[4],
Signior Baptiſta may remember me,
Near twenty years ago, in Genoa,
Where we were lodgers at the Pegaſus[5].

[2] Dr. Johnſon thinks that the fifth act ſhould begin here. MALONE.

[3] Sir, *this is the houſe*;] The old copy has—*Sirs*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

[4] — but *I be deceived*,] *But* has here the ſignification of *unleſs*. MALONE.

[5] *Where we were lodgers at the Pegaſus.*] This line in the old copy is by miſtake given to Tranio. The preſent regulation, which is clearly right, was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

Shakſpeare has taken a ſign out of *London*, and hung it up in *Padua*: "Meet me an hour hence at the ſign of the *Pegaſus* in Cheapſide." *Return from Parnaſſus*, 1606. STEEVENS.

Tra. 'Tis well; and hold your own, in any caſe,
With ſuch auſterity as 'longeth to a father.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Ped. I warrant you: But, ſir, here comes your boy;
'Twere good, he were ſchool'd.

Tra. Fear you not him. Sirrah, Biondello,
Now do your duty throughly, I adviſe you;
Imagine 'twere the right Vincentio.

Bion. Tut! fear not me.

Tra. But haſt thou done thy errand to Baptiſta?

Bion. I told him, that your father was at Venice;
And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.

Tra. Thou'rt a tall fellow; hold thee that to drink.
Here comes Baptiſta:—ſet your countenance, ſir.—

Enter BAPTISTA *and* LUCENTIO.

Signior Baptiſta, you are happily met:—
Sir, [*to the* Pedant.]
This is the gentleman I told you of;
I pray you, ſtand good father to me now,
Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

Ped. Soft, ſon!—
Sir, by your leave; having come to Padua
To gather in ſome debts, my ſon Lucentio
Made me acquainted with a weighty cauſe
Of love between your daughter and himſelf:
And,—for the good report I hear of you;
And for the love he beareth to your daughter,
And ſhe to him,—to ſtay him not too long,
I am content, in a good father's care,
To have him match'd; and, if you pleaſe to like
No worſe than I, ſir, upon ſome agreement,
Me ſhall you find ready and willing
With one conſent to have her ſo beſtow'd:
For curious I cannot be with you [6],

6 *For* curious *I cannot be with you,*] *Curious* is ſcrupulous. So, in Holinſhed, p. 890:—and was not *curious* to call him to eat with him at the table. STEEVENS.

Signior

Signior Baptiſta, of whom I hear ſo well.

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to ſay;—
Your plainneſs, and your ſhortneſs, pleaſe me well.
Right true it is, your ſon Lucentio here
Doth love my daughter, and ſhe loveth him,
Or both diſſemble deeply their affections:
And, therefore, if you ſay no more than this,—
That like a father you will deal with him,
And paſs my daughter a ſufficient dower,
The match is made, and all is done:
Your ſon ſhall have my daughter with conſent.

Tra. I thank you, ſir. Where then do you know beſt,
We be affy'd; and ſuch aſſurance ta'en,
As ſhall with either part's agreement ſtand?

Bap. Not in my houſe, Lucentio; for, you know,
Pitchers have ears, and I have many ſervants:
Beſides, old Gremio is heark'ning ſtill;
And, happily, we might be interrupted[7].

Tra. Then at my lodging, an it like you, ſir[8]:
There doth my father lie; and there, this night,
We'll paſs the buſineſs privately and well:
Send for your daughter by your ſervant here,
My boy ſhall fetch the ſcrivener preſently.
The worſt is this,—that, at ſo ſlender warning,
You're like to have a thin and ſlender pittance.

Bap. It likes me well:—Cambio, hie you home,
And bid Bianca make her ready ſtraight:
And, if you will, tell what hath happened:—
Lucentio's father is arriv'd in Padua,
And how ſhe's like to be Lucentio's wife.

Luc. I pray the gods ſhe may, with all my heart[9]!

Tra. Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone[1].

Signior

[7] *And* happily *we might be interrupted.*] *Happily*, in Shakſpeare's time, ſignified *accidentally*, as well as *fortunately*. TYRWHITT.

[8] —*an it like you*, ſir:] The latter word, which is not in the old copy, was added by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[9] Luc. *I pray* &c.] In the old copy this line is by miſtake given to Biondello. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[1] —*get thee gone.*] In the old copy Lucentio here goes out; but I have

Signiór Baptiſta, ſhall I lead the way?
Welcome! one meſs is like to be your cheer:
Come, ſir; we will better it in Piſa.

Bap. I follow you. [*Exeunt* TRA. PED. *and* BAP.

Bion. Cambio.—

Luc. What ſay'ſt thou, Biondello?

Bion. You ſaw my maſter wink and laugh upon you?

Luc. Biondello, what of that?

Bion. 'Faith, nothing; But he has left me here behind, to expound the meaning or moral of his ſigns and tokens.

Luc. I pray thee, moralize them.

Bion. Then thus. Baptiſta is ſafe, talking with the deceiving father of a deceitful ſon.

Luc. And what of him?

Bion. His daughter is to be brought by you to the ſupper.

Luc. And then?—

Bion. The old prieſt at ſaint Luke's church is at your command at all hours.

Luc. And what of all this?

Bion. I cannot tell; expect [2];—they are buſied about a counterfeit aſſurance; take you aſſurance of her, *cum privilegio ad imprimendum ſolùm:* to the church [3];—take the prieſt, clerk, and ſome ſufficient honeſt witneſſes: If this be not that you look for, I have no more to ſay, But, bid Bianca farewel for ever and a day. [*going.*

Luc. Hear'ſt thou, Biondello?

Bion. I cannot tarry: I knew a wench married in an afternoon as ſhe went to the garden for parſly to ſtuff a rabbet; and ſo may you, ſir; and ſo adieu, ſir. My maſter hath appointed me to go to ſaint Luke's, to bid

have not followed it; the regulation propoſed by Mr. Tyrwhitt in the ſubſequent note appearing to me clearly the true one. MALONE.

It ſeems odd management to make Lucentio *go out* here for nothing that appears, but that he may *return* again five lines lower. It would be better, I think, to ſuppoſe that he lingers upon the ſtage, till the reſt are gone, in order to talk with Biondello in private. TYRWHITT.

2 — *expect*;—] i. e. wait the event. MALONE.

3 — *to the church*:—] i. e. go to the church. TYRWHITT.

the

the prieſt be ready to come againſt you come with your appendix. [*Exit.*

Luc. I may, and will, if ſhe be ſo contented:
She will be pleas'd, then wherefore ſhould I doubt?
Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her;
It ſhall go hard, if Cambio go without her. [*Exit.*

SCENE V[4].

A publick road.

Enter PETRUCHIO, CATHARINA, *and* HORTENSIO.

Pet. Come on, o'God's name; once more toward our father's.
Good Lord, how bright and goodly ſhines the moon!
Cath. The moon! the ſun; it is not moon-light now.
Pet. I ſay, it is the moon that ſhines ſo bright.
Cath. I know, it is the ſun that ſhines ſo bright.
Pet. Now, by my mother's ſon, and that's myſelf,
It ſhall be moon, or ſtar, or what I liſt,
Or ere I journey to your father's houſe:—
Go on, and fetch our horſes back again.—
Evermore croſt, and croſt; nothing but croſt!
Hor. Say as he ſays, or we ſhall never go.
Cath. Forward I pray, ſince we have come ſo far,
And be it moon, or ſun, or what you pleaſe:
And if you pleaſe to call it a ruſh-candle,
Henceforth I vow it ſhall be ſo for me.
Pet. I ſay, it is the moon.
Cath. I know, it is the moon.
Pet. Nay, then you lie; it is the bleſſed ſun.
Cath. Then, God be bleſt, it is the bleſſed ſun[5]:—
But ſun it is not, when you ſay it is not;
And the moon changes, even as your mind.
What you will have it nam'd, even that it is;

4 Some part of this ſcene likewiſe is borrowed from the old play. MALONE.

5 —*it* is *the bleſſed ſun:*] For *it* the old copy has *in*. Corrected in the ſecond folio. MALONE.

And

And so it shall be so[6], for Catharine.

Hor. Petruchio, go thy ways; the field is won.

Pet. Well, forward, forward: thus the bowl should run,
And not unluckily against the bias.—
But soft; company is coming here.

Enter VINCENTIO, *in a travelling dress.*

Good-morrow, gentle mistress: Where away?—
[*to* VINCENTIO.
Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,
Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman?
Such war of white and red within her cheeks!
What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty,
As those two eyes become that heavenly face?—
Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee:—
Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

Hor. 'A will make the man mad, to make a woman[7] of him.

Cath. Young budding virgin, fair, and fresh, and sweet,
Whither away; or where is thy abode[8]?
Happy the parents of so fair a child[9];
Happier the man, whom favourable stars
Allot thee for his lovely bedfellow!

Pet. Why, how now, Kate! I hope, thou art not mad:
This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd;
And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

Cath. Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,
That have been so bedazzled with the sun,

[6] *And so it shall be so,*] A modern editor very plausibly reads—And so it shall be, *sir*—. MALONE.

[7] — *to make a woman*—] The old copy reads—*the* woman. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

[8] — where *is thy abode?*] Instead of *where*, the printer of the old copy inadvertently repeated *whither*. Corrected in the second folio. MALONE.

[9] *Happy the parents of so fair a child;*]

—— *qui te genuere beati;*
Et mater fælix, & fortunata profecto
Si qua tibi soror est, & quæ dedit ubera nutrix;
Sed longe eunctis, longeque beatior illa est
Si qua tibi sponsa est, si quam dignabere tæda. Ovid. WARB.

That

That every thing I look on ſeemeth green[1]:
Now I perceive, thou art a reverend father;
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad miſtaking.

Pet. Do, good old grand-ſire; and, withal, make known
Which way thou travell'ſt: if along with us,
We ſhall be joyful of thy company.

Vin. Fair ſir,—and you my merry miſtreſs,—
That with your ſtrange encounter much amaz'd me;
My name is call'd—Vincentio; my dwelling—Piſa;
And bound I am to Padua; there to viſit
A ſon of mine, which long I have not ſeen.

Pet. What is his name?

Vin. Lucentio, gentle ſir.

Pet. Happily met; the happier for thy ſon.
And now by law, as well as reverend age,
I may entitle thee—my loving father;
The ſiſter to my wife, this gentlewoman,
Thy ſon by this hath marry'd: Wonder not,
Nor be not griev'd; ſhe is of good eſteem,
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;
Beſide, ſo qualify'd as may beſeem
The ſpouſe of any noble gentleman.
Let me embrace with old Vincentio:
And wander we to ſee thy honeſt ſon,
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

Vin. But is this true? or is it elſe your pleaſure,
Like pleaſant travellers, to break a jeſt
Upon the company you overtake?

Hor. I do aſſure thee, father, ſo it is.

Pet. Come, go along, and ſee the truth hereof;
For our firſt merriment hath made thee jealous.

[*Exeunt* PET. CATH. *and* VIN.

Hor. Well, Petruchio, this hath put me in heart.
Have to my widow; and if ſhe be froward,
Then haſt thou taught Hortenſio to be untoward. *Exit.*

[1] *That every thing I look on ſeemeth* green.] Shakſpeare's obſervations on the phænomena of nature are very accurate. When one has ſat long in the ſunſhine, the ſurrounding objects will often appear tinged with *green*. The reaſon is aſſigned by many of the writers on opticks.

BLACKSTONE.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Padua. *Before* Lucentio's *Houſe.*

Enter on one ſide BIONDELLO, LUCENTIO, *and* BIANCA; GREMIO *walking on the other ſide.*

Bion. Softly and ſwiftly, ſir; for the prieſt is ready.

Luc. I fly, Biondello: but they may chance to need thee at home, therefore leave us.

Bion. Nay, faith, I'll ſee the church o' your back; and then come back to my maſter[2] as ſoon as I can.

[*Exeunt* LUC. BIAN. *and* BION.

Gre. I marvel, Cambio comes not all this while.

Enter PETRUCHIO, CATHARINA, VINCENTIO, *and Attendants.*

Pet. Sir, here's the door, this is Lucentio's houſe,
My father's bears more toward the market-place;
Thither muſt I, and here I leave you, ſir.

Vin. You ſhall not chooſe but drink before you go;
I think, I ſhall command your welcome here,
And, by all likelihood, ſome cheer is toward. [*knocks.*

Gre. They're buſy within, you were beſt knock louder.

Enter Pedant *above, at a Window.*

Ped. What's he, that knocks as he would beat down the gate?

Vin. Is ſignior Lucentio within, ſir?

Ped. He's within, ſir, but not to be ſpoken withal.

Vin. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two, to make merry withal?

Ped. Keep your hundred pounds to yourſelf; he ſhall need none, ſo long as I live.

Pet. Nay, I told you, your ſon was belov'd in Padua.—

[2] — *and then come back to my* maſter—] The old copy reads—to my *miſtreſs*, owing probably to an M. only being written in the MS. See p. 267, n. 4. The ſame miſtake has happened again in this ſcene: "Didſt thou never ſee thy *miſtreſs'* father, Vincentio?" The preſent emendation was made by Mr. Theobald, who obſerves rightly, that by "maſter" Biondello means his pretended maſter, Tranio. MALONE.

Do you hear, sir?—to leave frivolous circumstances,—I pray you, tell signior Lucentio, that his father is come from Pisa, and is here at the door to speak with him.

Ped. Thou liest; his father is come from Pisa[3], and here looking out at the window.

Vin. Art thou his father?

Ped. Ay, sir; so his mother says, if I may believe her.

Pet. Why, how now, gentleman! [*to* Vin.] why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man's name.

Ped. Lay hands on the villain; I believe, 'a means to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. I have seen them in the church together; God send 'em good shipping!—But who is here? mine old master Vincentio? now we are undone and brought to nothing.

Vin. Come hither, crack-hemp. [*seeing* BION.

Bion. I hope, I may choose, sir.

Vin. Come hither, you rogue; What, have you forgot me?

Bion. Forgot you? no, sir: I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

Vin. What, you notorious villain, didst thou never see thy master's father Vincentio[4]?

Bion. What, my old, worshipful old master? yes, marry, sir; see where he looks out of the window.

Vin. Is't so indeed? [*beats* BIONDELLO.

[3] — *from* Pisa,] The old copy reads—from *Padua*; which is certainly wrong. The emendation is Mr. Tyrwhitt's. "Both parties (he observes) agree that Vincentio's father is come from Pisa, as indeed they necessarily must; the point in dispute is whether he be *at the door*, or *looking out at the window*." I suspect we should read—from *Mantua*, from whence the pedant himself came, and which he would naturally name, supposing he forgot, as might well happen, that the real Vincentio was of Pisa. In the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Padua* and *Verona* occur in two different scenes, instead of *Milan*. MALONE.

[4] — *thy* master's *father Vincentio?*] Old Copy—thy *mistress'* father. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. See p. 337, n. 2. MALONE.

Bion.

Bion. Help, help, help! here's a madman will murder me. [*Exit.*

Ped. Help, ſon! help, ſignior Baptiſta! [*Exit, from above.*

Pet. Pr'ythee, Kate, let's ſtand aſide, and ſee the end of this controverſy. [*They retire.*

Re-enter Pedant, *below*; BAPTISTA, TRANIO, *and Servants.*

Tra. Sir, what are you, that offer to beat my ſervant?

Vin. What am I, ſir? nay, what are you, ſir?—O immortal gods? O fine villain! A ſilken doublet! a velvet hoſe! a ſcarlet cloak! and a copatain hat[5]! O, I am undone! I am undone! while I play the good huſband at home, my ſon and my ſervant ſpend all at the univerſity.

Tra. How now! what's the matter?

Bap. What, is the man lunatick?

Tra. Sir, you ſeem a ſober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words ſhew you a madman: Why, ſir, what concerns it you, if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

Vin. Thy father? O villain! he is a ſail-maker in Bergamo.

Bap. You miſtake, ſir; you miſtake, ſir: Pray, what do you think is his name?

Vin. His name? as if I knew not his name: I have brought him up ever ſince he was three years old, and his name is—Tranio.

Ped. Away, away, mad aſs! his name is Lucentio; and he is mine only ſon, and heir to the lands of me ſignior Vincentio.

Vin. Lucentio! O, he hath murdered his maſter!—

[5] — *a copatain-hat!*] is I believe, a hat with a conical crown, ſuch as was anciently worn by well-dreſſed men. JOHNSON.

In Stubb's *Anatomie of Abuſes*, printed 1595, there is an entire chapter "on the hattes of England," beginning thus:

"*Sometimes they uſe them ſharpe on the crowne, pearking up like the ſpeare or ſhaft of a ſteeple, ſtanding a quarter of a yard above the crowns of their heads, &c.*" STEEVENS.

Lay hold on him, I charge you, in the duke's name:—
O, my ſon, my ſon!—tell me, thou villain, where is my
ſon Lucentio?

Tra. Call forth an officer: [*Enter one with an officer.*] carry this mad knave to the jail:—father Baptiſta, I charge you, ſee, that he be forth-coming.

Vin. Carry me to the jail!

Gre. Stay, officer; he ſhall not go to priſon.

Bap. Talk not, ſignior Gremio; I ſay, he ſhall go to priſon.

Gre. Take heed, ſignior Baptiſta, leſt you be coney-catch'd [6] in this buſineſs; I dare ſwear, this is the right Vincentio.

Ped. Swear, if thou dar'ſt.

Gre. Nay, I dare not ſwear it.

Tra. Then thou wert beſt ſay, that I am not Lucentio.

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be ſignior Lucentio.

Bap. Away with the dotard; to the jail with him.

Vin. Thus ſtrangers may be haled and abuſed:—O monſtrous villain!

Re-enter BIONDELLO, *with* LUCENTIO *and* BIANCA.

Bion. O, we are ſpoil'd, and—yonder he is; deny him, forſwear him, or elſe we are all undone.

Luc. Pardon, ſweet father. [*kneeling.*

Vin. Lives my ſweet ſon?

[Biondello, Tranio, *and* Pedant, *run out.*

Bian. Pardon, dear father. [*kneeling.*

Bap. How haſt thou offended?—
Where is Lucentio?

Luc. Here's Lucentio,
Right ſon unto the right Vincentio;
That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,
While counterfeit ſuppoſes blear'd thine eyne [7].

Gre.

[6] — *coney-catch'd*—] i. e. deceived, cheated. STEEVENS.

[7] *While counterfeit* ſuppoſes *blear'd thine eyne.*] The modern editors read *ſuppoſers*, but wrongly. This is a plain alluſion to Gaſcoigne's comedy entitled *Suppoſes*, from which ſeveral of the incidents in this play are borrowed. TYRWHITT.

This

Gre. Here's packing[8], with a witneſs, to deceive us all!
Vin. Where is that damned villain, Tranio,
That fac'd and brav'd me in this matter ſo?
Bap. Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?
Bian. Cambio is chang'd into Lucentio.
Luc. Love wrought theſe miracles. Bianca's love
Made me exchange my ſtate with Tranio,
While he did bear my countenance in the town;
And happily I have arriv'd at laſt
Unto the wiſhed haven of my bliſs:—
What Tranio did, myſelf enforc'd him to;
Then pardon him, ſweet father, for my ſake.
Vin. I'll ſlit the villain's noſe, that would have ſent me to the jail.
Bap. But do you hear, ſir? [*to* Luc.] Have you married my daughter without aſking my good-will?
Vin. Fear not, Baptiſta; we will content you, go to: But I will in, to be reveng'd for this villainy. [*Exit.*
Bap. And I, to ſound the depth of this knavery. [*Exit.*
Luc. Look not pale, Bianca; thy father will not frown.
[*Exeunt* Lucentio *and* Bianca.
Gre. My cake is dough[9]: But I'll in among the reſt;
Out of hope of all,—but my ſhare of the feaſt. [*Exit.*
[Petruchio *and* Catharine *advance.*
Cath. Huſband, let's follow, to ſee the end of this ado.
Pet. Firſt kiſs me, Kate, and we will.
Cath. What, in the midſt of the ſtreet?
Pet. What, art thou aſham'd of me?
Cath. No, ſir; God forbid: but aſham'd to kiſs.

This is highly probable; but yet *ſuppoſes* is a word often uſed in its common ſenſe, which, on the preſent occaſion is ſufficiently commodious. Shakſpeare uſes the word in *Troilus and Creſſida:*

"That we come ſhort of our *ſuppoſe* ſo far, &c."

To blear the eye, was an ancient phraſe ſignifying *to deceive.* So, in Chaucer's *Manciple's Tale,* v. 17202. late edit.

"For all thy waiting, *blered is thin eye.*" STEEVENS.

[8] *Here's* packing,] i. e. Plotting, double-dealing. See Vol. II. p. 294, n. 4. MALONE.

[9] *My cake is dough:*] This is a proverbial expreſſion. STEEVENS. It was generally uſed when any project miſcarried. MALONE.

Pet. Why, then let's home again:—Come, ſirrah, let's away.

Cath. Nay, I will give thee a kiſs: now pray thee, love, ſtay.

Pet. Is not this well?—Come, my ſweet Kate;
Better once than never, for never too late. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in Lucentio's *Houſe.*

A Banquet ſet out. Enter BAPTISTA, VINCENTIO, GREMIO, *the* Pedant, LUCENTIO, BIANCA, PETRUCHIO, CATHARINA, HORTENSIO, *and* Widow. TRANIO, BIONDELLO, GRUMIO, *and others, attending.*

Luc. At laſt, though long, our jarring notes agree:
And time it is, when raging war is done [1],
To ſmile at 'ſcapes and perils over-blown.—
My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,
While I with ſelf-ſame kindneſs welcome thine:—
Brother Petruchio,—ſiſter Catharina,—
And thou, Hortenſio, with thy loving widow,—
Feaſt with the beſt, and welcome to my houſe;
My banquet is to cloſe our ſtomachs up,
After our great good cheer: Pray you, ſit down;
For now we ſit to chat, as well as eat. [*They ſit at table.*

Pet. Nothing but ſit and ſit, and eat and eat!

Bap. Padua affords this kindneſs, ſon Petruchio.

Pet. Padua affords nothing but what is kind.

Hor. For both our ſakes, I would that word were true.

Pet. Now, for my life, Hortenſio fears his widow [2].

[1] —*when raging war is* done,] This is Mr. Rowe's emendation. The old copy has—when raging war is *come*, which cannot be right. Perhaps the author wrote—when raging war is *calm* (formerly ſpelt *calme*). So, in *Othello*:

"If after every tempeſt comes ſuch *calms*—."

The word "overblown," in the next line, adds ſome little ſupport to this conjecture. MALONE.

[2] — fears *his widow.*] To *fear*, as has been already obſerved, meant in our author's time both to dread, and to intimidate. The widow underſtands the word in the latter ſenſe; and Petruchio tells her, he uſed it in the former. MALONE.

Wid.

Wid. Then never truſt me, if I be afeard.

Pet. You are very ſenſible, and yet you miſs my ſenſe; I mean, Hortenſio is afeard of you.

Wid. He that is giddy, thinks the world turns round.

Pet. Roundly reply'd.

Cath. Miſtreſs, how mean you that?

Wid. Thus I conceive by him.

Pet. Conceives by me!—How likes Hortenſio that?

Hor. My widow ſays, thus ſhe conceives her tale.

Pet. Very well mended: Kiſs him for that, good widow.

Cath. He that is giddy, thinks the world turns round: I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.

Wid. Your huſband, being troubled with a ſhrew,
Meaſures my huſband's ſorrow by his woe:
And now you know my meaning.

Cath. A very mean meaning.

Wid. Right, I mean you.

Cath. And I am mean, indeed, reſpecting you.

Pet. To her, Kate!

Hor. To her, widow!

Pet. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.

Hor. That's my office.

Pet. Spoke like an officer:—Ha' to thee, lad[3].
[*drinks to* Hortenſio.

Bap. How likes Gremio theſe quick-witted folks?

Gre. Believe me, ſir, they butt together well.

Bian. Head, and butt? an haſty-witted body
Would ſay, your head and butt were head and horn.

Vin. Ay, miſtreſs bride, hath that awaken'd you?

Bian. Ay, but not frighted me; therefore I'll ſleep again.

Pet. Nay, that you ſhall not; ſince you have begun,
Have at you for a bitter jeſt or two[4].

Bian.

[3] *Ha' to* thee, *lad.*] The old copy has—to *the.* Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[4] — *for a* bitter *jeſt or two.*] The old copy reads—a *better* jeſt. The emendation (of the propriety of which there cannot, I conceive, be the ſmalleſt doubt,) is one of the very few corrections of any value made by Mr. Capell. So before in the preſent play:

"Hiding his *bitter jeſts* in blunt behaviour."

Bian. Am I your bird? I mean to ſhift my buſh,
And then purſue me as you draw your bow:—
You are welcome all.

[*Exeunt* BIANCA, CATHARINA, *and* Widow.

Pet. She hath prevented me. Here, ſignior Tranio,
This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not;
Therefore, a health to all that ſhot and miſs'd.

Tra. O, ſir, Lucentio ſlip'd me like his greyhound,
Which runs himſelf, and catches for his maſter.

Pet. A good ſwift [5] ſimile, but ſomething curriſh.

Tra. 'Tis well, ſir, that you hunted for yourſelf;
'Tis thought, your deer does hold you at a bay.

Bap. Oh, oh, Petruchio, Tranio hits you now.

Luc. I thank thee for that gird [6], good Tranio.

Hor. Confeſs, confeſs; hath he not hit you here?

Pet. 'A has a little gall'd me, I confeſs;
And, as the jeſt did glance away from me,
'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright [7].

Bap. Now, in good ſadneſs, ſon Petruchio,
I think thou haſt the verieſt ſhrew of all.

Pet. Well, I ſay no: and therefore, for aſſurance [8],
Let's each one ſend unto his wife [9];

Again, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*:

"Too *bitter* is thy *jeſt*."

Again, in Baſtard's *Epigrams*, 1598:

"He ſhut up the matter with this *bitter jeſt*." MALONE.

5 —*ſwift*—] beſides the original ſenſe of *ſpeedy in motion*, ſignified *witty*, *quick-witted*. So, in *As You Like It*, the Duke ſays of the Clown, "*He is very* ſwift *and ſententious*." *Quick* is now uſed in almoſt the ſame ſenſe as *nimble* was in the age after that of our author. Heylin ſays of Hales, that *he had known Laud for a* nimble *diſputant*. JOHNSON.

6 —*that* gird,] A *gird* is a *ſarcaſm*, a *gibe*. STEEVENS.

7 —*you* two *outright*.] Old Copy—you *too*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

8 — for *aſſurance*,] Inſtead of *for* the original copy has *fir*. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

9 *Let's each one ſend unto his wife*;] This incident,—the ladies' refuſal to obey the ſummons,—that of Catharine's pulling off her cap and offering to lay her hand under her huſband's foot,—are all borrowed from the anonymous play entitled *the Taming of a Shrew*. The lady in that piece likewiſe makes a ſpeech on the duty of a wife. MALONE.

And he, whose wife is most obedient
To come at first when he doth send for her,
Shall win the wager which we will propose.
Hor. Content;—What's the wager?
Luc. Twenty crowns.
Pet. Twenty crowns!
I'll venture so much on my hawk, or hound,
But twenty times so much upon my wife.
Luc. A hundred then.
Hor. Content.
Pet. A match; 'tis done.
Hor. Who shall begin?
Luc. That will I.
Go, Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.
Bion. I go. [*Exit.*
Bap. Son, I will be your half, Bianca comes.
Luc. I'll have no halves; I'll bear it all myself.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

How now! what news?
Bion. Sir, my mistress sends you word
That she is busy, and she cannot come.
Pet. How! she is busy, and she cannot come!
Is that an answer?
Gre. Ay, and a kind one too:
Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.
Pet. I hope, better.
Hor. Sirrah, Biondello, go, and entreat my wife
To come to me forthwith. [*Exit* BIONDELLO.
Pet. Oh, ho! entreat her!
Nay, then she must needs come.
Hor. I am afraid, sir,
Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Now, where's my wife?
Bion. She says, you have some goodly jest in hand;
She will not come; she bids you come to her.
Pet. Worse and worse; she will not come! O vile,
Intolerable, not to be endur'd!

Sirrah,

Sirrah, Grumio, go to your miſtreſs;
Say, I command her come to me. [*Exit* Grumio.

Hor. I know her anſwer.

Pet. What?

Hor. She will not.

Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

Enter CATHARINA.

Bap. Now, by my holidame, here comes Catharina!

Cath. What is your will, ſir, that you ſend for me?

Pet. Where is your ſiſter, and Hortenſio's wife?

Cath. They ſit conferring by the parlour fire.

Pet. Go, fetch them hither; if they deny to come,
Swinge me them ſoundly forth unto their huſbands:
Away, I ſay, and bring them hither ſtraight.
[*Exit* CATHARINA.

Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.

Hor. And ſo it is; I wonder, what it bodes.

Pet. Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,
An awful rule, and right ſupremacy;
And, to be ſhort, what not, that's ſweet and happy.

Bap. Now fair befal thee, good Petruchio!
The wager thou haſt won; and I will add
Unto their loſſes twenty thouſand crowns;
Another dowry to another daughter,
For ſhe is chang'd, as ſhe had never been.

Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet;
And ſhow more ſign of her obedience,
Her new-built virtue and obedience.

Re-enter CATHARINA, *with* BIANCA, *and* Widow.

See, where ſhe comes; and brings your froward wives
As priſoners to her womanly perſuaſion.
Catharine, that cap of yours becomes you not;
Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.
[Cath. *pulls off her cap, and throws it down.*

Wid. Lord, let me never have a cauſe to ſigh,
'Till I be brought to ſuch a ſilly paſs!

Bian. Fye! what a fooliſh duty call you this?

Luc. I would, your duty were as fooliſh too:

The-

The wiſdom of your duty, fair Bianca,
Hath coſt me an hundred crowns [1] ſince ſupper-time.
Bian. The more fool you, for laying on my duty.
Pet. Catharine, I charge thee, tell theſe headſtrong women
What duty they do owe their lords and huſbands.
Wid. Come, come, you're mocking; we will have no telling.
Pet. Come on, I ſay; and firſt begin with her.
Wid. She ſhall not.
Pet. I ſay, ſhe ſhall;—and firſt begin with her.
Cath. Fye! fye! unknit that threat'ning unkind brow;
And dart not ſcornful glances from thoſe eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:
It blots thy beauty, as froſts bite the meads [2];
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds ſhake fair buds;
And in no ſenſe is meet, or amiable.
A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-ſeeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And, while it is ſo, none ſo dry or thirſty
Will deign to ſip, or touch one drop of it.
Thy huſband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy ſovereign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance: commits his body
To painful labour, both by ſea and land;
To watch the night in ſtorms, the day in cold,
While thou ly'ſt warm at home, ſecure and ſafe;
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, fair looks, and true obedience;—
Too little payment for ſo great a debt.
Such duty as the ſubject owes the prince,
Even ſuch a woman oweth to her huſband:
And, when ſhe's froward, peeviſh, ſullen, ſour,
And, not obedient to his honeſt will,

[1] — an *hundred crowns*—] Old Copy—*five* hundred. Corrected by Mr. Pope. In the Mſ. from which our author's plays were printed, probably numbers were always expreſſed in figures, which has been the occaſion of many miſtakes in the early editions. MALONE.

[2] — *as froſts bite the meads*;] The old copy reads—froſts *do* bite. The correction was made by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

What

What is ſhe but a foul contending rebel,
And graceleſs traitor to her loving lord?—
I am aſham'd, that women are ſo ſimple
To offer war where they ſhould kneel for peace;
Or ſeek for rule, ſupremacy, and ſway,
When they are bound to ſerve, love, and obey.
Why are our bodies ſoft, and weak, and ſmooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world;
But that our ſoft conditions [3], and our hearts,
Should well agree with our external parts?
Come, come, you froward and unable worms!
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
My heart as great; my reaſon, haply, more,
To bandy word for word, and frown for frown:
But now, I ſee our lances are but ſtraws;
Our ſtrength as weak, our weakneſs paſt compare,—
That ſeeming to be moſt, which we indeed leaſt are.
Then vail your ſtomachs [4], for it is no boot;
And place your hands below your huſband's foot:
In token of which duty, if he pleaſe,
My hand is ready, may it do him eaſe.

Pet. Why, there's a wench!—Come on, and kiſs me, Kate.

Luc. Well, go thy ways, old lad; for thou ſhalt ha't.

Vin. 'Tis a good hearing, when children are toward.

Luc. But a harſh hearing, when women are froward.

Pet. Come, Kate, we'll to-bed:—
We three are married, but you two are ſped.
'Twas I won the wager, though you hit the white [5];
And, being a winner, God give you good night! [*to* Lucentio.

[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO, *and* CATHARINA.

Hor.

[3] —*our ſoft* conditions,—] The gentle qualities of our minds. See p. 16, n. 2. MALONE.

[4] *Then vail your ſtomachs*,—] i. e. abate your pride, your ſpirit. STEEVENS.

[5] *Though you hit the white*;] To hit the *white* is a phraſe borrowed from archery: the mark was commonly white. Here it alludes to the name *Bianca*, or *white*. JOHNSON.

So,

Hor. Now go thy ways, thou haſt tam'd a curſt ſhrew.
Luc. 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, ſhe will be tam'd ſo[6]. [*Exeunt.*

So, in Feltham's *Anſwer* to Ben Jonſon's ode at the end of his *New Inn*:

"As oft you've wanted brains
"And art to ſtrike *the white*,
"As you have levell'd right." MALONE.

[6] The players delivered down this comedy, among the reſt, as one of Shakſpeare's own; and its intrinſick merit bears ſufficient evidence to the propriety of their deciſion.

May I add a few reaſons why I neither believe the former comedy of *the Taming of a Shrew*, 1607, nor the old play of *King John* in two parts, 1591, to have been the work of Shakſpeare? He generally followed every novel or hiſtory from whence he took his plots, as cloſely as he could; and is ſo often indebted to theſe originals for his very thoughts and expreſſions, that we may fairly pronounce him not to have been above borrowing, to ſpare himſelf the labour of invention. It is therefore probable, that both theſe plays, (like that of *Henry V.* in which Oldcaſtle is introduced) were the unſucceſsful performances of contemporary players. Shakſpeare ſaw they were meanly written, and yet that their plans were ſuch as would furniſh incidents for a better dramatiſt. He therefore might lazily adopt the order of their ſcenes, ſtill writing the dialogue anew, and inſerting little more from either piece, than a few lines which he might think worth preſerving, or was too much in haſte to alter. It is no uncommon thing in the literary world, to ſee the track of others followed by thoſe who would never have given themſelves the trouble to mark out one of their own.
STEEVENS.

It is almoſt unneceſſary to vindicate Shakſpeare from being the author of the old *Taming of a Shrew*. Mr. Pope in conſequence of his being very ſuperficially acquainted with the phraſeology of our early writers, firſt aſcribed it to him, and on his authority this ſtrange opinion obtained credit for half a century. He might with juſt as much propriety have ſuppoſed that our author wrote the old *King Henry IV.* and *V.* and *the Hiſtory of King Leir and his three daughters*, as that he wrote two plays on the ſubject of *Taming a Shrew*, and two others on the ſtory of *King John*.—The error prevailed for ſuch a length of time, from the difficulty of meeting with the piece, which is ſo extremely ſcarce, that I have never ſeen or heard of any copy exiſting but one in the collection of Mr. Steevens, and another in my own: and one of our author's editors ſearched for it for thirty years in vain. Mr. Pope's copy is ſuppoſed to be irrecoverably loſt.

I ſuſpect that the anonymous *Taming of a Shrew* was written about the year 1590, either by George Peele or Robert Greene. MALONE.

From

From this play the TATLER formed a Story, Vol. IV. N° 251.

It cannot but ſeem ſtrange that Shakſpeare ſhould be ſo little known to the author of the Tatler, that he ſhould ſuffer this ſtory to be obtruded upon him; or ſo little known to the publick, that he could hope to make it paſs upon his readers as a real narrative of a tranſaction in Lincolnſhire; yet it is apparent, that he was deceived, or intended to deceive, that he knew not himſelf whence the ſtory was taken, or hoped that he might rob ſo obſcure a writer without detection.

Of this play the two plots are ſo well united, that they can hardly be called two without injury to the art with which they are interwoven. The attention is entertained with all the variety of a double plot, yet is not diſtracted by unconnected incidents.

The part between Catharine and Petruchio is eminently ſpritely and diverting. At the marriage of Bianca the arrival of the real father, perhaps, produces more perplexity than pleaſure. The whole play is very popular and diverting. JOHNSON.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Perſons Repreſented[1].

King of France.
Duke of Florence.
Bertram, *Count of* Rouſillon.
Lafeu, *an old Lord.*
Parolles[2], *a follower of* Bertram.
Several young French *Lords, that ſerve with* Bertram *in the* Florentine *war.*
Steward,
Clown, } *Servants to the Counteſs of* Rouſillon.
A Page.

Counteſs of Rouſillon, *mother to* Bertram.
Helena, *a gentlewoman protected by the Counteſs.*
An old widow of Florence.
Diana, *daughter to the widow.*
Violenta[3],
Mariana, } *Neighbours and friends to the widow.*

Lords, attending on the King; Officers, Soldiers, &c. French *and* Florentine.

SCENE, partly in France, *and partly in* Tuſcany.

1 There is no enumeration of perſons in the old copy.

2 *Parolles,*] I ſuppoſe we ſhould write this name *Paroles*, i. e. a creature made up of empty words. STEEVENS.

3 *Violenta* only enters once, and then ſhe neither ſpeaks, nor is ſpoken to. STEEVENS.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL[1].

ACT I. SCENE I.

Rouſillon. *A Room in the Count's Palace.*

Enter BERTRAM, *the Counteſs of* ROUSILLON, HELENA, *and* LAFEU, *in mourning.*

Count. In delivering my ſon from me, I bury a ſecond huſband.

Ber. And I, in going, madam, weep o'er my father's death anew: but I muſt attend his majeſty's command, to whom I am now in ward[2], evermore in ſubjection.

Laf. You ſhall find of the king a huſband, madam;—you, ſir, a father: He that ſo generally is at all times good, muſt of neceſſity hold his virtue to you; whoſe

[1] The ſtory of *All's well that ends well*, or, as I ſuppoſe it to have been ſometimes called, *Love's Labour wonne*, is originally indeed the property of Boccace, but it came immediately to Shakſpeare from *Painter's Gilletta of Narbon*, in the firſt Vol. of the *Palace of Pleaſure*, quarto, 1566, p. 88. FARMER.

Shakſpeare is indebted to the novel only for a few leading circumſtances in the graver parts of the piece. The comick buſineſs appears to be entirely of his own formation. STEEVENS.

This comedy, I imagine, was written in 1598. See *An Attempt to aſcertain the order of Shakſpeare's plays*, Vol. I. MALONE.

[2] — *in ward*,] Under his particular care, as my guardian, till I come to age. It is now almoſt forgotten in England, that the heirs of great fortunes were the king's *wards*. Whether the ſame practice prevailed in France, it is of no great uſe to enquire, for Shakſpeare gives to all nations the manners of England. JOHNSON.

Howell's fifteenth letter acquaints us that the province of Normandy was ſubject to wardſhips, and no other part of France beſides; but the ſuppoſition of the contrary furniſhed Shakſpeare with a reaſon why the king compelled Rouſillon to marry Helen. TOLLET.

The prerogative of *wardſhip* is a branch of the feudal law, and may as well be ſuppoſed to be incorporated with the conſtitution of France, as it was with that of England, till the reign of Charles II.

SIR J. HAWKINS.

worthineſs would ſtir it up where it wanted, rather than lack it where there is ſuch abundance.

Count. What hope is there of his majeſty's amendment?

Laf. He hath abandon'd his phyſicians, madam; under whoſe practices he hath perſecuted time with hope; and finds no other advantage in the proceſs, but only the loſing of hope by time.

Count. This young gentlewoman had a father, (O, that *had!* how ſad a paſſage 'tis[3]!) whoſe ſkill was almoſt as great as his honeſty; had it ſtretch'd ſo far, would have made nature immortal, and death ſhould have play for lack of work. 'Would, for the king's ſake, he were living! I think, it would be the death of the king's diſeaſe.

Laf. How call'd you the man you ſpeak of, madam?

Count. He was famous, ſir, in his profeſſion, and it was his great right to be ſo: Gerard de Narbon.

Laf. He was excellent, indeed, madam; the king very lately ſpoke of him, admiringly, and mourningly: he was ſkilful enough to have liv'd ſtill, if knowledge could be ſet up againſt mortality.

Ber. What is it, my good lord, the king languiſhes of?

Laf. A fiſtula, my lord.

Ber. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would, it were not notorious.—Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon?

[3] *O, that* had! *how ſad a* paſſage *'tis!*] Imitated from the *Heautontimorumenos* of Terence, (then tranſlated,) where Menedemus ſays:

" Filium unicum adoleſcentulum
" *Habeo.* Ah, quid dixi? *habere* me? imo
" —*habui*, Chreme,
" Nunc *habeam* necne incertum eſt." BLACKSTONE.

Paſſage is *any thing that paſſes*, ſo we now ſay, a *paſſage* of an *author*, and we ſaid about a century ago, the *paſſages* of a *reign*. When the counteſs mentions Helena's loſs of a father, ſhe recollects her own loſs of a huſband, and ſtops to obſerve how heavily that word *bad* paſſes through her mind. JOHNSON.

Thus Shakſpeare himſelf. See *The Comedy of Errors*, Act III. ſc. i:

" Now in the ſtirring *paſſage* of the day."

Again, in *A Woman's a Weathercock*, 1612:

" I knew the *paſſages* 'twixt her and Scudamore." STEEVENS.

Count.

Count. His ſole child, my lord; and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have thoſe hopes of her good, that her education promiſes: her diſpoſitions ſhe inherits, which make fair gifts fairer: for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities [4], there commendations go with pity, they are virtues and traitors too; in her they are the better for their ſimpleneſs [5]; ſhe derives her honeſty, and atchieves her goodneſs.

Laf. Your commendations, madam, get from her tears.

Count. 'Tis the beſt brine a maiden can ſeaſon her praiſe in [6]. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart, but the tyranny of her ſorrows takes

[4] — *virtuous qualities,*] i. e. qualities of good breeding and erudition, (in the ſame ſenſe that the Italians ſay, *qualità virtuoſa,*) and not *moral* ones. WARBURTON.

Virtue and *virtuous*, as I am told, ſtill keep this ſignification in the north, and mean ingenuity, and ingenious. STEEVENS.

[5] — *they are virtues and traitors too; in her they are the better for their ſimpleneſs;*] *Her virtues are the better for their ſimpleneſs*, that is, her excellencies are the better becauſe they are artleſs and open, without fraud, without deſign. The learned commentator has well explained *virtues*, but has not, I think, reached the force of the word *traitors*, and therefore has not ſhewn the full extent of Shakſpeare's maſterly obſervation. *Virtues in an unclean mind are virtues and traitors too.* Eſtimable and uſeful qualities, joined with an evil diſpoſition, give that evil diſpoſition power over others, who, by admiring the virtue, are betrayed to the malevolence. The *Tatler*, mentioning the ſharpers of his time, obſerves, that ſome of them are men of ſuch elegance and knowledge, that *a young man who falls into their way, is* betrayed *as much by his judgment as his paſſions.* JOHNSON.

In *As you like it, virtues* are called *traitors* on a very different ground:

" —— to ſome kind of men
" Their graces ſerve them but as enemies;
" No more do yours; your *virtues*, gentle maſter,
" Are ſanctified and holy *traitors* to you.
" O what a world is this, when what is comely
" Envenoms him that bears it!" MALONE.

[6] — *can* ſeaſon *her praiſe in.*] To *ſeaſon* has here a culinary ſenſe; *to preſerve by ſalting.* A paſſage in *Twelfth Night* will beſt explain its meaning:

" —— all this to *ſeaſon*
" A brother's dead love, which ſhe would keep *freſh*,
" And *laſting* in her remembrance." MALONE.

all livelihood[7] from her cheek. No more of this, Helena, go to, no more; lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow, than to have[8].

Hel. I do affect a sorrow, indeed, but I have it too[9].

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, excessive grief the enemy to the living.

Count. If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal[1].

Ber. Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

Laf. How understand we that?

Count. Be thou blest, Bertram! and succeed thy father

7 — *all* livelihood—] i. e. all appearance of life. STEEVENS.

8 — *lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow, than* to have:] Our author sometimes is guilty of such slight inaccuracies; and concludes a sentence as if the former part of it had been constructed differently.—Thus in the present instance, he seems to have meant—lest *you* be rather thought *to* affect a sorrow, than *to have*. MALONE.

9 *I do affect a sorrow, indeed, but I have it too.*] Helena has, I believe, a meaning here, that she does not wish should be understood by the countess. Her *affected* sorrow was for the death of her father; her *real* grief for the lowness of her situation, which she feared would for ever be a bar to her union with her beloved Bertram. Her own words afterwards fully support this interpretation:

" ——— I think not on my father;—
" ——— What was he like?
" I have forgot him; my imagination
" Carries no favour in it but Bertram's:
" I am undone." MALONE.

1 *If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.*] *Lafeu*, says, *excessive grief is the enemy of the living:* the countess replies, *If the living be an enemy to grief, the excess soon makes it mortal:* that is, *if the living do not indulge grief, grief destroys itself by its own excess.* By the word *mortal* I understand *that which dies*, and Dr. Warburton, [who reads—be *not* enemy—] *that which destroys.* I think that my interpretation gives a sentence more acute and more refined. Let the reader judge. JOHNSON.

A passage in *the Winter's Tale*, in which our author again speaks of grief destroying itself by its own excess, adds support to Dr. Johnson's interpretation:

" ——— scarce any joy
" Did ever live so long; *no sorrow*,
" *But kill'd itself much sooner.*"

In *Romeo and Juliet* we meet with a kindred thought:

" These violent delights have violent ends,
" And *in their triumph die.*" MALONE.

In

In manners, as in ſhape! thy blood, and virtue,
Contend for empire in thee; and thy goodneſs
Share with thy birth-right! Love all, truſt a few,
Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy
Rather in power, than uſe; and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key: be check'd for ſilence,
But never tax'd for ſpeech. What heaven more will,
That thee may furniſh [2], and my prayers pluck down,
Fall on thy head! Farewell.—My lord,
'Tis an unſeaſon'd courtier; good my lord,
Adviſe him.

Laf. He cannot want the beſt,
That ſhall attend his love.

Count. Heaven bleſs him!—Farewell, Bertram.
[*Exit* Counteſs.

Ber. The beſt wiſhes, that can be forged in your thoughts, [*to* Helena.] be ſervants to you [3]! Be comfortable to my mother, your miſtreſs, and make much of her.

Laf. Farewell, pretty lady: You muſt hold the credit of your father. [*Exeunt* BERTRAM *and* LAFEU.

Hel. O, were that all [4]!—I think not on my father;
And theſe great tears [5] grace his remembrance more,
Than thoſe I ſhed for him. What was he like?
I have forgot him: my imagination
Carries no favour in it, but Bertram's.
I am undone; there is no living, none,

[2] *That thee may furniſh,*] That may help thee with more and better qualifications. JOHNSON.

[3] *The beſt wiſhes,* &c] That is, may you be miſtreſs of your wiſhes, and have power to bring them to effect. JOHNSON.

[4] *O were that all!* &c.] Would that the attention to maintain the credit of my father, (or, not to act unbecoming the daughter of ſuch a father,—for ſuch perhaps is the meaning,) were my only ſolicitude! I think not of him. My cares are all for Bertram. MALONE.

[5] — *theſe great* tears &c.] The *tears* which the king and counteſs ſhed for him. JOHNSON.

Perhaps ſhe means rather,—And theſe great tears which are now falling in abundance from my eyes, on another account, *appear* to do more honour to his memory than thoſe which I really ſhed for him when he died; which flowed in a leſs copious ſtream. For the hint of this interpretation I am indebted to Mr. Maſon. MALONE.

If Bertram be away. It were all one,
That I should love a bright particular ſtar,
And think to wed it, he is ſo above me:
In his bright radiance and collateral light
Muſt I be comforted, not in his ſphere[6].
The ambition in my love thus plagues itſelf:
The hind, that would be mated by the lion,
Muſt die for love. 'Twas pretty, though a plague,
To ſee him every hour; to ſit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table[7]; heart, too capable
Of every line and trick of his ſweet favour[8]:
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Muſt ſanctify his relicks. Who comes here?

6 *In his bright radiance* &c.] I cannot be united with him and move in the ſame *ſphere*, but *muſt be comforted* at a diſtance by the *radiance* that ſhoots *on all ſides* from him. JOHNSON.

Milton, b. x:

" — from his radiant ſeat he roſe
" Of high *collateral* glory." STEEVENS.

7 — *'Twas pretty, though a plague,*
To ſee him every hour, to ſit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table;] So, in our author's 24th Sonnet:

" Mine eye hath play'd the *painter*, and hath ſteel'd
" Thy beauty's form in *table of my heart*."

A *table* was formerly a term for a *picture*. *Tableau*, Fr. So, on a picture painted in the time of Queen Elizabeth, in the poſſeſſion of the Hon. Horace Walpole:

" The Queen to Walſingham this *table* ſent,
" Mark of her people's and her own content." MALONE.

8 — trick *of his ſweet favour*:] So, in *King John*: " he hath a *trick* of Cœur de Lion's face." *Trick* ſeems to be ſome peculiarity of look or feature. JOHNSON.

Trick is an expreſſion taken from *drawing*, and is ſo explained in another place. The preſent inſtance explains itſelf:

—— *to ſit and* draw
His arched brows, &c.
—— *and* trick *of his ſweet favour.*

Trick, however, may mean *peculiarity*. STEEVENS.

Tricking is uſed by heralds for the delineation and colouring of arms, &c. MALONE.

Enter

Enter PAROLLES.

One that goes with him: I love him for his ſake;
And yet I know him a notorious liar,
Think him a great way fool, ſolely a coward;
Yet theſe fix'd evils ſit ſo fit in him,
That they take place, when virtue's ſteely bones
Look bleak in the cold wind: withal, full oft we ſee
Cold wiſdom waiting on ſuperfluous folly [9].

Par. Save you, fair queen.

Hel. And you, monárch [1].

Par. No.

Hel. And no [2].

Par. Are you meditating on virginity?

Hel. Ay. You have ſome ſtain of ſoldier [3] in you; let me aſk you a queſtion: Man is enemy to virginity; how may we barricado it againſt him?

Par. Keep him out.

Hel. But he aſſails; and our virginity, though valiant, in the defence yet is weak: unfold to us ſome warlike reſiſtance.

Par. There is none; man, ſitting down before you, will undermine you, and blow you up.

Hel. Bleſs our poor virginity from underminers, and blowers up!—Is there no military policy, how virgins might blow up men?

Par. Virginity being blown down, man will quicklier be blown up: marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach yourſelves made, you loſe your city [4]. It is not

[9] Cold *wiſdom waiting on* ſuperfluous *folly.*] *Cold* for naked; as *ſuperfluous* for over-cloathed. This makes the propriety of the antitheſis. WARBURTON.

[1] *And you,* monárch.] Perhaps here is ſome alluſion deſigned to *Monarcho,* a ridiculous fantaſtical character of the age of Shakſpeare. Concerning this perſon, ſee the notes on *Love's Labour's Loſt,* Vol. II. p. 362, n. 6. STEEVENS.

[2] *And no.*] I am no more a queen than you are a monarch, or *Monarcho.* MALONE.

[3] —ſtain *of ſoldier*—] *Stain* for what we now ſay *tincture*; ſome qualities, at leaſt ſuperficial, of a ſoldier. JOHNSON.

[4] —*with the breach yourſelves made, you loſe your* city.] So, in our author's *Lover's Complaint:*

not politick in the commonwealth of nature, to preſerve virginity. Loſs of virginity is rational increaſe[5]; and there was never virgin got, till virginity was firſt loſt. That, you were made of, is metal to make virgins. Virginity, by being once loſt, may be ten times found: by being ever kept, is ever loſt: 'tis too cold a companion; away with it.

Hel. I will ſtand for't a little, though therefore I die a virgin.

Par. There's little can be ſaid in't; 'tis againſt the rule of nature. To ſpeak on the part of virginity, is to accuſe your mothers; which is moſt infallible diſobedience. He that hangs himſelf, is a virgin: virginity murders itſelf[6]; and ſhould be buried in highways, out of all ſanctified limit, as a deſperate offendreſs againſt nature. Virginity breeds mites, much like a cheeſe; conſumes itſelf to the very paring, and ſo dies with feeding his own ſtomach. Beſides, virginity is peeviſh, proud, idle, made of ſelf-love, which is the moſt inhibited ſin[7] in the canon. Keep it not; you cannot chooſe but loſe by't: Out with't: within ten years it will make itſelf ten[8], which is a goodly increaſe; and the principal itſelf not much the worſe; Away with't.

Hel.

" And long upon theſe terms I held my *city*,
" Till thus he 'gan beſiege me."

Again, in the *Rape of Lucrece*:

" This makes in him more rage, and leſſer pity,
" To make the breach, and enter this ſweet *city*." MALONE.

[5] *Loſs of virginity is* rational *increaſe*;—] I believe we ſhould read, *national*. TYRWHITT.

Rational increaſe may mean the regular increaſe by which rational beings are propagated. STEEVENS.

[6] *He that hangs himſelf, is a virgin: virginity murders itſelf*;] i.e. he that hangs himſelf, and a virgin, are in this circumſtance alike; they are both *ſelf-deſtroyers*. MALONE.

[7] — *inhibited ſin*—] i. e. forbidden. So, in *Othello*:

" ——— a practiſer
" Of arts *inhibited* and out of warrant." STEEVENS.

[8] — *within ten years it will make itſelf* ten,] The old copy reads —within ten years it will make itſelf *two*. The emendation was made by Sir T. Hanmer. It was alſo ſuggeſted by Mr. Steevens, who likewiſe

Hel. How might one do, ſir, to loſe it to her own liking?

Par. Let me ſee: Marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes[9]. 'Tis a commodity will loſe the gloſs with lying; the longer kept, the leſs worth: off with't, while 'tis vendible: anſwer the time of requeſt. Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of faſhion; richly ſuited, but unſuitable: juſt like the brooch and the tooth-pick, which wear not now[1]. Your date is better[2] in your pye and your porridge, than in your cheek: And your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French wither'd pears; it looks ill, it eats dryly; marry, 'tis a

wiſe propoſed to read—within *two* years it will make itſelf *two*. Mr. Tollet would read—within ten years it will make itſelf *twelve*.

I formerly propoſed to read—"Out with it: within ten *months* it will make itſelf two." Part with it, and within ten months' time it will double itſelf; i. e. it will produce a child.

I now mention this conjecture (in which I once had ſome confidence) only for the purpoſe of acknowledging my error. I had not ſufficiently attended to a former paſſage in this ſcene,—"Virginity, by being once loſt, may be *ten* times found," i. e. may produce *ten* virgins." Thoſe words likewiſe are ſpoken by Parolles, and add ſuch deciſive ſupport to Sir Thomas Hanmer's emendation, that I have not heſitated to adopt it. The text, as exhibited in the old copy, is undoubtedly corrupt. It has already been obſerved, that many paſſages in theſe plays, in which numbers are introduced, are printed incorrectly.

"*Out* with it," is uſed equivocally.—Applied to virginity, it means, give it away; part with it: conſidered in another light, it ſignifies, put it out to intereſt. In *the Tempeſt* we have—"Each *putter out* on five for one," &c. MALONE.

9 —*Marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes.*] Parolles, in anſwer to the queſtion, *how one ſhall loſe virginity to her own liking?* plays upon the word *liking*, and ſays, *ſhe muſt do ill, for* virginity, to be ſo loſt, *muſt like him that likes not* virginity. JOHNSON.

1 —*which* wear *not now.*] Thus the old copy, and rightly. Shakſpeare often uſes the active for the paſſive. The modern editors read,—"which *we* wear not now." TYRWHITT.

The old copy has *were*. Mr. Rowe corrected it. MALONE.

2 —*Your* date *is better*—] Here is a quibble on the word *date*, which means both *age*, and a kind of candied *fruit* much uſed in our author's time. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"They call for *dates* and quinces in the paſtry."

The ſame quibble occurs in *Troilus and Creſſida*: "—and then to be baked with no *date* in the pye, for then the man's *date* is out." STEEVENS.

wither'd

wither'd pear: it was formerly better; marry, yet, 'tis a wither'd pear: Will you any thing with it?

Hel. Not my virginity yet[3].

There shall your master have a thousand loves,
A mother, and a mistress, and a friend,
A phœnix, captain[4], and an enemy,
A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign,

3 *Not my virginity yet.*] Something, which should connect Helena's words with those of Parolles, seems to be wanting. Hanmer has made a fair attempt by reading:

Not my virginity yet.—You're for the court,
There shall your master &c.

Some such clause has, I think, dropped out, but still the first words want connection. Perhaps Parolles, going away after his harangue, said, *will you any thing with me?* to which Helen may reply.—I know not what to do with the passage. JOHNSON.

I do not perceive so great a want of connection as my predecessors have apprehended; nor is that connection alway to be sought for, in so careless a writer as ours, from the thought immediately preceding the reply of the speaker. Parolles has been laughing at the unprofitableness of virginity, especially when it grows ancient, and compares it to withered fruit. Helena, properly enough replies, that hers is not yet in that state; but that in the enjoyment of her, his master should find the gratification of all his most romantick wishes. It does not however appear that this rapturous effusion of Helena was designed to be intelligible to Parolles. Its obscurity, therefore, may be its merit. It sufficiently explains what is passing in the mind of the speaker, to every one but him to whom she does not mean to explain it. STEEVENS.

Perhaps we should read: "Will you any thing with *us?*" i. e. will you send any thing with us to court? to which Helenea's answer would be proper enough—

"Not my virginity yet."

A similar phrase occurs in *Twelfth Night*, Act III. sc. i:

"*You'll nothing*, madam, to my lord by me?" TYRWHITT.

Perhaps something has been omitted in Parolles's speech. "*I am now bound for the court*; will you any thing with it [i. e. with the court]?" So, in *the Winter's Tale*:

"Tell me what you have to the king."

I do not agree with Mr. Steevens in the latter part of his note; "—that in the enjoyment of her," &c. See note 5. MALONE.

4 — *captain*,] Our author often uses this word for a head or chief. So, in one of his Sonnets:

"Or *captain* jewels in the carkanet."

Again, in *Timon of Athens*: "— the ass more *captain* than the lion." Again more appositely, in *Othello*, where it is applied to Desdemona:

"— our great captain's *captain*. MALONE.

A coun-

A counſellor, a traitreſs[5], and a dear;
His humble ambition, proud humility,
His jarring concord, and his diſcord dulcet,
His faith, his ſweet diſaſter; with a world
Of pretty, fond, adoptious chriſtendoms[6],
That blinking Cupid goſſips. Now ſhall he—
I know not what he ſhall:—God ſend him well!—
The court's a learning place;—and he is one—

Par. What one, i'faith?

Hel. That I wiſh well.—'Tis pity—

[5] — *a* traitreſs,] *Traditora, a traitreſs*, in the Italian language, is generally uſed as a term of endearment. The meaning of *Helen* is, that ſhe ſhall prove *every thing* to *Bertram*. Our ancient writers delighted in catalogues, and alway characterize love by contrarieties. STEEVENS.

Falſtaff, in *the Merry Wives of Windſor*, ſays to Mrs. Ford: "Thou art a *traitor* to ſay ſo." In his interview with her, he certainly meant to uſe the language of love.

Helena however, I think, does not mean to ſay that ſhe ſhall prove every thing to Bertram, but to expreſs her apprehenſion that he will find at the court ſome lady or ladies who ſhall prove every thing to him; ("a phœnix, captain, counſellor, traitreſs; &c.") to whom he will give all the fond names that "blinking Cupid goſſips." MALONE.

I believe it would not be difficult to find in the love poetry of thoſe times an authority for moſt, if not for every one, of theſe whimſical titles. At leaſt I can affirm it from knowledge, that far the greater part of them are to be found in the Italian lyrick poetry, which was the model from which our poets chiefly copied. HEATH.

[6] — *chriſtendoms*,] This word, which ſignifies the collective body of chriſtianity, every place where the chriſtian religion is embraced, is ſurely uſed with much licence on this occaſion. STEEVENS.

It is uſed by another ancient writer in the ſame ſenſe; ſo that the word probably bore, in our author's time, the ſignification which he has affixed to it. So, in *A Royal Arbor of Loyal Poeſie*, by Thomas Jordan, no date, but printed about 1661:

"She is baptiz'd in *Chriſtendom*,
[i. e. by a chriſtian name,]
"The Jew cries out he's undone—."

Theſe lines are found in a ballad formed on part of the ſtory of *the Merchant of Venice*, in which it is remarkable that it is the Jew's daughter, and not Portia, that ſaves the Merchant's life by pleading his cauſe. There ſhould ſeem therefore to have been ſome novel on this ſubject, that has hitherto eſcaped the reſearches of the commentators. In the ſame book are ballads founded on the fables of *Much ado about Nothing*, and *the Winter's Tale*. MALONE.

Par.

Par. What's pity?

Hel. That wiſhing well had not a body in't,
Which might be felt: that we, the poorer born,
Whoſe baſer ſtars do ſhut us up in wiſhes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends,
And ſhew what we alone muſt think[7]; which never
Returns us thanks.

Enter a Page.

Page. Monſieur Parolles, my lord calls for you.

[*Exit* Page.

Par. Little Helen, farewel: if I can remember thee, I will think of thee at court.

Hel. Monſieur Parolles, you were born under a charitable ſtar.

Par. Under Mars, I.

Hel. I eſpecially think, under Mars.

Par. Why under Mars?

Hel. The wars have ſo kept you under, that you muſt needs be born under Mars.

Par. When he was predominant.

Hel. When he was retrograde, I think, rather.

Par. Why think you ſo?

Hel. You go ſo much backward, when you fight.

Par. That's for advantage.

Hel. So is running away, when fear propoſes the ſafety: But the compoſition, that your valour and fear makes in you, is a virtue of a good wing, and I like the wear well[8].

Par.

[7] *And* ſhew *what we alone muſt think*;] And *ſhew* by realities what we now *muſt only think*. JOHNSON.

[8] — *is a virtue of a good* wing, *and I like the wear well.*] Mr. Edwards is of opinion, that a *virtue of a good wing* refers to his nimbleneſs or fleetneſs in running away. The phraſe, however, is taken from falconry, as may appear from the following paſſage in Marſton's *Fawne*, 1606: "— I love my horſe after a journeying eaſineſs, as he is eaſy in journeying; my hawk for the *goodneſs of his wing*, &c." STEEVENS.

The reading of the old copy (which Dr. Warburton changed to *wing*,) is ſupported by a paſſage in *K. Henry V.* in which we meet with a ſimilar expreſſion: "Though his *affections* are higher mounted than

Par. I am ſo full of buſineſſes, I cannot anſwer thee acutely: I will return perfect courtier; in the which, my inſtruction ſhall ſerve to naturalize thee, ſo thou wilt be capable of a courtier's counſel [9], and underſtand what advice ſhall thruſt upon thee; elſe thou dieſt in thine unthankfulneſs, and thine ignorance makes thee away: farewel. When thou haſt leiſure, ſay thy prayers; when thou haſt none, remember thy friends: get thee a good huſband, and uſe him as he uſes thee: ſo farewel. [*Exit.*

Hel. Our remedies oft in ourſelves do lie,
Which we aſcribe to heaven: the fated ſky
Gives us free ſcope; only, doth backward pull
Our ſlow deſigns, when we ourſelves are dull.
What power is it, which mounts my love ſo high;
That makes me ſee, and cannot feed mine eye [1]?
The mightieſt ſpace in fortune nature brings
To join like likes, and kiſs like native things [2].

Impoſſible

than ours, yet when they ſtoop, they ſtoop with the *like wing.*" Again, in *King Henry IV.* P. I:

" Yet let me wonder, Harry,
" At thy affections, which do hold a *wing*
" Quite from the flight of all thy anceſtors." MALONE.

9 — *ſo thou wilt be* capable *of a courtier's counſel,*] i. e. thou wilt comprehend it. See a note in *Hamlet*, on the words—

" Whoſe form and cauſe conjoin'd, preaching to ſtones,
" Would make them *capable.*" MALONE.

1 *What power is it, which mounts my love ſo high;*
That makes me ſee, and cannot feed mine eye?] She means, by what influence is my love directed to a perſon ſo much above me? why am I made to diſcern excellence, and left to long after it, without the food of hope? JOHNSON.

2 *The mightieſt ſpace in fortune nature brings*
To join like likes, and kiſs like native things.] I underſtand the meaning to be this —*The affections given us by nature often unite perſons between whom fortune or accident has placed the greateſt diſtance or diſparity; and cauſe them to join, like likes,* (inſtar parium) *like perſons in the ſame ſituation or rank of life.* Thus (as Mr. Steevens has obſerved) in *Timon of Athens:*

" Thou foldereſt cloſe *impoſſibilities,*
" And mak'ſt them *kiſs.*"

This interpretation is ſtrongly confirmed by a ſubſequent ſpeech of the counteſſes ſteward, who is ſuppoſed to have over-heard this ſoliloquy

Impoſſible be ſtrange attempts, to thoſe
That weigh their pains in ſenſe; and do ſuppoſe,
What hath been cannot be: Whoever ſtrove
To ſhew her merit, that did miſs her love?
The king's diſeaſe—my project may deceive me,
But my intents are fix'd, and will not leave me. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Paris. *A Room in the King's Palace.*

Flouriſh of cornets. Enter the king of France, *with letters; Lords and others attending.*

King. The Florentines and Senoys [3] are by the ears;
Have fought with equal fortune, and continue
A braving war.

1. *Lord.* So 'tis reported, ſir.

King. Nay, 'tis moſt credible; we here receive it
A certainty, vouch'd from our couſin Auſtria,
With caution, that the Florentine will move us
For ſpeedy aid; wherein our deareſt friend
Prejudicates the buſineſs, and would ſeem
To have us make denial.

quy of Helena: "*Fortune*, ſhe ſaid, was no goddeſs, that had put ſuch *difference* betwixt their two eſtates."

The mightieſt ſpace in fortune, for *perſons the moſt widely ſeparated by fortune*, is certainly a licentious expreſſion; but it is ſuch a licence as Shakſpeare often takes. Thus in *Cymbeline*, *the diminution of ſpace* is uſed for the diminution of which ſpace, or *diſtance*, is the cauſe.

If he had written *ſpaces* (as in *Troilus and Creſſida*,

" ——— her whom we know well
" The world's large *ſpaces* cannot parallel,)

the paſſage would have been more clear; but he was confined by the metre. We might, however, read—

The mightieſt ſpace in nature fortune brings
To join &c.

i. e. accident ſometimes unites thoſe whom inequality of rank has ſeparated. But I believe the text is right. MALONE.

[3] — *Senoys*—] The *Saneſi*, as they they are term'd by *Boccace*. *Painter*, who tranſlates him, calls them *Senois*. They were the people of a ſmall republick, of which the capital was *Sienna*. The Florentines were at perpetual variance with them. STEEVENS.

1. *Lord.*

1. *Lord.* His love and wiſdom,
Approv'd ſo to your majeſty, may plead
For ampleſt credence.

King. He hath arm'd our anſwer,
And Florence is deny'd before he comes:
Yet, for our gentlemen, that mean to ſee
The Tuſcan ſervice, freely have they leave
To ſtand on either part.

2. *Lord.* It may well ſerve
A nurſery to our gentry, who are ſick
For breathing and exploit.

King. What's he comes here?

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, *and* PAROLLES.

1. *Lord.* It is the count Rouſillon[4], my good lord,
Young Bertram.

King. Youth, thou bear'ſt thy father's face;
Frank nature, rather curious than in haſte,
Hath well compos'd thee. Thy father's moral parts
May'ſt thou inherit too! Welcome to Paris.

Ber. My thanks and duty are your majeſty's.

King. I would I had that corporal ſoundneſs now,
As when thy father, and myſelf, in friendſhip
Firſt try'd our ſoldierſhip! He did look far
Into the ſervice of the time, and was
Diſcipled of the braveſt: he laſted long;
But on us both did haggiſh age ſteal on,
And wore us out of act. It much repairs me
To talk of your good father: In his youth
He had the wit, which I can well obſerve
To-day in our young lords; but they may jeſt,
Till their own ſcorn return to them unnoted,
Ere they can hide their levity in honour[5].

[4] — Rouſillon,] The old copy reads—*Roſignoll.* STEEVENS.

[5] *Ere they can hide their levity in* honour.] I believe, *honour* is not *dignity of birth or rank*, but *acquired reputation: Your father*, ſays the king, *had the ſame airy flights of ſatirical wit, with the young lords of the preſent time, but they do not what he did*, hide their unnoted *levity* in honour, *cover petty faults with great merit.*

This is an excellent obſervation. Jocoſe follies, and ſlight offences are only allowed by mankind in him that overpowers them by great qualities. JOHNSON.

So

So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterneſs
Were in his pride or ſharpneſs; if they were,
His equal had awak'd them [6], and his honour,
Clock to itſelf, knew the true minute when
Exception bid him ſpeak, and, at that time,
His tongue obey'd his hand [7]: who were below him
He us'd as creatures of another place [8];
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,
Making them proud of his humility,
In their poor praiſe he humbled [9]: Such a man

Might

6 *So like a courtier, contempt* nor *bitterneſs*
Were in his pride or ſharpneſs; if they were,
His equal had awak'd them;] *Nor* was uſed without reduplication. So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

"More *nor* leſs to others paying,
"Than by ſelf-offences weighing."

The text needs to be explained. He was ſo like a courtier, that there was in *his dignity of manner nothing contemptuous*, and *in his keenneſs of wit nothing bitter*. If *bitterneſs or contemptuouſneſs* ever *appeared*, they had been *awakened* by ſome injury, not of a man below him, but of his *equal*. This is the complete image of a well bred man, and ſomewhat like this Voltaire has exhibited his hero Lewis XIV. JOHNSON.

Sir William Blackſtone would point this paſſage differently, and perhaps rightly:

"—Ere they can hide their levity in honour,
"So like a courtier. Contempt &c." MALONE.

7 *His tongue obeyed* his *hand*:] We ſhould read—His tongue obeyed *the* hand. That is, the *hand* of *his honour's clock*, ſhewing *the true minute when exceptions bad him ſpeak*. JOHNSON.

His is put for *its*. So, in *Othello*:

"———— her motion
"Bluſh'd at *herſelf*,"—inſtead of *itſelf*. STEEVENS.

8 *He us'd as creatures of another place*;] i. e. He made allowances for their conduct, and bore from them what he would not from one of his own rank. WARBURTON.

I doubt whether this was our author's meaning. I rather incline to think that he meant only, that the father of Bertram treated thoſe below him with becoming condeſcenſion, as creatures not indeed in ſo *high* a place as himſelf, but yet holding a certain place; as *one* of the links, though not the largeſt, of the great chain of ſociety. MALONE.

9 *Making them proud of his humility*,

In their poor praiſe he humbled:] I think the meaning is,—Making them proud of receiving ſuch marks of condeſcenſion and affability from a perſon in ſo elevated a ſituation, and at the ſame time lowering or humbling himſelf, by ſtooping to accept of the encomiums of mean

Might be a copy to these younger times;
Which, follow'd well, would démonstrate them now
But goers backward.

Ber. His good remembrance, sir,
Lies richer in your thoughts, than on his tomb;
So in approof lives not his epitaph,
As in your royal speech [1].

King. 'Would, I were with him! He would always say,
(Methinks, I hear him now; his plausive words
He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them,
To grow there, and to bear,)—*Let me not live*,—
Thus * his good melancholy oft began,
On the catastrophe and heel of pastime,
When it was out,—*let me not live*, quoth he,
After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff
Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses

persons for that humility.—The construction seems to be, "he *being* humbled in their poor praise." MALONE.

Every man has seen the *mean* too often *proud of* the *humility* of the great, and perhaps the great may sometimes be *humbled in the praises* of the mean, of those who commend them without conviction or discernment: this, however, is not so common; the *mean* are found more frequently than the *great*. JOHNSON.

[1] *So in* approof *lives not his epitaph,*
As in your royal speech.] *Approof* is approbation. JOHNSON.

So, in *Measure for Measure*:

"Either of condemnation or *approof*." STEEVENS.

Perhaps the meaning is this: *His epitaph or inscription on his tomb is not so much in approbation or commendation of him, as is your royal speech.* TOLLET.

There can be no doubt but the word *approof* is frequently used in the sense of *approbation*, but that is not always the case; and in this place it signifies *proof* or *confirmation*. The meaning of the passage appears to be this: The truth of his epitaph is in no way so fully proved as by your royal speech. It is needless to remark, that epitaphs generally contain the praises and character of the deceased. *Approof* is used in the same sense by Bertram in the second act:

Lafeu. But I hope your lordship thinks him not a soldier.

Bertram. Yes, my lord, and of very valiant *approof*. MASON.

Mr. Heath supposes the meaning to be this: "His epitaph, or the character he left behind him, is not so well established by *the specimens he exhibited of his worth*, as by your royal report in his favour." The passage above quoted from Act II. supports this interpretation. MALONE.

* Thus—] Old Copy—*This*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

All but new things disdain; *whose judgments are*
Mere fathers of their garments[2]; *whose constancies*
Expire before their fashions:—This he wish'd:
I, after him, do after him wish too,
Since I nor wax, nor honey, can bring home,
I quickly were dissolved from my hive,
To give some labourers room.

2. *Lord.* You are lov'd, sir;
They, that least lend it you, shall lack you first.

King. I fill a place, I know't.—How long is't, count,
Since the physician at your father's died?
He was much fam'd.

Ber. Some six months since, my lord.

King. If he were living, I would try him yet;—
Lend me an arm;—the rest have worn me out
With several applications:—nature and sickness
Debate it at their leisure. Welcome, count;
My son's no dearer.

Ber. Thank your majesty. [*Exeunt.*

[2] — *whose judgments are*
Mere fathers *of their garments*;] Who have no other use of their faculties, than to invent new modes of dress. JOHNSON.

The reading of the old copy, *fathers*, (instead of which Mr. Tyrwhitt suspects that the author wrote—*feathers*,) is supported by a similar passage in *Cymbeline*:

"—— some jay of Italy
"Whose *mother* was her *painting*—."

Again, by another in the same play:

"—— No, nor thy tailor, rascal,
"Who is thy *grandfather*; he made those *cloaths*,
"Which, as it seems, *make* thee."

There the garment is said to be the father of the man:—in the text, the judgment, being employed solely in forming or giving *birth* to new dresses, is called *the father of the garment*. MALONE.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Rouſillon. *A Room in the Count's Palace.*

Enter Counteſs, Steward, *and* Clown[3].

Count. I will now hear: what ſay you of this gentlewoman?

[3] — *and* Clown.] A *Clown* in Shakſpeare is commonly taken for a *licenſed jeſter*, or domeſtick *fool*. We are not to wonder that we find this character often in his plays, ſince fools were, at that time, maintained in all great families, to keep up merriment in the houſe. In the picture of Sir Thomas More's family, by Hans Holbein, the only ſervant repreſented is Patiſon the *fool*. This is a proof of the familiarity to which they were admitted, not by the great only, but the wiſe.

In ſome plays, a ſervant, or a ruſtick, of remarkable petulance and freedom of ſpeech, is likewiſe called a *clown*. JOHNSON.

Cardinal Wolſey after his diſgrace, wiſhing to ſhew King Henry VIII. a mark of his reſpect, ſent him his fool *Patche*, as a preſent, whom, ſays Stowe, "the king received very gladly." MALONE.

This dialogue, or that in *Twelfth Night*, between *Olivia* and the *Clown*, ſeems to have been particularly cenſured by Cartwright, in one of the copies of verſes prefixed to the works of Beaumont and Fletcher:

"*Shakſpeare* to thee was dull, whoſe beſt jeſt lies
"I' th' *lady's* queſtions, and the *fool's* replies;
"Old-faſhion'd wit, which walk'd from town to town
"In trunk-hoſe, which our fathers call'd the *Clown*."

In the MS. regiſter of lord Stanhope of Harrington, treaſurer of the chamber to King James I. from 1613 to 1616, are the following entries: "Tom Derry, his majeſty's *fool*, at 2s. per diem,—1615. Paid John Mawe, for the diet and lodging of Thomas Derrie, her majeſty's *jeſter*, for 13 weeks, 10*l.* 18s. 6*d.*—1616. STEEVENS.

The following lines in *The Careleſs Shepherdeſs*, a comedy, 1656, exhibit probably a faithful portrait of this once admired character:

"Why, I would have *the fool* in every act,
"Be it comedy or tragedy. I have laugh'd
"Untill I cry'd again, to ſee what faces
"The rogue will make.—O, it does me good
"*To ſee him hold out his chin, hang down his hands,*
"*And twirl his bable.* There is ne'er a part
"About him but breaks jeſts.—
"I'd rather hear him leap, or laugh, or cry,
"Than hear the graveſt ſpeech in all the play.
"I never ſaw READE peeping through the curtain,
"But raviſhing joy enter'd into my heart." MALONE.

Stew. Madam, the care I have had to even your content[4], I wish might be found in the calendar of my past endeavours; for then we wound our modesty, and make foul the clearness of our deservings, when of ourselves we publish them[5].

Count. What does this knave here? Get you gone, sirrah: The complaints, I have heard of you, I do not all believe; 'tis my slowness, that I do not: for, I know, you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make such knaveries yours[6].

Clown. 'Tis not unknown to you, madam, that I am a poor fellow.

Count. Well, sir.

Clown. No, madam, 'tis not so well, that I am poor; though many of the rich are damn'd *: But, if I may have your ladyship's good will to go to the world[7], Isbel the woman and I[8] will do as we may.

Count. Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

Clown. I do beg your good will in this case.

4 — *to even your content,*] To act up to your desires. JOHNSON.

5 — *when of ourselves we publish them.*] So, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

" The worthiness of praise distains his worth,
" If he that's prais'd, himself brings the praise forth."

MALONE.

6 — *you lack not folly to commit* them, *and have ability enough to make such knaveries* yours.] After premising that the accusative, *them*, refers to the precedent word, *complaints*, and that this by a metonymy of the effect for the cause, stands for the freaks which occasioned those complaints, the sense will be extremely clear. *You are fool enough to commit those irregularities you are charged with, and yet not so much fool neither, as to discredit the accusation by any defect in your ability.* HEATH.

It appears to me that the accusative *them* refers to *knaveries*, and the natural sense of the passage seems to be this: " You have folly enough to desire to commit these knaveries, and ability enough to accomplish them." MASON.

* — *are damn'd.*] See S. Mark x. 25; S. Luke xviii. 25. GREY.

7 — *to go to the world,*] This phrase has already occurred in *Much Ado about Nothing*, and signifies *to be married*: and thus, in *As you like it*, Audrey says: " — it is no dishonest desire, to desire to be a *woman of the world.*" STEEVENS.

8 — *and* I—] *I*, which was inadvertently omitted in the first copy, was supplied by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

Count.

Count. In what caſe?

Clown. In Iſbel's caſe, and mine own. Service is no heritage: and, I think, I ſhall never have the bleſſing of God, till I have iſſue of my body; for, they ſay, bearns are bleſſings.

Count. Tell me thy reaſon why thou wilt marry.

Clown. My poor body, madam, requires it: I am driven on by the fleſh; and he muſt needs go, that the devil drives.

Count. Is this all your worſhip's reaſon?

Clown. 'Faith, madam, I have other holy reaſons, ſuch as they are.

Count. May the world know them?

Clown. I have been, madam, a wicked creature, as you and all fleſh and blood are; and, indeed, I do marry, that I may repent.

Count. Thy marriage, ſooner than thy wickedneſs.

Clown. I am out of friends, madam; and I hope to have friends for my wife's ſake.

Count. Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

Clown. You are ſhallow, madam; e'en great friends[9]; for the knaves come to do that for me, which I am aweary of. He, that ears my land[1], ſpares my team, and gives me leave to inn the crop: if I be his cuckold, he's my drudge: He, that comforts my wife, is the cheriſher of my fleſh and blood; he, that cheriſhes my

9 *You are ſhallow, madam*; e'en *great friends*;] The old copy reads —*in* great friends; evidently a miſtake for *e'en*, which was formerly written *e'n*. The two words are ſo near in ſound, that they might eaſily have been confounded by an inattentive hearer.

The ſame miſtake has happened in many other places in our author's plays. So, in the preſent comedy, Act III. ſc. ii. folio, 1623:

Lady. What have we here?

Clown. In that you have there.

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" No more but *in* a woman."

Again, in *Twelfth Night*:

" 'Tis with him *in* ſtanding water, between boy and man."

The corruption of this paſſage was pointed out by Mr. Tyrwhitt. For the emendation now made the preſent editor is anſwerable. MALONE.

1 —*that* ears *my land*,—] To *ear* is to *plough*. STEEVENS.

fleſh and blood, loves my fleſh and blood; he, that loves my fleſh and blood, is my friend: *ergo*, he that kiſſes my wife, is my friend. If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage; for young Charbon the puritan, and old Poyſam the papiſt, howſoe'er their hearts are ſever'd in religion, their heads are both one, they may joll horns together, like any deer i' the herd.

Count. Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouth'd and calumnious knave?

Clown. A prophet I, madam; and I ſpeak the truth the next way[2]:

For I the ballad will repeat,
Which men full true ſhall find;
Your marriage comes by deſtiny,
Your cuckoo ſings by kind[3].

Count. Get you gone, ſir; I'll talk with you more anon.

Stew. May it pleaſe you, madam, that he bid Helen come to you; of her I am to ſpeak.

Count. Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman, I would ſpeak with her; Helen I mean.

Clown. *Was this fair face the cauſe, quoth ſhe*[4], [ſinging,
Why the Grecians ſacked Troy?
Fond done[5], *done fond,*
Was this king Priam's joy.

With

[2] *A prophet, I, madam; and I ſpeak the truth the next way:*] It is a ſuperſtition, which has run through all ages and people, that *natural fools* have ſomething in them of divinity. WARBURTON.

Next way, is *neareſt way*. So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II:

" 'Tis the *next* way to turn tailor," &c. STEEVENS.

[3] —*ſings by kind.*] I find ſomething like two of the lines of this ballad in *John Grange's Garden*, 1577:

" Content yourſelf as well as I, let reaſon rule your minde;
" As cuckoldes come by deſtinie, ſo cuckowes ſing by kinde."

STEEVENS.

[4] *Was this fair face the cauſe*, &c.] The name of *Helen*, whom the counteſs has juſt called for, brings an old ballad on the ſacking of Troy to the clown's mind. MALONE.

This is a ſtanza of an old ballad, out of which a word or two are dropt, equally neceſſary to make the ſenſe and the alternate rhime. For it

With that she sighed as she stood,
With that she sighed as she stood,
And gave this sentence then;
Among nine bad if one be good,
Among nine bad if one be good,
There's yet one good in ten[6].

Count. What, one good in ten? you corrupt the song, sirrah.

Clown. One good woman in ten, madam; which is a purifying o' the song: 'Would God would serve the world so all the year! we'd find no fault with the tythe-woman, if I were the parson: One in ten, quoth a'! an we might have a good woman born but or every[7] blazing star, or

it was not Helen, who was king Priam's joy, but Paris. The third line therefore should be read thus:

Fond done, fond done, for Paris, he—. WARBURTON.

If this be a stanza taken from any ancient ballad, it will probably in time be found entire, and then the restoration may be made with authority. STEEVENS.

In confirmation of Dr. Warburton's conjecture, Mr. Theobald has quoted from Fletcher's *Maid in the Mill,* the following stanza of another old ballad:

"And here fair *Paris* comes,
"The hopeful youth of *Troy,*
"Queen Hecuba's darling son,
"King *Priam's* only *joy.*"

This renders it extremely probable, that Paris was the person described as "king Priam's joy" in the ballad quoted by our author; but Mr. Heath has justly observed, that Dr. Warburton, though he has supplied the words supposed to be lost, has not explained them; nor indeed do they seem, as they are connected, to afford any meaning. MALONE.

[5] —*fond* done,] is foolishly done. See p. 66, n. 5. STEEVENS.

[6] *Among nine bad if one be good,*
There's yet one good in ten.] This second stanza of the ballad is turned to a joke upon the women: a confession, that there was one good in ten. Whereon the Countess observed, that he corrupted the song; which shews the song said, *nine* good *in ten.*

If one be bad among ſt nine good,
There's but one bad in ten.

This relates to the ten sons of Priam, who all behaved themselves well but Paris. For though he once had fifty, yet at this unfortunate period of his reign he had but ten; *Agathon, Antiphon, Deiphobus, Dius, Hector, Helenus, Hippothous, Pemmon, Paris,* and *Polites.* WARR.

[7] — or *every*—] The old copy reads—*o'er* every—, which cannot be right. I suppose *o'er* was a misprint for *or,* which was used by our old writers for *before.* MALONE.

at an earthquake, 'twould mend the lottery well[8]; a man may draw his heart out, ere he pluck one.

Count. You'll be gone, sir knave, and do as I command you?

Clown. That man should be at woman's command[9], and yet no hurt done!—Though honesty be no puritan[1], yet

[8] —*'twould* mend *the lottery* well;] This surely is a strange kind of phraseology. I have never met with any example of it in any of the contemporary writers; and if there were any proof that in the lotteries of Queen Elizabeth's time *wheels* were employed, I should be inclined to read—lottery-*wheel*. MALONE.

9 *That man* &c.] The clown's answer is obscure. His lady bids him do as he is *commanded*. He answers with the licentious petulance of his character, that *if a man does as a woman commands, it is likely he will do amiss*; that he does not amiss, being at the command of a woman, he makes the effect, not of his lady's goodness, but of his own *honesty*, which, though not very nice or *puritanical*, will *do no hurt*; and will not only do no hurt, but, unlike the *puritans*, will comply with the injunctions of superiors, and wear the *surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart*; will obey commands, though not much pleased with a state of subjection.

Here is an allusion, violently enough forced in, to satirize the obstinacy with which the *puritans* refused the use of the ecclesiastical habits, which was, at that time, one principal cause of the breach of union, and, perhaps, to insinuate, that the modest purity of the surplice was sometimes a cover for pride. JOHNSON.

The aversion of the *puritans* to a *surplice* is alluded to in many of the old comedies. So, in *Cupid's Whirligig*, 1607:

"She loves to act in as clean linen as any gentlewoman of her function about the town; and truly that's the reason that your sincere *puritans* cannot abide a *surplice*, because they say 'tis made of the same thing that your villainous sin is committed in, of your prophane holland." STEEVENS.

[1] *Though honesty be no puritan,* &c.] I cannot help thinking we should read—Though honesty be *a* puritan—. TYRWHITT.

Surely Mr. Tyrwhitt's correction is right. If our author had meant to say, "— *though* honesty be *no* puritan,"—why should he add "that it would wear the surplice &c." or, in other words, that it would be content to assume a covering that puritans in general reprobated? What would there be extraordinary in this? Is it matter of wonder, that he who is no puritan, should be free from the scruples and prejudices of one?

The clown, I think, means to say, "Though honesty be rigid and conscientious as *a* puritan, yet it will not be obstinate, but humbly comply with the lawful commands of its superiors, while at the same time its proud spirit inwardly revolts against them." I suspect however a still farther corruption; and that the compositor caught the words "*no* hurt"

yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the ſurplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart.—I am going, forſooth: the buſineſs is for Helen to come hither. [*Exit.*

Count. Well; now.

Stew. I know, madam, you love your gentlewoman intirely.

Count. 'Faith, I do: her father bequeath'd her to me; and ſhe herſelf, without other advantage, may lawfully make title to as much love as ſhe finds: there is more owing her, than is paid; and more ſhall be paid her, than ſhe'll demand.

Stew. Madam, I was very late more near her than, I think, ſhe wiſh'd me: alone ſhe was, and did communicate to herſelf, her own words to her own ears; ſhe thought, I dare vow for her, they touch'd not any ſtranger ſenſe. Her matter was, ſhe loved your ſon: Fortune, ſhe ſaid, was no goddeſs, that had put ſuch difference betwixt their two eſtates; Love, no god, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level *; Diana, no queen of virgins [2], that would ſuffer her poor knight to be ſurpriſed, without reſcue, in the firſt aſſault, or ranſom afterward: This ſhe deliver'd in the moſt bitter touch of ſorrow, that e'er I heard virgin exclaim in: which I held my duty, ſpeedily to acquaint you withal; ſithence, in the loſs that may happen, it concerns you ſomething to know it.

Count. You have diſcharged this honeſtly; keep it to yourſelf: many likelihoods inform'd me of this before, which hung ſo tottering in the balance, that I could nei-

hurt" from the preceding line. Our author perhaps wrote—"Though honeſty be *a* puritan, yet it will do *what is enjoined*; it will wear the ſurplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart." I will therefore obey my miſtreſs, however reluctantly, and go for Helena. MALONE.

* —*only where qualities were level*;] The meaning may be, where qualities only, *and not fortunes* or *conditions*, were level. Or perhaps *only* is uſed for *except*. "—that would not extend his might, *except* where two perſons were of equal rank." MALONE.

[2] Diana, no *queen of virgins*,—] The firſt two words, which are not in the old copy, were introduced by Mr. Theobald. The compoſitor, it is highly probable, inadvertently omitted them. "Her *knight*," in the next line, is Helena. See Vol. II. p. 300, n. 3. MALONE.

ther

ther believe, nor misdoubt: Pray you, leave me: stall this in your bosom, and I thank you for your honest care: I will speak with you further anon. [*Exit* Steward.

Enter HELENA.

Count. Even so it was with me, when I was young:
If we are nature's [2], these are ours; this thorn
Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong;
Our blood to us, this to our blood is born;
It is the shew and seal of nature's truth,
Where love's strong passion is impress in youth:
By our remembrances [3] of days foregone,
Such were our faults;—or then we thought them none [4].
Her eye is sick on't; I observe her now.

Hel. What is your pleasure, madam?

Count. You know, Helen,
I am a mother to you.

Hel. Mine honourable mistress.

Count. Nay, a mother;
Why not a mother? When I said, a mother,
Methought you saw a serpent: What's in mother,
That you start at it? I say, I am your mother;
And put you in the catalogue of those
That were enwombed mine: 'Tis often seen,
Adoption strives with nature; and choice breeds
A native slip to us from foreign seeds [5]:

[2] *If we are nature's,*] The old copy reads—If *ever* we are nature's. STEEVENS.

The emendation was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

[3] *By our remembrances*—] That is, *according to* our recollection. So we say, he is old *by* my reckoning. JOHNSON.

[4] *Such were our faults*;—or *then we thought them none.*] Such were the faulty weaknesses of which I was guilty in my youth, or such at least were then my *feelings*, though perhaps at that period of my life I did not think they deserved the name of *faults*. Dr. Warburton, without necessity, as it seems to me, reads—"*O!* then we thought them none;"—and the subsequent editors adopted the alteration. MALONE.

[5] ——— *and choice breeds*
A native slip to us from foreign seeds:] And our choice furnishes us with a slip propagated to us from foreign seeds, which we educate and treat, as if it were native to us, and sprung from ourselves. HEATH.

You

You ne'er oppreſs'd me with a mother's groan,
Yet I expreſs to you a mother's care:—
God's mercy, maiden! does it curd thy blood,
To ſay, I am thy mother? What's the matter,
That this diſtemper'd meſſenger of wet,
The many-colour'd Iris, rounds thine eye [6]?
Why?—that you are my daughter?

Hel. That I am not.

Count. I ſay, I am your mother.

Hel. Pardon, madam;
The count Rouſillon cannot be my brother:
I am from humble, he from honour'd name;
No note upon my parents, his all noble:
My maſter, my dear lord he is; and I
His ſervant live, and will his vaſſal die:
He muſt not be my brother.

Count. Nor I your mother?

Hel. You are my mother, madam; 'Would you were
(So that my lord, your ſon, were not my brother,)
Indeed, my mother!—or were you both our mothers,
I care no more for, than I do for heaven,
So I were not his ſiſter [7]: Can't no other,
But, I your daughter, he muſt be my brother [8]?

Count. Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-in-law;
God ſhield, you mean it not! daughter, and mother,
So ſtrive upon your pulſe: What, pale again?

[6] *That this diſtemper'd meſſenger of wet,*
The many-colour'd Iris, rounds thine eye?] There is ſomething exquiſitely beautiful in this repreſentation of that ſuffuſion of colours which glimmers around the ſight when the eye-laſhes are wet with tears. The poet hath deſcribed the ſame appearance in his *Rape of Lucrece*:

"And round about her tear-diſtained eye,
"Blue circles ſtream'd like rainbows in the ſky." HENLEY.

[7] ——— *or were you both our mothers,*
I care no more for, *than I do for heaven,*
So I were not his ſiſter:] There is a deſigned ambiguity: *I care no more for*, is, I care *as much for*.—I wiſh it equally. FARMER.

[8] ——— *Can't no other,*
But, I your daughter, he muſt be my brother?] The meaning is obſcured by the elliptical diction. *Can it* be *no other* way, *but*, if *I* be *your daughter, he muſt be my brother?* JOHNSON.

My

My fear hath catch'd your fondneſs: Now I ſee
The myſtery of your lonelineſs[9], and find
Your ſalt tears' head[1]. Now to all ſenſe 'tis groſs,
You love my ſon; invention is aſham'd,
Againſt the proclamation of thy paſſion,
To ſay, thou doſt not: therefore tell me true;
But tell me then, 'tis ſo:—for, look, thy cheeks
Confeſs it, one to the other; and thine eyes
See it ſo groſly ſhewn in thy behaviours,
That in their kind they ſpeak it; only ſin
And helliſh obſtinacy tie thy tongue,
That truth ſhould be ſuſpected: Speak, is't ſo?
If it be ſo, you have wound a goodly clue;
If it be not, forſwear't: howe'er, I charge thee,
As heaven ſhall work in me for thine avail,
To tell me truly.

Hel. Good madam, pardon me!

Count. Do you love my ſon?

Hel. Your pardon, noble miſtreſs!

Count. Love you my ſon?

Hel. Do not you love him, madam?

Count. Go not about; my love hath in't a bond,
Whereof the world takes note: come, come, diſcloſe
The ſtate of your affection; for your paſſions
Have to the full appeach'd.

9 ——— *Now I ſee*

The myſtery of your lonelineſs,] The old copy reads—*loveline ſs.* In the firſt folio an *u* is always uſed where our preſent printers employ a *v*; in conſequence of which in many places in theſe plays the former letter, being accidently reverſed at the preſs, appears as an *n*, and vice verſa. In the Mſs. of that time *u* and *n* are ſcarcely diſtinguiſhable. The preſent correction was made by Mr. Theobald; who has well ſupported his emendation by a former paſſage, relative to Helena: "*Alone* ſhe was, and did communicate her own words to her own ears."

See Vol. I. p. 292, n. 9. MALONE.

The late Mr. Hall had corrected this, I believe, rightly,—your *lowlineſs*. TYRWHITT.

I think Theobald's correction as plauſible. To chooſe ſolitude is a mark of love. STEEVENS.

1 *Your ſalt tears' head.*] The ſource, the fountain of your tears, the cauſe of your grief. JOHNSON.

Hel. Then, I confeſs,
Here on my knee, before high heaven and you,
That before you, and next unto high heaven,
I love your ſon:—
My friends were poor, but honeſt; ſo's my love:
Be not offended; for it hurts not him,
That he is lov'd of me: I follow him not
By any token of preſumptuous ſuit;
Nor would I have him, till I do deſerve him;
Yet never know how that deſert ſhould be.
I know I love in vain, ſtrive againſt hope;
Yet, in this captious and intenible ſieve [2],
I ſtill pour in the waters of my love,
And lack not to loſe ſtill [3]: thus, Indian-like,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The ſun, that looks upon his worſhipper,
But knows of him no more. My deareſt madam,
Let not your hate encounter with my love,
For loving where you do: but, if yourſelf,

2 *Yet, in this* captious *and* intenible *ſieve,*] By *captious*, I believe, Shakſpeare only meant *recipient*, capable of *receiving* what is put into it; and by *intenible*, incapable of holding or retaining it. How frequently he and the other writers of his age confounded the active and paſſive adjectives, has been already more than once obſerved.

The original copy reads—*intemible*. The correction was made in the ſecond folio. MALONE.

Dr. Farmer ſuppoſes *captious* to be a contraction of *capacious*. As violent ones are to be found among our ancient writers. STEEVENS.

3 *And lack not to* loſe *ſtill:*] Perhaps we ſhould read:

And lack not to love *ſtill.* TYRWHITT.

I believe *loſe* is right. So afterwards, in this ſpeech:

" ——— whoſe ſtate is ſuch, that cannot chooſe
" But lend and give, where ſhe is ſure to *loſe*."

Helena means, I think, to ſay that, like a perſon who pours water into a veſſel full of holes, and ſtill continues his employment though he finds the water all loſt, and the veſſel empty, ſo, though ſhe finds that *the waters of her love* are ſtill *loſt*, that her affection is thrown away on an object whom ſhe thinks ſhe never can deſerve, ſhe yet is not diſcouraged, but perſeveres in her hopeleſs endeavour to accompliſh her wiſhes. The poet evidently alludes to the trite ſtory of the daughters of Danaus. MALONE.

Whoſe

Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth [4],
Did ever, in so true a flame of liking,
Wish chastly, and love dearly, that your Dian
Was both herself and Love [5]; O then, give pity
To her, whose state is such, that cannot choose
But lend and give, where she is sure to lose;
That seeks not to find that, her search implies,
But, riddle-like, lives sweetly where she dies.

Count. Had you not lately an intent, speak truly,
To go to Paris.

Hel. Madam, I had.

Count. Wherefore? tell true.

Hel. I will tell truth; by grace itself, I swear.
You know, my father left me some prescriptions
Of rare and prov'd effects, such as his reading,
And manifest experience, had collected
For general sovereignty; and that he will'd me
In heedfullest reservation to bestow them,
As notes, whose faculties inclusive were
More than they were in note [6]: amongst the rest,
There is a remedy, approv'd, set down,
To cure the desperate languishings, whereof
The king is render'd lost.

Count. This was your motive
For Paris, was it? speak.

[4] *Whose aged honour* cites *a virtuous youth,*] i. e. Whose respectable conduct in age *shows* or *proves* that you were no less virtuous when young. As a fact is *proved* by *citing* witnesses, or examples from books, our author with his usual licence uses to *cite* in the sense of *to prove*. MALONE.

[5] *Wish chastly, and love dearly, that your Dian*
Was both herself and Love;] i. e. Venus. Helena means to say—if ever you wished that the deity who presides over chastity, and the queen of amorous rites, were one and the same person; or, in other words, if ever you wished for the honest and lawful completion of your chaste desires. I believe, however, the words were accidentally transposed at the press, and would read—

Love dearly, and wish chastly, that your Dian &c. MALONE.

[6] — *notes, whose faculties inclusive were* &c.] Receipts in which greater *virtues* were *inclosed* than appeared to observation. JOHNSON.

Hel.

Hel. My lord your ſon made me to think of this;
Elſe Paris, and the medicine, and the king,
Had, from the converſation of my thoughts,
Haply, been abſent then.

Count. But think you, Helen,
If you ſhould tender your ſuppoſed aid,
He would receive it? He and his phyſicians
Are of a mind; he, that they cannot help him,
They, that they cannot help: How ſhall they credit
A poor unlearned virgin, when the ſchools,
Embowell'd of their doctrine [7], have left off
The danger to itſelf?

Hel. There's ſomething hints [8],
More than my father's ſkill, which was the greateſt
Of his profeſſion, that his good receipt
Shall, for my legacy, be ſanctified
By the luckieſt ſtars in heaven: and, would your honour
But give me leave to try ſucceſs, I'd venture
The well-loſt life of mine on his grace's cure,
By ſuch a day, and hour.

Count. Doſt thou believe't?

Hel. Ay, madam, knowingly.

Count. Why, Helen, thou ſhalt have my leave, and love,
Means, and attendants, and my loving greetings
To thoſe of mine in court; I'll ſtay at home,
And pray God's bleſſing into thy attempt [9]:
Be gone to-morrow; and be ſure of this,
What I can help thee to, thou ſhalt not miſs. [*Exeunt.*

7 *Embowell'd of their doctrine,*] i. e. exhauſted of their ſkill. STEEVENS.

8 *There's ſomething* hints—] i. e. (ſays Dr. Warburton,) I have a ſecret preſage. The old copy has—ſomething *in't*. This neceſſary correction was made by Sir Thomas Hanmer. MALONE.

9 —into *thy attempt:*] Thus the old copy. Mr. Steevens propoſed to read—*unto*. Such, I find, is the reading of the third folio. MALONE.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Paris. *A Room in the King's Palace.*

Flouriſh. Enter King, *with young lords taking leave for the* Florentine *war*; BERTRAM, PAROLLES, *and Attendants.*

King. Farewel, young lords, theſe warlike principles
Do not throw from you:—and you, my lords, farewel[1]:—
Share the advice betwixt you; if both gain all,
The gift doth ſtretch itſelf as 'tis receiv'd,
And is enough for both.

1. *Lord.* 'Tis our hope, ſir,
After well-enter'd ſoldiers, to return
And find your grace in health.

King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart
Will not confeſs, he owes the malady
That does my life beſiege. Farewel, young lords;
Whether I live or die, be you the ſons
Of worthy Frenchmen: let higher Italy
(Thoſe 'bated, that inherit but the fall
Of the laſt monarchy,) ſee[2], that you come

Not

[1] — *and you, my* lords, *farewel:*] It does not any where appear that more than two French lords (beſides Bertram) went to ſerve in Italy; and therefore I think the king's ſpeech ſhould be corrected thus:

"Farewel, young *lord*; theſe warlike principles
"Do not throw from you; and you, my *lord*, farewel:"

What follows, ſhews this correction to be neceſſary:

"Share the advice betwixt you; if both" &c. TYRWHITT.

[2] ——— *let higher Italy*
(Thoſe 'bated, that inherit but the fall
Of the laſt monarchy,) ſee, &c.] The ancient geographers have divided Italy into the higher and the lower, the Appennine hills being a kind of natural line of partition; the ſide next the Adriatick was denominated the higher Italy, and the other ſide the lower: and the two ſeas followed the ſame terms of diſtinction, the Adriatick being called the upper ſea, and the Tyrrhene or Tuſcan the lower. Now the Sennones or Senois, with whom the Florentines are here ſuppoſed to be at war, inhabited the higher Italy, their chief town being Arminium, now called Rimini, upon the Adriatick. HANMER.

Dr.

Not to woo honour, but to wed it; when
The braveſt queſtant ſhrinks, find what you ſeek,
That fame may cry you loud: I ſay, farewel.

2. Lord. Health, at your bidding, ſerve your majeſty!

King. Thoſe girls of Italy, take heed of them;
They ſay, our French lack language to deny,
If they demand: beware of being captives,
Before you ſerve[3].

Both. Our hearts receive your warnings.

King. Farewel.—Come hither to me.

[*The* King *retires to a couch.*

1. Lord. O my ſweet lord, that you will ſtay behind us!

Par. 'Tis not his fault; the ſpark—

2. Lord. O, 'tis brave wars!

Par. Moſt admirable: I have ſeen thoſe wars.

Ber. I am commanded here, and kept a coil with;
Too young, and *the next year*, and *'tis too early.*

Par. An thy mind ſtand to it, boy, ſteal away bravely.

Ber. I ſhall ſtay here the forehorſe to a ſmock,
Creaking my ſhoes on the plain maſonry,
Till honour be bought up, and no ſword worn,

Dr. Warburton's obſervation is learned, but rather too ſubtle; Sir Thomas Hanmer's alteration [Thoſe *baſtards* that inherit, &c.] is merely arbitrary. The paſſage is confeſſedly obſcure, and therefore I may offer another explanation. I am of opinion that the epithet *higher* is to be underſtood of ſituation rather than of dignity. The ſenſe may then be this: *Let upper Italy*, where you are to exerciſe your valour, *ſee that you come to gain honour, to the* abatement, *that is, to the diſgrace and depreſſion of thoſe* that have now loſt their ancient military fame, and *inherit but the fall of the laſt monarchy.* To *abate* is uſed by Shakſpeare in the original ſenſe of *abatre*, to *depreſs*, to *ſink*, to *deject*, to *ſubdue*. So, in *Coriolanus*: "—as moſt *abated* captives." The word has ſtill the ſame meaning in the language of the law. JOHNSON.

Both Sir T. Hanmer and Dr. Warburton underſtood by the words *thoſe that inherit but the fall of the laſt monarchy*, the ſeveral cities and petty ſtates of Italy which aroſe out of the ruins of the Roman Empire, the laſt of the four great monarchies of the world. In this Dr. Johnſon ſeems to have concurred with them, differing from them only in the explanation of the word *abated*. Dr. Warburton's note I have not preſerved, for the reaſon aſſigned by Dr. Johnſon. MALONE.

[3] *Before you* ſerve.] The word *ſerve* is equivocal; the ſenſe is, *Be not captives before* you ſerve in the war. *Be not captives before you are ſoldiers.* JOHNSON.

But one to dance with[4]! By heaven, I'll ſteal away.

1. *Lord.* There's honour in the theft.

Par. Commit it, count.

2. *Lord.* I am your acceſſary; and ſo farewel.

Ber. I grow to you, and our parting is a tortured body[5].

1. *Lord.* Farewel, captain.

2. *Lord.* Sweet monſieur Parolles!

Par. Noble heroes, my ſword and yours are kin. Good ſparks and luſtrous, a word, good metals:—You ſhall find in the regiment of the Spinii, one captain Spurio, with his cicatrice[6], an emblem of war, here on his ſiniſter cheek; it was this very ſword entrench'd it: ſay to him, I live; and obſerve his reports for me.

2. *Lord.* We ſhall, noble captain.

Par. Mars dote on you for his novices! [*Exeunt* Lords. What will you do?

Ber. Stay; the king— [*ſeeing him riſe.*

Par. Uſe a more ſpacious ceremony to the noble lords; you have reſtrain'd yourſelf within the liſt of too cold an adieu: be more expreſſive to them; for they wear themſelves in the cap of the time, there do muſter true gait[7], eat,

[4] ——— *and no ſword worn,*

But one to dance *with!*] It ſhould be remembered that in Shakſpeare's time it was uſual for gentlemen to dance with ſwords on.—Our author, who gave to all countries the manners of his own, has again alluded to this ancient cuſtom in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

" ——— He, at Philippi, kept
" His ſword, even like a *dancer.*"

See Mr. Steevens's note there. MALONE.

[5] *I grow to you, and our parting is a tortured body.*] We two growing together, and having, as it were, but one body, ("like to a double cherry, ſeeming parted,") our parting is a tortured body; i. e. cannot be effected but by a diſruption of limbs which are now common to both. MALONE.

I read thus:—*Our parting is* the parting of *a tortured body.* Our parting is as the diſruption of limbs torn from each other. Repetition of a word is often the cauſe of miſtakes: the eye glances on the wrong word, and the intermediate part of the ſentence is omitted. JOHNSON.

So, in *K. Henry VIII.* Act II. ſc. iii:

" ——— it is a ſufferance, panging
" As ſoul and body's ſevering." STEEVENS.

[6] — with *his cicatrice,*] The old copy reads—his cicatrice *with.* Mr. Theobald reſtored the words to their proper order. MALONE.

[7] — *they wear themſelves in the cap of the time, there do muſter true gait,* &c.] To wear themſelves in the cap of the time, ſignifies to be

eat, ſpeak, and move under the influence of the moſt receiv'd ſtar; and though the devil lead the meaſure *, ſuch are to be follow'd: after them, and take a more dilated farewel.

Ber. And I will do ſo.

Par. Worthy fellows; and like to prove moſt ſinewy ſword-men. [*Exeunt* BER. *and* PAR.

Enter LAFEU.

Laf. Pardon, my lord, [*kneeling.*] for me and for my tidings.

King. I'll ſee thee to ſtand up.

Laf. Then here's a man
Stands, that has brought [8] his pardon. I would, you
Had kneel'd, my lord, to aſk me mercy; and
That, at my bidding, you could ſo ſtand up.

King. I would I had; ſo I had broke thy pate,
And aſk'd thee mercy for't.

Laf. Good faith, acroſs [9]:
But, my good lord, 'tis thus; Will you be cur'd
Of your infirmity?

King. No.

Laf. O, will you eat
No grapes, my royal fox? yes, but you will,
My noble grapes, an if my royal fox
Could reach them [1]: I have ſeen a medicine [2],
That's able to breathe life into a ſtone;

be the foremoſt in the faſhion: the figurative alluſion is to the gallantry then in vogue, of wearing jewels, flowers, and their miſtreſs's favours in their caps. WARBURTON.

Perhaps this paſſage might be read thus:—They *do muſter* with the *true gait*, that is, they have the true military ſtep. Every man has obſerved ſomething peculiar in the ſtrut of a ſoldier. JOHNSON.

* — *lead the* meaſure,] See Vol. II. p. 225, n. 5. MALONE.

8 — brought—] Some modern editions read—*bought*. MALONE.

9 — *acroſs*:] Mr. Davies with ſome probability ſuppoſes the meaning to be,—"With all my heart, ſir; though you had broken my head acroſs;" and ſupports his idea by a paſſage in *Twelfth Night*: "He has broke my head *acroſs*, and given ſir Toby a bloody coxcomb too." MALONE.

1 — *yes, but you will,*
My noble grapes, &c.] *You will eat*, ſays Lafeu, *no grapes. Yes, but you will* eat *ſuch noble grapes* as I bring you, *if you could reach them*. JOHNS.

2 — *medicine,*] is here put for a *ſhe phyſician*. HANMER.

Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary [2]
With ſprightly fire and motion; whoſe ſimple touch
Is powerful to araiſe king Pepin, nay,
To give great Charlemain a pen in his hand,
And write * to her a love-line.

King. What her is this?

Laf. Why, doctor ſhe: My lord, there's one arriv'd,
If you will ſee her,—now, by my faith and honour,
If ſeriouſly I may convey my thoughts
In this my light deliverance, I have ſpoke
With one, that, in her ſex, her years, profeſſion [3],
Wiſdom, and conſtancy, hath amaz'd me more
Than I dare blame my weakneſs [4]: Will you ſee her,
(For that is her demand,) and know her buſineſs?
That done, laugh well at me.

King. Now, good Lafeu,
Bring in the admiration; that we with thee
May ſpend our wonder too, or take off thine,
By wond'ring how thou took'ſt it.

Laf. Nay, I'll fit you,
And not be all day neither. [*Exit* Lafeu.

King. Thus he his ſpecial nothing ever prologues.

Re-enter LAFEU *with* HELENA.

Laf. Nay, come your ways.

King. This haſte hath wings indeed.

Laf. Nay, come your ways;
This is his majeſty, ſay your mind to him:
A traitor you do look like; but ſuch traitors

[2] —*dance* canary] A ſpecies of dance formerly in uſe. MALONE.

* *And write*—] I believe a line preceding this has been loſt. MALONE.

[3] — *her years*, profeſſion,] By *profeſſion* is meant her declaration of the end and purpoſe of her coming. WARBURTON.

[4] *Than I dare blame my weakneſs:*] This is one of Shakſpeare's perplexed expreſſions. To acknowledge how much ſhe has aſtoniſhed me, would be to acknowledge a weakneſs; and this I have not the confidence to do. STEEVENS.

Lafeu's meaning appears to me to be this:—That the amazement ſhe excited in him was ſo great, that he could not impute it merely to his own weakneſs, but to the wonderful qualities of the object that occaſioned it. MASON.

That

His majeſty ſeldom fears: I am Creſſid's uncle[5],
That dare leave two together; fare you well. [*Exit.*

King. Now, fair one, does your buſineſs follow us?

Hel. Ay, my good lord. Gerard de Narbon was
My father; in what he did profeſs, well found.

King. I knew him.

Hel. The rather will I ſpare my praiſes towards him;
Knowing him, is enough. On his bed of death
Many receipts he gave me; chiefly one,
Which, as the deareſt iſſue of his practice,
And of his old experience the only darling,
He bad me ſtore up, as a triple eye[6],
Safer than mine own two, more dear; I have ſo:
And, hearing your high majeſty is touch'd
With that malignant cauſe wherein the honour
Of my dear father's gift ſtands chief in power,
I come to tender it, and my appliance,
With all bound humbleneſs.

King. We thank you, maiden;
But may not be ſo credulous of cure,—
When our moſt learned doctors leave us; and
The congregated college have concluded,
That labouring art can never ranſom nature
From her inaidable eſtate,—I ſay we muſt not
So ſtain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,
To proſtitute our paſt-cure malady
To empiricks; or to diſſever ſo
Our great ſelf and our credit, to eſteem
A ſenſeleſs help, when help paſt ſenſe we deem.

Hel. My duty then ſhall pay me for my pains;
I will no more enforce mine office on you;
Humbly entreating from your royal thoughts
A modeſt one, to bear me back again.

King. I cannot give thee leſs, to be call'd grateful:
Thou thought'ſt to help me; and ſuch thanks I give,
As one near death to thoſe that wiſh him live:
But, what at full I know, thou know'ſt no part;
I knowing all my peril, thou no art.

5 — Creſſid's *uncle,*] I am like Pandarus. See *Troilus and Creſſida.* JOHNSON.

6 — *a* triple *eye,*] i. e. a *third* eye. STEEVENS.

Hel. What I can do, can do no hurt to try,
Since you ſet up your reſt 'gainſt remedy:
He that of greateſt works is finiſher,
Oft does them by the weakeſt miniſter:
So holy writ in babes hath judgment ſhown,
When judges have been babes. Great floods have flown
From ſimple ſources; and great ſeas have dry'd,
When miracles have by the greateſt been deny'd[7].
Oft expectation fails, and moſt oft there
Where moſt it promiſes; and oft it hits,
Where hope is coldeſt, and deſpair moſt ſits[8].

King. I muſt not hear thee; fare thee well, kind maid;
Thy pains, not us'd, muſt by thyſelf be paid:
Proffers, not took, reap thanks for their reward.

Hel. Inſpired merit ſo by breath is barr'd:
It is not ſo with him that all things knows,
As 'tis with us that ſquare our gueſs by ſhows:
But moſt it is preſumption in us, when
The help of heaven we count the act of men.
Dear ſir, to my endeavours give conſent;
Of heaven, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an impoſtor, that proclaim
Myſelf againſt the level of mine aim[9];
But know I think, and think I know moſt ſure,
My art is not paſt power, nor you paſt cure.

King. Art thou ſo confident? Within what ſpace
Hop'ſt thou my cure?

Hel. The greateſt grace lending grace[1],
Ere twice the horſes of the ſun ſhall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring;

[7] *When miracles have by the greateſt been deny'd.*] i. e. miracles have continued to happen, while the wiſeſt men have been writing againſt the poſſibility of them. STEEVENS.

[8] — *and deſpair moſt* fits.] The old copy reads—*ſhifts.* The correction was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

[9] *Myſelf againſt the level of mine aim;*] *I am not an impoſtor that proclaim* one thing and deſign another, *that proclaim* a cure and *aim* at a fraud; I think what I ſpeak. JOHNSON.

[1] *The greateſt* grace *lending* grace,] I ſhould have thought the repetition of *grace* to have been ſuperfluous, if the *grace of grace* had not occurred in the ſpeech with which the tragedy of *Macbeth* concludes. STEEVENS.

Ere

Ere twice in murk and occidental damp
Moiſt Heſperus hath quench'd his ſleepy lamp*;
Or four and twenty times the pilot's glaſs
Hath told the thieviſh minutes how they paſs;
What is infirm from your ſound parts ſhall fly,
Health ſhall live free, and ſickneſs freely die.

King. Upon thy certainty and confidence,
What dar'ſt thou venture?

Hel. Tax of impudence,—
A ſtrumpet's boldneſs; a divulged ſhame,—
Traduc'd by odious ballads; my maiden's name
Sear'd otherwiſe; no worſe of worſt extended,
With vileſt torture let my life be ended[2].

* —his *ſleepy lamp*;] Old Copy—*her* ſleepy lamp. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[2] *Tax of impudence,—*

A ſtrumpet's boldneſs, a divulged ſhame,—&c.] *I would bear* (ſays ſhe) *the tax of impudence, which is the denotement of a ſtrumpet, would endure a ſhame reſulting from my failure in what I have undertaken, and thence become the ſubject of odious ballads; let my maiden reputation be otherwiſe branded*; and, no worſe of worſt extended, i. e. *provided nothing worſe is offered to me*, (meaning violation) *let my life be ended with the worſt of tortures.* The poet for the ſake of rhime has obſcured the ſenſe of the paſſage. *The worſt that can befal a woman, being extended to me*, ſeems to be the meaning of the laſt line. STEEVENS.

Tax of impudence, that is, to be charged with having the boldneſs of a ſtrumpet:—*a divulged ſhame*; i. e. to be traduced by odious ballads:—*my maiden's name ſeared otherwiſe*; i. e. to be ſtigmatized as a proſtitute: *no worſe of worſt extended*; i. e. to be ſo defamed that nothing ſeverer can be ſaid againſt thoſe who are moſt publickly reported to be infamous. Shakſpeare has uſed the word *ſear* and *extended* in the *Winter's Tale*, both in the ſame ſenſe as above:

"———— for calumny will *ſear*
"Virtue itſelf!"—

And "The report of her is *extended* more than can be thought." HENL.

The old copy reads, not *no*, but *ne*, probably an error for *nay*, or *the*. I would wiſh to read and point the latter part of the paſſage thus:

———— *my maiden's name*
Sear'd otherwiſe; nay, worſt *of worſt, extended*
With vileſt torture, let my life be ended.

i. e. Let me be otherwiſe branded;—and (what is *the worſt of worſt*, the conſummation of miſery,) my body being extended on the rack by the moſt cruel torture, let my life pay the forfeit of my preſumption.

So, in Daniel's *Cleopatra*, 1594:

"—the *worſt of worſt* of ills."

No was introduced by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

King. Methinks, in thee some blessed spirit doth speak;
His powerful sound, within an organ weak[3]:
And what impossibility would slay
In common sense, sense saves another way[4].
Thy life is dear; for all, that life can rate
Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate[5];
Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, virtue[6], all
That happiness and prime can happy call[7]:
Thou this to hazard, needs must intimate
Skill infinite, or monstrous desperate.
Sweet practiser, thy physick I will try;
That ministers thine own death, if I die.

Hel. If I break time, or flinch in property[8]
Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die;

3 *Methinks, in thee some blessed spirit doth speak;*
His powerful sound, *within an organ weak:*] The verb, *doth speak*, in the first line, should be understood to be repeated in the construction of the second, thus:
His powerful sound speaks *within a weak organ*. HEATH.

4 *And what impossibility would slay*
In common sense, sense saves another way.] i. e. And that which, if I trusted to my reason, I should think impossible, I yet, perceiving thee to be actuated by some blessed spirit, think thee capable of effecting. MALONE.

5 — *in thee hath estimate*;] May be *counted* among the gifts enjoyed by thee. JOHNSON.

6 — *virtue*,] This word was supplied by Dr. Warburton to complete the metre. MALONE.

7 *That happiness and* prime *can happy call:*] By *prime* Dr. Johnson understands *youth*, the spring or morning of life. "But how," says Mr. Tyrwhitt, "does that interpretation suit with the context? *You have all that is worth the name of life*; youth, *beauty*, &c. *all*, *That happiness and* youth *can happy call*."

I think, with Dr. Johnson, that *prime* is here used as a substantive, but that it means, that *sprightly vigour* which usually accompanies us in the prime of life. So, in Montaigne's *Essaies*, translated by Florio, 1603, B. II. c. 6: "Many things seeme greater by imagination, than by effect. I have passed over a good part of my age in sound and perfect health. I say, not only sound, but blithe and wantonly-lustful. That state, full of lust, of *prime* and mirth, made me deeme the consideration of sicknesses so yrksome, that when I came to the experience of them, I have found their fits but weak." MALONE.

8 — *in* property] In *property* seems to be here used, with much laxity, for—*in the due performance*. In a subsequent passage it seems to mean either a thing possessed, or a subject discriminated by peculiar qualities:
"The *property* by what it is should go,
"Not by the title." MALONE.

And well deſerv'd: Not helping, death's my fee;
But, if I help, what do you promiſe me?

King. Make thy demand.

Hel. But will you make it even?

King. Ay, by my ſcepter, and my hopes of heaven[9].

Hel. Then ſhalt thou give me, with thy kingly hand,
What huſband in thy power I will command:
Exempted be from me the arrogance
To chooſe from forth the royal blood of France;
My low and humble name to propagate
With any branch or image of thy ſtate[1]:
But ſuch a one, thy vaſſal, whom I know
Is free for me to aſk, thee to beſtow.

King. Here is my hand; the premiſes obſerv'd,
Thy will by my performance ſhall be ſerv'd:
So make the choice of thy own time; for I,
Thy reſolv'd patient, on thee ſtill rely.
More ſhould I queſtion thee, and more I muſt;
Though, more to know, could not be more to truſt;
From whence thou cam'ſt, how tended on,—But reſt
Unqueſtion'd welcome, and undoubted bleſt.—
Give me ſome help here, ho!—If thou proceed
As high as word, my deed ſhall match thy deed. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Rouſillon. *A Room in the Count's Palace.*

Enter Counteſs *and* Clown.

Count. Come on, ſir; I ſhall now put you to the height of your breeding.

9 — *and my hopes of* heaven.] The correction of the old copy, which reads *help* inſtead of *heaven*, was made by Dr. Thirlby. The rhime fully ſupports the change. MALONE.

1 *With any* branch *or* image *of thy ſtate*;] *Image* may mean any repreſentation of thine; i. e. any one who reſembles you as being related to your family, or as a prince reflects any part of your ſtate and majeſty. STEEVENS.

Our author again uſes the word *image* in the ſame ſenſe as here, in his *Rape of Lucrece*:

"O, from thy cheeks my *image* thou haſt torn." MALONE.

Clown.

Clown. I will ſhew myſelf highly fed, and lowly taught: I know my buſineſs is but to the court.

Count. To the court! why, what place make you ſpecial, when you put off that with ſuch contempt? But to the court!

Clown. Truly, madam, if God have lent a man any manners, he may eaſily put it off at court: he that cannot make a leg, put off's cap, kiſs his hand, and ſay nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap; and, indeed, ſuch a fellow, to ſay preciſely, were not for the court: but, for me, I have an anſwer will ſerve all men.

Count. Marry, that's a bountiful anſwer, that fits all queſtions.

Clown. It is like a barber's chair, that fits all buttocks[2]; the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock, the brawn buttock, or any buttock.

Count. Will your anſwer ſerve fit to all queſtions?

Clown. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your French crown for your taffaty punk, as Tib's ruſh for Tom's fore-finger[3], as a pancake for

[2] *It is like a barber's chair*, &c.] This expreſſion is proverbial. See Ray's *Proverbs*. So, in *More fooliſh yet*, by R.S. a Collection of Epigrams, quarto, 1610:

"Moreover ſatten ſutes he doth compare
"Unto the ſervice of a *barber's chayre*;
"As fit for every Jacke and journeyman,
"As for a knight or worthy gentleman." STEEVENS.

[3] — *Tib's ruſh for Tom's fore-finger*,] An anonymous writer, with ſome probability, ſuppoſes that this is one of thoſe covert alluſions in which Shakſpeare frequently indulges himſelf. The following lines of Cleiveland on an *Hermaphrodite* ſeem to countenance the ſuppoſition:

"Nay, thoſe which modeſty can mean,
"But dare not ſpeak, are Epicene.
"That gameſter needs muſt overcome,
"That can play both with *Tib* and *Tom*."

Sir John Hawkins conceives, the alluſion is to the ancient practice of marrying with a *ruſh* ring. He would therefore read—"as *Tom's* ruſh for *Tib's* fore-finger But if this were the author's meaning, it would be neceſſary to alter ſtill farther, and to read—As *Tom's* ruſh for Tib's *fourth* finger. MALONE.

Sir John Hawkins's alteration is unneceſſary. It was the practice in former times for the woman to give the man a ring as well as for the man to give her one. So, in the laſt ſcene of *Twelfth Night*, the prieſt giving an account of Olivia's marriage, ſays, it was

"Atteſted by the holy cloſe of lips,
"Strengthen'd by *interchangement of your rings*." MASON.

Shrove-

Shrove-tuesday, a morris for May-day, as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a scolding quean to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth; nay, as the pudding to his skin.

Count. Have you, I say, an answer of such fitness for all questions?

Clown. From below your duke, to beneath your constable, it will fit any question.

Count. It must be an answer of most monstrous size, that must fit all demands.

Clown. But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned should speak truth of it: here it is, and all that belongs to't: Ask me, if I am a courtier; it shall do you no harm to learn.

Count. To be young again[4], if we could:—I will be a fool in question, hoping to be the wiser by your answer. I pray you, sir, are you a courtier?

Clown. O Lord, sir[5],—There's a simple putting off:—more, more, a hundred of them.

Count. Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

Clown. O Lord, sir,—Thick, thick, spare not me.

Count. I think, sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

Clown. O Lord, sir,—Nay, put me to't, I warrant you.

Count. You were lately whip'd, sir, as I think.

Clown. O Lord, sir,—Spare not me.

Count. Do you cry, *O Lord, sir*, at your whipping, and *spare not me?* Indeed, your *O Lord sir*, is very sequent to your whipping; you would answer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to't.

Clown. I ne'er had worse luck in my life, in my—*O*

4 *To be young again,*] The lady censures her own levity in trifling with her jester, as a ridiculous attempt to return back to youth. JOHNSON.

5 *O Lord, sir,*] A ridicule on that foolish expletive of speech then in vogue at court. WARBURTON.

Thus Clove and Orange, in *Every Man out of his Humour:*

"You conceive me, sir?"—"*O Lord, sir.*"

Cleiveland, in one of his songs, makes his *gentleman,*

"Answer, *O Lord, sir!* and talk *play-book* oaths." FARMER.

Lord,

Lord, sir: I see, things may serve long, but not serve ever.

Count. I play the noble housewife with the time, to entertain it so merrily with a fool.

Clown. O Lord, sir,—Why, there't serves well again.

Count. An end, sir, to your business: Give Helen this,
And urge her to a present answer back:
Commend me to my kinsmen, and my son;
This is not much.

Clown. Not much commendation to them.

Count. Not much employment for you: You understand me?

Clown. Most fruitfully; I am there before my legs.

Count. Haste you again. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE III.

Paris. *A Room in the King's Palace.*

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, *and* PAROLLES.

Laf. They say, miracles are past; and we have our philosophical persons, to make modern [6] and familiar things, supernatural and causeless. Hence is it, that we make trifles of terrors; ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear [7].

Par. Why, 'tis the rarest argument of wonder, that hath shot out in our later times.

Ber. And so 'tis.

Laf. To be relinquish'd of the artists,—

Par. So I say; both of Galen and Paracelsus [8].

Laf.

[6] — *modern*—] i. e. common, ordinary. So, in *As you like it*:
" Full of wise saws, and *modern* instances."
Again, in another play: " —and with her *modern* grace—." MALONE.

[7] — *unknown* fear.] *Fear* is here the object of fear. JOHNSON.

[8] — *of Galen and Paracelsus.*] As the whole merriment of this scene consists in the pretensions of Parolles to knowledge and sentiments which he has not, I believe here are two passages in which the words and sense are bestowed upon him by the copies, which the author gave to Lafeu. I read this passage thus:

Laf.

Laf. Of all the learned and authentick fellows[9],—

Par. Right, ſo I ſay.

Laf. That gave him out incurable,—

Par. Why, there 'tis; ſo ſay I too.

Laf. Not to be help'd,—

Par. Right; as 'twere, a man aſſur'd of an—

Laf. Uncertain life, and ſure death.

Par. Juſt, you ſay well; ſo would I have ſaid.

Laf. I may truly ſay, it is a novelty to the world.

Par. It is, indeed: if you will have it in ſhewing[1], you ſhall read it in,—What do you call there?—

Laf. A ſhewing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor[2].

Par. That's it I would have ſaid; the very ſame.

Laf. Why, your dolphin is not luſtier[3]: 'fore me I ſpeak in reſpect—

Par. Nay, 'tis ſtrange, 'tis very ſtrange, that is the brief and the tedious of it; and he is of a moſt facinorous ſpirit[4], that will not acknowledge it to be the—

Laf. Very hand of heaven.

Laf. *To be relinquiſhed of the artiſts*——

Par. *So I ſay.*

Laf. *Both of Galen and Paracelſus, of all the learned and authentick fellows*—

Par. *Right, ſo I ſay.* JOHNSON.

9 — authentick *fellows,*] The phraſe of the diploma is, *authentice* licentiatus. MUSGRAVE.

1 Par. *It is indeed: if you will have it* in *ſhewing,* &c.] We ſhould read, I think: "It is, indeed, if you will have it *a* ſhewing—you ſhall read it in what do you call there"— TYRWHITT.

2 *A ſhewing of a heavenly effect* &c.] The title of ſome pamphlet here ridiculed. WARBURTON.

3 *Why, your* dolphin *is not luſtier:*] By *dolphin,* is meant the *dauphin,* the heir apparent, and hope of the crown of France. His title is ſo tranſlated in all the old books. STEEVENS.

What Mr. Steevens obſerves is certainly true; and yet the additional word *your* induces me to think, that by *dolphin,* in the paſſage before us, the fiſh ſo called was meant. Thus, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

" ——————— his *delights*
" Were *dolphin*-like; they ſhew'd his back
" Above the element he liv'd in."

Lafeu, who is an old courtier, if he had meant the king's ſon, would ſurely have ſaid—*the* Dolphin. I uſe the old ſpelling. MALONE.

4 — facinorous *ſpirit,*] *Facinorous* is wicked. STEEVENS.

Par.

Par. Ay, ſo I ſay.

Laf. In a moſt weak—

Par. And debile miniſter[5], great power, great tranſcendence: which ſhould, indeed, give us a farther uſe to be made, than alone the recovery of the king, as to be—

Laf. Generally thankful.

Enter King, HELENA, *and Attendants.*

Par. I would have ſaid it; you ſay well: Here comes the king.

Laf. Luſtick, as the Dutchman ſays[6]: I'll like a maid the better, whilſt I have a tooth in my head: Why, he's able to lead her a corranto.

Par. Mort du Vinaigre! Is not this Helen?

Laf. 'Fore God, I think ſo.

King. Go, call before me all the lords in court.—

[*Exit an Attendant.*

Sit, my preſerver, by thy patient's ſide;
And with this healthful hand, whoſe baniſh'd ſenſe
Thou haſt repeal'd, a ſecond time receive
The confirmation of my promis'd gift,
Which but attends thy naming.

Enter ſeveral Lords.

Fair maid, ſend forth thine eye: this youthful parcel
Of noble bachelors ſtand at my beſtowing,

[5] *And debile miniſter*, &c.] I believe Parolles has again uſurped words and ſenſe to which he has no right; and I read this paſſage thus:

Laf. *In a moſt weak and debile miniſter, great power, great tranſcendence; which ſhould, indeed, give us a farther uſe to be made than the mere recovery of the king.*

Par. *As to be—*

Laf. *Generally thankful.* JOHNSON.

When the parts are written out for players, the names of the characters which they are to repreſent are never ſet down; but only the laſt words of the preceding ſpeech which belongs to their partner in the ſcene. If the plays of Shakſpeare were printed (as there is good reaſon to ſuſpect) from theſe piece-meal tranſcripts, how eaſily may the miſtake be accounted for, which Dr. Johnſon has judiciouſly ſtrove to remedy? STEEVENS.

[6] Luſtick, *as the Dutchman ſays:*] *Luſtigh* is the Dutch word for luſty, chearful, pleaſant. STEEVENS.

O'er

O'er whom both ſovereign power and father's voice
I have to uſe: thy frank election make;
Thou haſt power to chooſe, and they none to forſake.
Hel. To each of you one fair and virtuous miſtreſs
Fall, when love pleaſe!—marry, to each, but one[7]!
Laf. I'd give bay Curtal[8], and his furniture,
My mouth no more were broken[9] than theſe boys',
And writ as little beard.
King. Peruſe them well:
Not one of thoſe, but had a noble father.
Hel. Gentlemen,
Heaven hath, through me, reſtor'd the king to health.
All. We underſtand it, and thank heaven for you.
Hel. I am a ſimple maid; and therein wealthieſt,
That, I proteſt, I ſimply am a maid:—
Pleaſe it your majeſty, I have done already:
The bluſhes in my cheeks thus whiſper me,
We bluſh, that thou ſhould'ſt chooſe; but, be refus'd,
Let the white death ſit on thy cheek for ever;
We'll ne'er come there again[1].

King.

[7] —*to each*, but *one!*] The words *but one* do not mean *one only*, but, *except* one. Helena wiſhes a fair and virtuous miſtreſs to each of the young lords who were preſent, one only *excepted*; and the perſon excepted is Bertram, whoſe miſtreſs ſhe hoped ſhe herſelf ſhould be. MASON.

[8] —*bay Curtal*,] i. e. a bay, dock'd horſe. STEEVENS.

[9] *My* mouth *no more were* broken—] A *broken mouth* is a mouth which has loſt part of its teeth. JOHNSON.

[1] *We bluſh, that thou ſhould'ſt chooſe; but, be refus'd,*
Let the white death &c.] In the original copy theſe lines are pointed thus:

We bluſh that thou ſhould'ſt chooſe, but be refus'd;
Let the white death ſit on thy cheek for ever; &c.

This punctuation has been adopted in all the ſubſequent editions. The preſent regulation of the text appears to me to afford a much clearer ſenſe. "My bluſhes, (ſays Helen) thus whiſper me. We bluſh that thou ſhould'ſt have the nomination of thy huſband. However, chooſe him at thy peril. But, if thou be refuſed, let thy cheeks be for ever pale; we will never reviſit them again."

The bluſhes, which are here perſonified, could not be ſuppoſed to know that Helena would be refuſed, as, according to the former punctuation, they appear to do; and, even if the poet had meant this, he would ſurely have written "—*and* be refuſed," not—"*but* be refuſed."

Be

King. Make choice; and, ſee,
Who ſhuns thy love, ſhuns all his love in me.

Hel. Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly;
And to imperial Love, that god moſt high,
Do my ſighs ſtream.—Sir, will you hear my ſuit?

1. *Lord.* And grant it.

Hel. Thanks, ſir; all the reſt is mute[3].

Laf. I had rather be in this choice, than throw ames-ace[4] for my life.

Hel. The honour, ſir, that flames in your fair eyes,
Before I ſpeak, too threatningly replies:
Love make your fortunes twenty times above
Her that ſo wiſhes, and her humble love!

2. *Lord.* No better, if you pleaſe.

Hel. My wiſh receive,
Which great love grant! and ſo I take my leave.

Laf. Do all they deny her[5]? An they were ſons of mine, I'd have them whipt; or I would ſend them to the Turk, to make eunuchs of.

Hel. Be not afraid [*to a* Lord.] that I your hand ſhould take;
I'll never do you wrong for your own ſake:
Bleſſing upon your vows! and in your bed
Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed!

Laf. Theſe boys are boys of ice, they'll none have her: ſure, they are baſtards to the Engliſh; the French ne'er got them.

Hel. You are too young, too happy, and too good,

Be refus'd means the ſame as—"thou being refuſed,"—or, "be thou refuſed." MALONE.

Let the white death *ſit on thy cheek for ever,*] The *white death* is the *chloroſis*. JOHNSON.

[3] — *all* the reſt is mute.] i. e. I have no more to ſay to you. So Hamlet: "—*the reſt is ſilence.*" STEEVENS.

[4] — *ames-ace*—] i. e. the loweſt chance of the dice. STEEVENS.

[5] *Do all they deny her?*] None of them have yet denied her, or deny her afterwards but Bertram. The ſcene muſt be ſo regulated that Lafeu and Parolles talk at a diſtance, where they may ſee what paſſes between Helena and the lords, but not hear it, ſo that they know not by whom the refuſal is made. JOHNSON.

To make yourſelf a ſon out of my blood.

4. Lord. Fair one, I think not ſo.

Laf. There's one grape yet[6],—I am ſure, thy father drunk wine.—But if thou be'ſt not an aſs, I am a youth of fourteen; I have known thee already.

Hel. I dare not ſay, I take you; [*to* Ber.] but I give
Me, and my ſervice, ever whilſt I live,
Into your guiding power.—This is the man.

King. Why then, young Bertram, take her, ſhe's thy wife.

Ber. My wife, my liege? I ſhall beſeech your highneſs,
In ſuch a buſineſs give me leave to uſe
The help of mine own eyes.

King. Know'ſt thou not, Bertram,
What ſhe has done for me?

Ber. Yes, my good lord;
But never hope to know why I ſhould marry her.

King. Thou know'ſt, ſhe has rais'd me from my ſickly bed.

Ber. But follows it, my lord, to bring me down
Muſt anſwer for your raiſing? I know her well;
She had her breeding at my father's charge:
A poor phyſician's daughter my wife!—Diſdain
Rather corrupt me ever!

King. 'Tis only title[7] thou diſdain'ſt in her, the which
I can build up. Strange is it, that our bloods,
Of colour, weight, and heat[8], pour'd all together,
Would quite confound diſtinction, yet ſtand off
In differences ſo mighty: If ſhe be
All that is virtuous, (ſave what thou diſlik'ſt,
A poor phyſician's daughter,) thou diſlik'ſt
Of virtue for the name: but do not ſo:

[6] *There's one grape yet, &c.*] Old Lafeu having, upon the ſuppoſition that the lady was refuſed, reproached the young lords as *boys of ice*, throwing his eyes on Bertram who remained, cries out, *There is one yet into whom his father put good blood;—but I have known thee long enough to know thee for an aſs.* JOHNSON.

[7] *'Tis only title—*] i. e. the want of title. MALONE.

[8] *Of colour, weight, and heat,*] That is, which are of *the ſame* colour, weight, &c. MALONE.

From loweſt place when virtuous things [9] proceed,
The place is dignify'd by the doer's deed:
Where great additions ſwell *, and virtue none,
It is a dropſied honour: good alone
Is good, without a name; vileneſs is ſo [1]:
The property by what it is ſhould go,
Not by the title. She is young, wiſe, fair;
In theſe to nature ſhe's immediate heir [2];
And theſe breed honour: that is honour's ſcorn,
Which challenges itſelf as honour's born [3],
And is not like the fire: Honours thrive [4],
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our fore-goers: the mere word's a ſlave,
Debauch'd on every tomb; on every grave,
A lying trophy; and as oft is dumb,
Where duſt, and damn'd oblivion, is the tomb
Of honour'd bones indeed. What ſhould be ſaid?
If thou canſt like this creature as a maid,
I can create the reſt: virtue, and ſhe,
Is her own dower; honour, and wealth, from me.

9 — when *virtuous things*—] The old copy has—*whence*. Dr. Thirlby corrected it. MALONE.

* *Where great* additions *ſwell,*] *Additions* are the titles and deſcriptions by which men are diſtinguiſhed from each other. MALONE.

1 ——— *good alone*
Is good, without a name; vileneſs is ſo:] The meaning is,—Good is good, independent on any worldly diſtinction or title: ſo, vileneſs is vile, in whatever ſtate it may appear. The ſame phraſeology is found in *Macbeth:*

"Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,
"Yet grace muſt ſtill look *ſo*."

i. e. muſt ſtill look like grace,—like itſelf. MALONE.

2 *In theſe to nature ſhe's immediate heir;*] To be immediate heir is to inherit without any intervening tranſmitter. She inherits youth, beauty, &c. immediately from *nature*; but honour is tranſmitted by *anceſtors*. JOHNSON.

3 —*as honour's born,*] Perhaps we might read more elegantly—as *honour-born*; honourably deſcended; the child of honour. MALONE.

4 *And is not like the fire: Honours thrive,* &c.] The modern editors read—Honours *beſt* thrive, in which they have followed the editor of the ſecond folio, who introduced the word *beſt* unneceſſarily, not obſerving that *fire* was uſed by our author, like *fire, hour,* &c. as a diſſyllable. MALONE.

Ber.

Ber. I cannot love her, nor will ſtrive to do't.
King. Thou wrong'ſt thyſelf, if thou ſhould'ſt ſtrive to chooſe.
Hel. That you are well reſtor'd, my lord, I am glad;
Let the reſt go.
King. My honour's at the ſtake; which to defeat,
I muſt produce my power [5]: Here, take her hand,
Proud ſcornful boy, unworthy this good gift;
That doſt in vile miſpriſion ſhackle up
My love, and her deſert; that canſt not dream,
We, poizing us in her defective ſcale,
Shall weigh thee to the beam [6]; that wilt not know,
It is in us to plant thine honour, where
We pleaſe to have it grow: Check thy contempt:
Obey our will, which travails in thy good:
Believe not thy diſdain, but preſently
Do thine own fortunes that obedient right,
Which both thy duty owes, and our power claims;
Or I will throw thee from my care for ever,
Into the ſtaggers [7], and the careleſs lapſe

[5] *My honour's at the ſtake; which to* defeat
I muſt produce my power:] The *implication* or *clauſe* of the ſentence (as the grammarians ſay) ſerves for the antecedent; "—which *danger to defeat.*" FARMER.

The French verb *defaire* (from whence our *defeat*) ſignifies *to free, to diſembarraſs*, as well as *to deſtroy*. *Defaire un noeud*, is *to untie a knot*; and in this ſenſe, I apprehend, *defeat* is here uſed. It may be obſerved, that our verb *undo* has the ſame varieties of ſignification; and I ſuppoſe even Mr. Theobald would not have been much puzzled to find the ſenſe of this paſſage, if it had been written;—*My honour's at the ſtake; which to* undo, *I muſt produce my power.* TYRWHITT.

[6] ——— *that canſt not dream,*
We, poizing us in her defective ſcale,
Shall weigh thee to the beam:] That canſt not underſtand, that if you and this maiden ſhould be weighed together, and our royal favours ſhould be thrown into her ſcale, (which you eſteem ſo light,) we ſhould make that in which you ſhould be placed, to ſtrike the beam. MALONE.

[7] *Into the* ſtaggers,] One ſpecies of the *ſtaggers*, or the *horſe's apoplexy*, is a raging impatience which makes the animal daſh himſelf with deſtructive violence againſt poſts or walls. To this the alluſion, I ſuppoſe, is made. JOHNSON.

Shakſpeare has the ſame expreſſion in *Cymbeline*, where Poſthumus ſays:—"Whence come theſe *ſtaggers* on me?" STEEVENS.

Of youth and ignorance; both my revenge and hate,
Looſing upon thee in the name of juſtice,
Without all terms of pity: Speak; thine anſwer.

Ber. Pardon, my gracious lord; for I ſubmit
My fancy to your eyes: When I conſider,
What great creation, and what dole of honour,
Flies where you bid it, I find, that ſhe, which late
Was in my nobler thoughts moſt baſe, is now
The prais'd of the king; who, ſo ennobled,
Is, as 'twere, born ſo.

King. Take her by the hand,
And tell her, ſhe is thine: to whom I promiſe
A counterpoize; if not to thy eſtate,
A balance more replete.

Ber. I take her hand.

King. Good fortune, and the favour of the king,
Smile upon this contract; whoſe ceremony
Shall ſeem expedient on the now-born brief,
And be perform'd to-night[8]: the ſolemn feaſt
Shall more attend upon the coming ſpace,
Expecting abſent friends. As thou lov'ſt her,
Thy love's to me religious; elſe, does err.

[*Exeunt* King, Ber. Hel. *Lords, and Attendants*[9]. *Laf.*

[8] ——— *whoſe ceremony*
Shall ſeem expedient *on the now-born* brief,
And be perform'd to-night;] The *brief* is the *contract of eſpouſal*, or the *licence* of the church. Johnson.

Expedient is uſed in other places for *expeditious*. So, in *K. Richard II*:
" *Expedient* manage muſt be made, my liege—."
Again, in *As you like it*:
" Do this *expediently*, and turn him going."

Our author often uſes *brief* in the ſenſe of a ſhort note, or intimation concerning any buſineſs; and ſometimes without the idea of writing. So, in the laſt act of this play:
" — ſhe told me
" In a ſweet verbal *brief* &c.

The meaning therefore of the preſent paſſage, I believe, is;—Good fortune, and the king's favour ſmile on this ſhort contract; the ceremonial part of which ſhall *immediately* paſs,—*ſhall follow cloſe on the troth now plighted* between the parties, and be performed this night; the ſolemn feaſt ſhall be delayed to a future time. Malone.

[9] The old copy has this ſingular ſtage-direction: *Parolles and Laſeu ſtay behind, commenting of this wedding*. Steevens.

To

Laf. Do you hear, monſieur? a word with you.

Par. Your pleaſure, ſir?

Laf. Your lord and maſter did well to make his recantation.

Par. Recantation?—My lord? my maſter?

Laf. Ay; Is it not a language, I ſpeak?

Par. A moſt harſh one; and not to be underſtood without bloody ſucceeding. My maſter?

Laf. Are you companion to the count Rouſillon?

Par. To any count; to all counts; to what is man.

Laf. To what is count's man; count's maſter is of another ſtile.

Par. You are too old, ſir; let it ſatisfy you, you are too old.

Laf. I muſt tell thee, ſirrah, I write man; to which title age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

Laf. I did think thee, for two ordinaries [1], to be a pretty wiſe fellow; thou didſt make tolerable vent of thy travel; it might paſs: yet the ſcarfs, and the bannerets, about thee, did manifoldly diſſuade me from believing thee a veſſel of too great a burden. I have now found thee; when I loſe thee again, I care not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking up [2]; and that thou art ſcarce worth.

Par. Had'ſt thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee,—

Laf. Do not plunge thyſelf too far in anger, leſt thou haſten thy trial; which if—Lord have mercy on thee for a hen! So, my good window of lattice, fare thee well; thy caſement I need not open, for I look through thee. Give me thy hand.

Par. My lord, you give me moſt egregious indignity.

Laf. Ay, with all my heart; and thou art worthy of it.

Par. I have not, my lord, deſerv'd it.

To *comment* means, I believe, to aſſume the appearance of perſons deeply engaged in thought. See p. 56, l. 5. MALONE.

[1] —*for two ordinaries,*] While I ſat twice with thee at table. JOHNSON.

[2] —*taking up*;] To *take up*, is to *contradict*, to *call to account*, as well as to *pick off the ground*. JOHNSON.

Laf. Yes, good faith, every dram of it; and I will not bate thee a ſcruple.

Par. Well, I ſhall be wiſer.

Laf. E'en as ſoon as thou canſt, for thou haſt to pull at a ſmack o'the contrary. If ever thou be'ſt bound in thy ſcarf, and beaten, thou ſhall find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a deſire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge; that I may ſay, in the default[3], he is a man I know.

Par. My lord, you do me moſt inſupportable vexation.

Laf. I would it were hell-pains for thy ſake, and my poor doing eternal: for doing I am paſt; as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave[4]. [*Exit.*

Par. Well, thou haſt a ſon ſhall take this diſgrace off me[5]; ſcurvy, old, filthy, ſcurvy lord!—Well, I muſt be patient; there is no fettering of authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an he were double and double a lord. I'll have no more pity of his age, than I would have of—I'll beat him, an if I could but meet him again.

3 — *in the default.*] That is, *at a need.* JOHNSON.

4 —*for doing I am paſt; as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave.*] The conceit, which is ſo thin that it might well eſcape a haſty reader, is in the word *paſt: I am* paſt, *as I will be* paſt *by thee.* JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnſon is, I believe, miſtaken. Mr. Edwards has, I think, given the true meaning of Lafeu's words. "*I cannot do much*, ſays Lafeu; *doing I am* paſt, as I will by thee *in what motion age will give me leave*; i. e. *as I will* paſs *by thee as faſt as I am able*:—and he immediately goes out. It is a play on the word *paſt*: the conceit indeed is poor, but Shakſpeare plainly meant it." MALONE.

Doing is here uſed obſcenely. So, in Ben Jonſon's tranſlation of a paſſage in an *Epigram* of Petronius:

Brevis eſt, &c. et fœda voluptas.

"*Doing*, a filthy pleaſure is, and ſhort."

See Vol. II. p. 15. COLLINS.

5 *Well, thou haſt a ſon ſhall take this diſgrace off me;*] This the poet makes Parolles ſpeak alone; and this is nature. A coward ſhould try to hide his poltroonery even from himſelf.—An ordinary writer would have been glad of ſuch an opportunity to bring him to confeſſion. WARBURTON.

Re-enter

Re-enter LAFEU.

Laf. Sirrah, your lord and maſter's marry'd, there's news for you; you have a new miſtreſs.

Par. I moſt unfeignedly beſeech your lordſhip to make ſome reſervation of your wrongs: He is my good lord: whom I ſerve above, is my maſter.

Laf. Who? God?

Par. Ay, ſir.

Laf. The devil it is, that's thy maſter. Why doſt thou garter up thy arms o' this faſhion? doſt make hoſe of thy ſleeves? do other ſervants ſo? Thou wert beſt ſet thy lower part where thy noſe ſtands. By mine honour, if I were but two hours younger, I'd beat thee: methinks, thou art a general offence, and every man ſhould beat thee. I think, thou waſt created for men to breathe themſelves upon thee.

Par. This is hard and undeſerved meaſure, my lord.

Laf. Go to, ſir; you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate; you are a vagabond, and no true traveller: you are more ſaucy with lords, and honourable perſonages, than the heraldry of your birth and virtue gives you commiſſion[6]. You are not worth another word, elſe I'd call you knave. I leave you. [*Exit.*

Enter BERTRAM.

Par. Good, very good; it is ſo then.—Good, very good; let it be conceal'd a while.

Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

Par. What is the matter, ſweet heart?

Ber. Although before the ſolemn prieſt I have ſworn, I will not bed her.

Par. What? what, ſweet heart?

Ber. O my Paroles, they have married me:—
I'll to the Tuſcan wars, and never bed her.

Par. France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits
The tread of a man's foot: to the wars!

[6] —*than the heraldry of your birth* &c.] In former copies:—*than the commiſſion of your birth and virtue gives you heraldry.* Sir Thomas Hanmer reſtored it. JOHNSON.

Ber. There's letters from my mother; what the import is,
I know not yet.

Par. Ay, that would be known: To the wars, my boy, to the wars!
He wears his honour in a box unſeen,
That hugs his kickſy-wickſy here at home[7];
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,
Which ſhould ſuſtain the bound and high curvet
Of Marſes fiery ſteed: To other regions!
France is a ſtable; we that dwell in't, jades;
Therefore, to the war!

Ber. It ſhall be ſo; I'll ſend her to my houſe,
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am fled; write to the king
That which I durſt not ſpeak: His preſent gift
Shall furniſh me to thoſe Italian fields,
Where noble fellows ſtrike: Wars are no ſtrife
To the dark houſe, and the deteſted wife[8].

Par. Will this capricio hold in thee, art ſure?

Ber. Go with me to my chamber, and adviſe me.
I'll ſend her ſtraight away: To-morrow
I'll to the wars, ſhe to her ſingle ſorrow.

[7] *That hugs his* kickſy-wickſy &c.] Sir T. Hanmer, in his Gloſſary, obſerves that *kickſy-wickſy* is a made word in ridicule and diſdain of a wife. Taylor, the water-poet, has a *poem* in diſdain of his *debtors*, intitled, a *kickſey-winſey*, or a *Lerry come-twang*. GREY.

[8] *To the* dark houſe, *&c.*] The *dark houſe* is a houſe made gloomy by diſcontent. Milton ſays of *death* and the *king* of hell preparing to combat:

" So frown'd the mighty combatants, that hell
" Grew *darker* at their frown." JOHNSON.

Perhaps this is the ſame thought we meet with in *K. Henry IV.* only more ſolemnly expreſs'd:

" ——— he's as tedious
" As is a tired horſe, a *railing wife*;
" Worſe than a *ſmoky houſe*."

The old copy reads—*deteſted* wife. STEEVENS.

The emendation, which was made by Mr. Rowe, is fully ſupported by a ſubſequent paſſage:

" 'Tis a hard bondage, to become the wife
" Of a *deteſting* lord. MALONE.

Par.

Par. Why, theſe balls bound; there's noiſe in it.—
'Tis hard;
A young man, married, is a man that's marr'd:
Therefore away, and leave her bravely; go:
The king has done you wrong; but, huſh! 'tis ſo.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The ſame. Another Room in the ſame.

Enter HELENA *and* Clown.

Hel. My mother greets me kindly; Is ſhe well?

Clo. She is not well; but yet ſhe has her health: ſhe's very merry; but yet ſhe is not well: but thanks be given, ſhe's very well, and wants nothing i'the world; but yet ſhe is not well.

Hel. If ſhe be very well, what does ſhe ail, that ſhe's not very well?

Clown. Truly, ſhe's very well, indeed, but for two things.

Hel. What two things?

Clown. One, that ſhe's not in heaven, whither God ſend her quickly! the other, that ſhe's in earth, from whence God ſend her quickly!

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Bleſs you, my fortunate lady!

Hel. I hope, ſir, I have your good will to have mine own good fortunes[9].

Par. You had my prayers to lead them on; and to keep them on, have them ſtill.—O, my knave! How does my old lady?

Clown. So that you had her wrinkles, and I her money, I would ſhe did as you ſay.

Par. Why, I ſay nothing.

Clown. Marry, you are the wiſer man; for many a man's tongue ſhakes out his maſter's undoing: To ſay nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have

9 —fortunes.] Old Copy—*fortune.* Corrected by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

nothing,

nothing, is to be a great part of your title; which is within a very little of nothing.

Par. Away, thou'rt a knave.

Clown. You ſhould have ſaid, ſir, before a knave thou art a knave; that is, before me thou art a knave this had been truth, ſir.

Par. Go to, thou art a witty fool, I have found thee.

Clown. Did you find me in yourſelf, ſir? or were you taught to find me? The ſearch, ſir, was profitable; and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleaſure, and the increaſe of laughter.

Par. A good knave, i'faith, and well fed.—
Madam, my lord will go away to-night;
A very ſerious buſineſs calls on him.
The great prerogative and rite of love,
Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknowledge;
But puts it off to a compell'd reſtraint [1];
Whoſe want, and whoſe delay, is ſtrew'd with ſweets [2],

[1] *But puts it off* to *a compell'd reſtraint*;] Thus the original and only authentick ancient copy. The editor of the third folio reads—*by* a compell'd reſtraint; and the alteration has been adopted by the modern editors; perhaps without neceſſity. Our poet might have meant, in his uſual licentious manner, that Bertram puts off the completion of his wiſhes *to* a future day, *till* which he is *compelled* to *reſtrain* his deſires. This, it muſt be confeſſed, is very harſh; but our author is often ſo licentious in his phraſeology, that change on that ground alone is very dangerous. In *King Henry VIII.* we have a phraſeology not very different:

" ——— All-ſouls day
" Is the *determin'd reſpite* of my wrongs."

i. e. the day to which my wrongs are reſpited. MALONE.

[2] *Whoſe want, and whoſe delay, is ſtrew'd with* ſweets,] The *ſweets* which are diſtilled, by the reſtraint ſaid to be impoſed on Bertram, from " the want and delay of the great prerogative of love," are the ſweets of *expectation*. Parolles is here ſpeaking of Bertram's feelings during this " curbed time," not, as Dr. Johnſon ſeems to have thought, of thoſe of Helena. The following lines in *Troilus and Creſſida* may prove the beſt comment on the preſent paſſage:

" I am giddy; *expectation* whirls me round.
" The *imaginary* reliſh is ſo *ſweet*
" That it enchants my ſenſe. What will it be,
" When that the watery palate *taſtes indeed*
" Love's thrice-reputed nectar? Death, I fear me,
" Swooning deſtruction; &c." MALONE.

Which

Which they diſtil now in the curbed time,
To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy,
And pleaſure drown the brim.

Hel. What's his will elſe?

Par. That you will take your inſtant leave o'the king,
And make this haſte as your own good proceeding,
Strengthen'd with what apology you think
May make it probable need[3].

Hel. What more commands he?

Par. That, having this obtain'd, you preſently
Attend his further pleaſure.

Hel. In every thing I wait upon his will.

Par. I ſhall report it ſo.

Hel. I pray you.—Come, ſirrah. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Another Room in the ſame.

Enter LAFEU *and* BERTRAM.

Laf. But, I hope, your lordſhip thinks not him a ſoldier.

Ber. Yes, my lord, and of very valiant approof.

Laf. You have it from his own deliverance.

Ber. And by other warranted teſtimony.

Laf. Then my dial goes not true; I took this lark for a bunting[4].

Ber. I do aſſure you, my lord, he is very great in knowledge, and accordingly valiant.

Laf. I have then ſinned againſt his experience, and tranſgreſs'd againſt his valour; and my ſtate that way is dangerous, ſince I cannot yet find in my heart to repent: Here he comes; I pray you, make us friends, I will purſue the amity.

3 —*probable need.*] A ſpecious appearance of neceſſity. JOHNSON.

4 —*a* bunting.] Barrett's *Alvearie, or Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, gives this account of this bird: "Terraneola et rubetra, avis alaudæ ſimilis, &c. Dicta terraneola quod non in arboribus, ſed in terra verſetur et nidificet." STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Theſe things ſhall be done, ſir. [*to* Ber.

Laf. 'Pray you, ſir, who's his tailor?

Par. Sir?

Laf. O, I know him well: Ay, ſir; he, ſir, is a good workman, a very good tailor.

Ber. Is ſhe gone to the king? [*aſide to* Parolles.

Par. She is.

Ber. Will ſhe away to-night?

Par. As you'll have her.

Ber. I have writ my letters, caſketed my treaſure,
Given order for our horſes; and to-night,
When I ſhould take poſſeſſion of the bride,—
And, ere I do begin,—

Laf. A good traveller is ſomething at the latter end of a dinner; but one that lies three thirds, and uſes a known truth to paſs a thouſand nothings with, ſhould be once heard, and thrice beaten.—God ſave you, captain.

Ber. Is there any unkindneſs between my lord and you, monſieur?

Par. I know not how I have deſerv'd to run into my lord's diſpleaſure.

Laf. You have made ſhift to run into't, boots and ſpurs and all, like him that leapt into the cuſtard[5]; and out of it you'll run again, rather than ſuffer queſtion for your reſidence.

Ber. It may be, you have miſtaken him, my lord.

Laf. And ſhall do ſo ever, though I took him at his prayers. Fare you well, my lord: and believe this of me, There can be no kernel in this light nut; the ſoul of this man is his clothes: truſt him not in matter of heavy conſequence; I have kept of them tame, and know their natures.—Farewell, monſieur: I have ſpoken better of

[5] *You have made ſhift to run into't, boots and ſpurs and all, like him that* leapt *into the* cuſtard;] It was a fooliſh practiſed at city entertainments, when the jeſter or zany was in vogue, for him to jump into a large deep cuſtard, ſet for the purpoſe, *to ſet on a quantity of barren ſpectators to laugh*, as our poet ſays in his *Hamlet*. See *the Devil's an Aſs*, by Ben Jonſon, Act I. ſc. i. THEOBALD.

you,

you, than you have or will to deſerve * at my hand; but we muſt do good againſt evil. [*Exit.*

Par. An idle lord, I ſwear.

Ber. I think ſo.

Par. Why, do you not know him?

Ber. Yes, I know him well; and common ſpeech Gives him a worthy paſs. Here comes my clog.

Enter HALENA.

Hel. I have, ſir, as I was commanded from you, Spoke with the king, and have procur'd his leave For preſent parting; only, he deſires Some private ſpeech with you.

Ber. I ſhall obey his will.
You muſt not marvel, Helen, at my courſe, Which holds not colour with the time, nor does The miniſtration and required office On my particular: prepar'd I was not For ſuch a buſineſs; therefore am I found So much unſettled: This drives me to entreat you, That preſently you take your way for home: And rather muſe [6], than aſk, why I entreat you: For my reſpects are better than they ſeem; And my appointments have in them a need, Greater than ſhews itſelf, at the firſt view, To you that know them not. This to my mother: [*giving a letter.*

'Twill be two days ere I ſhall ſee you; ſo I leave you to your wiſdom.

Hel. Sir, I can nothing ſay, But that I am your moſt obedient ſervant.

Ber. Come, come, no more of that.

Hel. And ever ſhall With true obſervance ſeek to eke out that, Wherein toward me my homely ſtars have fail'd

* —*than you have or will to deſerve*—] Something ſeems to have been omitted; but I know not how to rectify the paſſage. Perhaps we ſhould read—than you have *qualities* or will to deſerve. The editor of the ſecond folio reads—than you have or will deſerve—. MALONE.

6 *And rather* muſe,] To *muſe* is to *wonder*. So, in *Macbeth*:
" Do not *muſe* at me, my moſt noble friends." STEEVENS.

To

To equal my great fortune.

Ber. Let that go:

My haſte is very great: Farewel; hie home.

Hel. Pray, ſir, your pardon.

Ber. Well, what would you ſay?

Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe [7];

Nor dare I ſay, 'tis mine; and yet it is;

But, like a timorous thief, moſt fain would ſteal

What law does vouch mine own.

Ber. What would you have?

Hel. Something; and ſcarce ſo much:—nothing, indeed.—

I would not tell you what I would; my lord,—'faith, yes;—

Strangers, and foes, do ſunder, and not kiſs.

Ber. I pray you, ſtay not, but in haſte to horſe.

Hel. I ſhall not break your bidding, good my lord.

Ber. Where are my other men, monſieur?—Farewel [8].

[*Exit* HELENA.

Go thou toward home; where I will never come,

Whilſt I can ſhake my ſword, or hear the drum:—

Away, and for our flight.

Par. Bravely, coragio! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Florence. *A Room in the Duke's Palace.*

Flouriſh. Enter the Duke of Florence, *attended; two* French *Lords, and others.*

Duke. So that, from point to point, now have you heard

The fundamental reaſons of this war;

Whoſe great deciſion hath much blood let forth

And more thirſts after.

[7] —*the wealth I* owe;] i. e. I *own.* STEEVENS.

[8] *Where are my other men, monſieur?—Farewel.*] This line which in the original copy is given to Helena, was very properly attributed by Mr. Theobald to Bertram. MALONE.

Bertram, obſerving Helen to linger fondly, and wanting to ſhift her off, puts on a ſhew of haſte, aſks Parolles for his ſervants, and then gives his wife an abrupt diſmiſſion. THEOBALD.

1. *Lord.* Holy ſeems the quarrel
Upon your grace's part; black and fearful
On the oppoſer.

Duke. Therefore we marvel much, our couſin France
Would, in ſo juſt a buſineſs, ſhut his boſom
Againſt our borrowing prayers.

2. *Lord.* Good my lord,
The reaſons of our ſtate I cannot yield[9],
But like a common and an outward man[1],
That the great figure of a council frames
By ſelf-unable motion[2]: therefore dare not
Say what I think of it; ſince I have found
Myſelf in my uncertain grounds to fail
As often as I gueſs'd.

Duke. Be it his pleaſure.

2. *Lord.* But I am ſure, the younger of our nature[3],
That ſurfeit on their eaſe, will, day by day,
Come here for phyſick.

Duke. Welcome ſhall they be;
And all the honours, that can fly from us,
Shall on them ſettle: You know your places well;
When better fall, for your avails they fell:
To-morrow to the field. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Rouſillon. *A Room in the Count's Palace.*

Enter Counteſs *and* Clown.

Count. It hath happened all as I would have had it, ſave, that he comes not along with her.

Clown. By my troth, I take my young lord to be a very melancholy man.

Count. By what obſervance, I pray you?

9 — *I cannot yield,*] I cannot inform you of the reaſons. JOHNSON.

1 — *an outward man,*] i. e. one not in the ſecret of affairs. WARB. So *inward* is familiar, admitted to ſecrets. "*I was an* inward *of his.*" *Meaſure for Meaſure.* JOHNSON.

2 — *ſelf-unable* motion:] Dr. Warburton and Mr. Upton would read—*notion.* MALONE.

3 — *the younger of our nature,*] i. e. as we ſay at preſent, *our young fellows.* STEEVENS.

Clown.

Clown. Why, he will look upon his boot, and ſing; mend the ruff, and ſing *; aſk queſtions, and ſing; pick his teeth, and ſing: I know a man that had this trick of melancholy, ſold a goodly manor for a ſong [4].

Count. Let me ſee what he writes, and when he means to come. [*opening a letter.*

Clown. I have no mind to Iſbel, ſince I was at court: our old ling and our Iſbels o'the country, are nothing like your old ling and your Iſbels o'the court: the brains of my Cupid's knock'd out; and I begin to love, as an old man loves money, with no ſtomach.

Count. What have we here?

Clown. E'en that [5] you have there. [*Exit.*

Count. [reads.] *I have ſent you a daughter-in-law: ſhe hath recovered the king, and undone me. I have wedded her, not bedded her; and ſworn to make the* not *eternal. You ſhall hear, I am run away; know it, before the report come. If there be breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long diſtance. My duty to you.*

Your unfortunate ſon, BERTRAM.

This is not well, raſh and unbridled boy,
To fly the favours of ſo good a king;
To pluck his indignation on thy head,
By the miſprizing of a maid too virtuous
For the contempt of empire.

Re-enter Clown.

Clown. O madam, yonder is heavy news within, between two ſoldiers and my young lady.

Count. What is the matter?

Clown. Nay, there is ſome comfort in the news, ſome comfort; your ſon will not be kill'd ſo ſoon as I thought he would.

* — *mend the* ruff *and ſing*;] The tops of the boots in our author's time turned down, and hung looſely o'er the leg. The folding is what the clown means by the *ruff*. B. Jonſon calls it *ruffle*, and perhaps it ſhould be ſo here. See *Every man out of his humour*, Act IV. ſc. vi. WHALLEY.

4 — ſold *a goodly manor for a ſong.*] The old copy reads—*bold* a goodly—. The emendation was made in the third folio. MALONE.

5 E'en *that*—] Old Copy—*In* that. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

Count.

Count. Why ſhould he be kill'd?

Clown. So ſay I, madam, if he run away, as I hear he does: the danger is in ſtanding to't; that's the loſs of men, though it be the getting of children. Here they come, will tell you more: for my part, I only hear, your ſon was run away. [*Exit* Clown.

Enter HELENA, *and two Gentlemen.*

1. *Gen.* Save you, good madam.

Hel. Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone.

2. *Gen.* Do not ſay ſo.

Count. Think upon patience.—'Pray you, gentlemen,—
I have felt ſo many quirks of joy, and grief,
That the firſt face of neither, on the ſtart,
Can woman me unto't:—Where is my ſon, I pray you?

2. *Gen.* Madam, he's gone to ſerve the duke of Florence:
We met him thitherward; for thence we came,
And, after ſome diſpatch in hand at court,
Thither we bend again.

Hel. Look on his letter, madam; here's my paſſport.

[reads.] *When thou canſt get the ring upon my finger*[6], *which never ſhall come off, and ſhew me a child begotten of thy body, that I am father to, then call me huſband: but in ſuch a* then *I write a* never.

This is a dreadful ſentence.

Count. Brought you this letter, gentlemen?

1. *Gen.* Ay, madam;
And, for the contents' ſake, are ſorry for our pains.

Count. I pr'ythee, lady, have a better cheer;
If thou engroſſeſt all the griefs are thine,
Thou robb'ſt me of a moiety: He was my ſon;
But I do waſh his name out of my blood,
And thou art all my child.—Towards Florence is he?

2. *Gen.* Ay, madam.

[6] *When thou canſt get the ring upon my finger,*] i. e. When thou canſt get the ring, which is on my finger, into thy poſſeſſion. WARB.

Dr. Warburton's explanation is confirmed inconteſtably by theſe lines in the fifth act, in which Helena repeats the ſubſtance of this letter:

" ——— there is your ring;
" And, look you, here's your letter; this it ſays:
" *When from my finger you can get this ring*, &c." MALONE.

Count. And to be a ſoldier?

2. *Gen.* Such is his noble purpoſe: and, believe't,
The duke will lay upon him all the honour
That good convenience claims.

Count. Return you thither?

1. *Gen.* Ay, madam, with the ſwifteſt wing of ſpeed.

Hel. [reads.] *Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.* 'Tis bitter.

Count. Find you that there?

Hel. Ay, madam.

1. *Gen.* 'Tis but the boldneſs of his hand, haply, which
His heart was not conſenting to.

Count. Nothing in France, until he have no wife!
There's nothing here, that is too good for him,
But only ſhe; and ſhe deſerves a lord,
That twenty ſuch rude boys might tend upon,
And call her hourly, miſtreſs.—Who was with him?

1. *Gen.* A ſervant only, and a gentleman
Which I have ſome time known.

Count. Parolles, was't not?

1. *Gen.* Ay, my good lady, he.

Count. A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedneſs:
My ſon corrupts a well-derived nature
With his inducement.

1. *Gen.* Indeed, good lady,
The fellow has a deal of that, too much,
Which holds him much to have [7].

Count. You are welcome, gentlemen.
I will entreat you, when you ſee my ſon,
To tell him, that his ſword can never win
The honour that he loſes: more I'll entreat you
Written to bear along.

2. *Gen.* We ſerve you, madam,
In that and all your worthieſt affairs.

[7] —*a deal of that, too much,*
Which holds him much to have.] That is, his vices ſtand him in ſtead. WARBURTON.

Mr. Heath thinks the meaning is, this fellow hath a deal too much of *that* which alone can hold or judge that he has much in him; i. e. folly and ignorance. MALONE.

Count.

Count. Not so, but as we change our courtesies [8].
Will you draw near? [*Exeunt* Countess *and* Gentlemen.
Hel. *Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.*
Nothing in France, until he has no wife!
Thou shalt have none, Rousillon, none in France,
Then hast thou all again. Poor lord! is't I
That chase thee from thy country, and expose
Those tender limbs of thine to the event
Of the none-sparing war? and is it I
That drive thee from the sportive court, where thou
Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark
Of smoky muskets? O you leaden messengers,
That ride upon the violent speed of fire,
Fly with false aim; move the still-piecing air [9],
That sings with piercing, do not touch my lord!
Whoever shoots at him, I set him there;
Whoever charges on his forward breast,
I am the caitiff, that do hold him to it;
And, though I kill him not, I am the cause
His death was so effected: better 'twere,
I met the ravin lion [1] when he roar'd
With sharp constraint of hunger; better 'twere,
That all the miseries, which nature owes,
Were mine at once: No, come thou home, Rousillon,

[8] *Not so, &c.*] The gentlemen declare that they are servants to the countess; she replies, No otherwise than as she returns the same offices of civility. JOHNSON.

[9] — *move the still*-piecing *air,*] i. e. the air that closes immediately, after a ball has passed through it. So, in another play:

" — the *wind* that still doth *join.*"

The only authentick ancient copy reads—still-*peering*. The present emendation was proposed by some former annotator, and adopted by Mr. Steevens. *Piece* was formerly spelt—*peece*: so that there is but the change of one letter. See *Twelfth Night*, first folio, p. 262:

" Now, good Cæsario, but that *peece* of song—." MALONE.

I have no doubt that *still-piecing* was Shakspeare's word. But the passage is not yet quite sound. We should read, I believe,—rove *the still piecing air.* i. e. *fly at random through.* The allusion is to *shooting at rovers* in archery, which was shooting without any particular aim. TYRWHITT.

[1] — *the* ravin *lion*—] i. e. the *ravenous* or ravening lion. To *ravin* is to swallow voraciously. MALONE.

Whence honour but of danger wins a ſcar,
As oft it loſes all *; I will be gone:
My being here it is, that holds thee hence;
Shall I ſtay here to do't? no, no, although
The air of paradiſe did fan the houſe,
And angels offic'd all: I will be gone;
That pitiful rumour may report my flight,
To conſolate thine ear. Come, night; end, day!
For, with the dark, poor thief, I'll ſteal away. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Florence. *Before the Duke's Palace.*

Flouriſh. *Enter the Duke of* Florence, BERTRAM, *Lords, Officers, Soldiers, and others.*

Duke. The general of our horſe thou art; and we,
Great in our hope, lay our beſt love and credence,
Upon thy promiſing fortune.

Ber. Sir, it is
A charge too heavy for my ſtrength; but yet
We'll ſtrive to bear it for your worthy ſake,
To the extreme edge of hazard [2].

Duke. Then go thou forth;
And fortune play upon thy proſperous helm,
As thy auſpicious miſtreſs [3]! *Ber.*

* *Whence honour but of danger* &c.] The ſenſe is, from that abode, where all the advantages that honour uſually reaps from the danger it ruſhes upon, is only a ſcar in teſtimony of its bravery, as on the other hand, it often is the cauſe of loſing all, even life itſelf. HEATH.

2 *We'll ſtrive to* bear *it for your worthy ſake,*
To the extreme edge *of hazard.*] So, in our author's 116th Sonnet:
" But *bears* it out even to the *edge* of doom." MALONE.
Milton has borrowed this expreſſion; Par. Reg. B. i:
" *You ſee our danger on the utmoſt edge*
" *Of hazard.*" STEEVENS.

3 *And* fortune *play upon thy proſperous helm,*
As thy auſpicious miſtreſs!] So, in *the Tempeſt*:
" ——— bountiful *fortune*,
" Now *my dear lady*, &c."
Perhaps Lee, who has frequently imitated our author, had this paſſage in his thoughts when he wrote the following lines:
" Can none remember? Yes, I know, all muſt;
" When

Ber. This very day,
Great Mars, I put myſelf into thy file:
Make me but like my thoughts; and I ſhall prove
A lover of thy drum, hater of love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Rouſillon. *A Room in the Count's Palace.*

Enter Counteſs *and* Steward.

Count. Alas! and would you take the letter of her?
Might you not know, ſhe would do as ſhe has done,
By ſending me a letter? Read it again.

Stew. *I am Saint Jaques' pilgrim*[4], *thither gone;*
Ambitious love hath ſo in me offended,
That bare-foot plod I the cold ground upon,
With ſainted vow my faults to have amended.
Write, write, that, from the bloody courſe of war,
My deareſt maſter, your dear ſon, may hye;
Bleſs him at home in peace, whilſt I from far,
His name with zealous fervour ſanctify:
His taken labours bid him me forgive;
I, his deſpightful Juno[5], *ſent him forth*
From courtly friends, with camping foes to live,
Where death and danger dog the heels of worth:
He is too good and fair for death and me;
Whom I myſelf embrace, to ſet him free.

Count. Ah, what ſharp ſtings are in her mildeſt words!
Rinaldo, you did never lack advice ſo much[6],
As letting her paſs ſo; had I ſpoke with her,
I could have well diverted her intents,
Which thus ſhe hath prevented.

" When Glory, like the dazzling eagle, ſtood,
" *Perch'd on my beaver* in the Granick flood;
" When *Fortune's* ſelf my ſtandard trembling bore,
" And the pale Fates" &c. MALONE.

4 — *Saint* Jaques' *pilgrim,*] I do not remember any place famous for pilgrimages conſecrated in Italy to St. James, but it is common to viſit St. James of Compoſtella, in Spain. Another ſaint might eaſily have been found, Florence being ſomewhat out of the road from Rouſillon to Compoſtella. JOHNSON.

5 — *Juno,*] Alluding to the ſtory of Hercules. JOHNSON.

6 — *lack* advice *ſo much,*] *Advice*, is *diſcretion* or *thought*. JOHNSON.

Stew. Pardon me, madam:
If I had given you this at over-night,
She might have been o'er-ta'en; and yet she writes,
Pursuit would be but vain.

Count. What angel shall
Bless this unworthy husband? he cannot thrive,
Unless her prayers, whom heaven delights to hear,
And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath
Of greatest justice.—Write, write, Rinaldo,
To this unworthy husband of his wife;
Let every word weigh heavy of her worth,
That he does weigh too light[7]: my greatest grief,
Though little he do feel it, set down sharply.
Dispatch the most convenient messenger:—
When, haply, he shall hear that she is gone,
He will return; and hope I may, that she,
Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,
Led hither by pure love: which of them both
Is dearest to me, I have no skill in sense
To make distinction:—Provide this messenger:—
My heart is heavy, and mine age is weak;
Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me speak.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Without the Walls of Florence.

A tucket afar off. Enter an old Widow *of* Florence, DIANA, VIOLENTA, MARIANA, *and other citizens.*

Wid. Nay, come; for if they do approach the city, we shall lose all the sight.

Dia. They say, the French count has done most honourable service.

Wid. It is reported that he has taken their greatest commander; and that with his own hand he slew the duke's brother. We have lost our labour; they are gone a contrary way: hark! you may know by their trumpets.

[7] *That he does* weigh *too light:*] To *weigh* here means to *value*, or *esteem*. So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

"You *weigh* me not, O, that's you care not for me." MALONE.

Mar.

Mar. Come, let's return again, and ſuffice ourſelves with the report of it. Well, Diana, take heed of this French earl: the honour of a maid is her name; and no legacy is ſo rich as honeſty.

Wid. I have told my neighbour, how you have been ſolicited by a gentleman his companion.

Mar. I know that knave; hang him! one Parolles: a filthy officer he is in thoſe ſuggeſtions [8] for the young earl.—Beware of them, Diana; their promiſes, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all theſe engines of luſt, are not the things they go under [9]: many a maid hath been ſeduced by them; and the miſery is, example, that ſo terrible ſhows in the wreck of maidenhood, cannot for all that diſſuade ſucceſſion, but that they are limed with the twigs that threaten them. I hope, I need not to adviſe you further; but, I hope, your own grace will keep you where you are, though there were no further danger known, but the modeſty which is ſo loſt.

Dia. You ſhall not need to fear me.

Enter HELENA, *in the dreſs of a pilgrim.*

Wid. I hope ſo.—Look, here comes a pilgrim: I know ſhe will lie at my houſe: thither they ſend one another: I'll queſtion her.—

God ſave you, pilgrim! Whither are you bound?

Hel. To Saint Jaques le grand.

Where do the palmers [1] lodge, I do beſeech you?

[8] —*in thoſe ſuggeſtions*—] i. e. temptations. MALONE.

[9] —*are* not *the things they go under*;] They are not really ſo true and ſincere, as in appearance they ſeem to be. THEOBALD.

To go under the name of any thing is a known expreſſion. The meaning is, they are not the things for which their names would make them paſs. JOHNSON.

[1] —*palmers*—] Pilgrims that viſited holy places; ſo called from a ſtaff, or bough of palm they were wont to carry, eſpecially ſuch as had viſited the holy places at Jeruſalem. "A pilgrim and a palmer differed thus: a *pilgrim* had ſome dwelling-place, a *palmer* had none; the *pilgrim* travelled to ſome certain place, the *palmer* to all, and not to any one in particular; the *pilgrim* muſt go at his own charge, the *palmer* muſt profeſs wilful poverty; the *pilgrim* might give over his profeſſion, the *palmer* muſt be conſtant." See Blount's *Gloſſography*. ANONYMOUS.

Wid. At the Saint Francis here, beside the port.

Hel. Is this the way?

Wid. Ay, marry, is it.—Hark you! [*A march afar off.*
They come this way:—If you will tarry, holy pilgrim,
But till the troops come by,
I will conduct you where you shall be lodg'd;
The rather, for, I think, I know your hostess
As ample as myself.

Hel. Is it yourself?

Wid. If you shall please so, pilgrim.

Hel. I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.

Wid. You came, I think, from France?

Hel. I did so.

Wid. Here you shall see a countryman of yours,
That has done worthy service.

Hel. His name, I pray you?

Dia. The count Rousillon; Know you such a one?

Hel. But by the ear, that hears most nobly of him;
His face I know not.

Dia. Whatsoe'er he is,
He's bravely taken here. He stole from France,
As 'tis reported, for the king had married him
Against his liking: Think you it is so?

Hel. Ay, surely, mere the truth[2]; I know his lady.

Dia. There is a gentleman, that serves the count,
Reports but coarsely of her.

Hel. What's his name?

Dia. Monsieur Parolles.

Hel. O, I believe with him,
In argument of praise, or to the worth
Of the great count himself, she is too mean
To have her name repeated; all her deserving
Is a reserved honesty, and that
I have not heard examin'd[3].

Dia. Alas, poor lady!
'Tis a hard bondage, to become the wife
Of a detesting lord.

[2] — mere *the truth*;] The exact, the *entire* truth. MALONE.
[3] — *examin'd.*] That is, *question'd, doubted.* JOHNSON.

Wid.

Wid. A right good creature[4]: whereſoe'er ſhe is,
Her heart weighs ſadly: this young maid might do her
A ſhrewd turn, if ſhe pleas'd.

Hel. How do you mean?
May be, the amorous count ſolicits her
In the unlawful purpoſe.

Wid. He does, indeed;
And brokes[5] with all that can in ſuch a ſuit
Corrupt the tender honour of a maid:
But ſhe is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard
In honeſteſt defence.

Enter with drum and colours, a party of the Florentine *army,* BERTRAM, *and* PAROLLES.

Mar. The gods forbid elſe!

Wid. So, now they come:—
That is Antonio, the duke's eldeſt ſon;
That, Eſcalus.

Hel. Which is the Frenchman?

Dia. He;
That with the plume: 'tis a moſt gallant fellow;
I would, he lov'd his wife: if he were honeſter,
He were much goodlier:—Is't not a handſome gentleman?

Hel. I like him well.

Dia. 'Tis pity, he's not honeſt: Yond's that ſame knave,
That leads him to theſe places[6]; were I his lady,

[4] *A right good creature:*] There is great reaſon to believe, that when theſe plays were copied for the preſs, the tranſcriber truſted to the ear, and not to the eye; one perſon dictating, and another tranſcribing. Hence probably the error of the old copy, which reads—*I write* good creature. For the emendation now made the preſent editor is anſwerable. The ſame expreſſion is found in the *Two Noble Kinſmen*, 1634:
"A *right good creature*, more to me deſerving," &c. MALONE.

[5] —*brokes*—] Deals as a *broker*. JOHNSON.
To *broke* is to deal with panders. A *broker* in our author's time meant a bawd or pimp. See a note on *Hamlet*, Act I. ſc. iii. MALONE.

[6] —— *Yond's that ſame knave,*
That leads him to theſe places;] The *places* are, apparently, where he
— *brokes with all that can in ſuch a ſuit*
Corrupt the tender honour of a maid. STEEVENS.

F'd

I'd poiſon that vile raſcal.

Hel. Which is he?

Dia. That jack-an-apes with ſcarfs: Why is he melancholy?

Hel. Perchance he's hurt i' the battle.

Par. Loſe our drum! well.

Mar. He's ſhrewdly vex'd at ſomething: Look, he has ſpied us.

Wid. Marry, hang you!

Mar. And your courteſy, for a ring-carrier!

[*Exeunt* BERTRAM, PAROLLES, *Officers and Soldiers.*

Wid. The troop is paſt: Come, pilgrim, I will bring you
Where you ſhall hoſt: of enjoin'd penitents
There's four or five, to great Saint Jaques bound,
Already at my houſe.

Hel. I humbly thank you:
Pleaſe it this matron, and this gentle maid,
To eat with us to-night, the charge, and thanking,
Shall be for me; and, to requite you further,
I will beſtow ſome precepts on this * virgin,
Worthy the note.

Both. We'll take your offer kindly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Camp before Florence.

Enter BERTRAM, *and the two* French *Lords.*

1. *Lord.* Nay, good my lord, put him to't; let him have his way.

2. *Lord.* If your lordſhip find him not a hilding, hold me no more in your reſpect.

1. *Lord.* On my life, my lord, a bubble.

Ber. Do you think, I am ſo far deceiv'd in him?

1. *Lord.* Believe it, my lord, in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, but to ſpeak of him as my kinſman, he's a moſt notable coward, an infinite and endleſs liar, an hourly promiſe-breaker, the owner of no one good quality worthy your lordſhip's entertainment.

* —*on this*—] Old Copy—*of* this. Corrected in the ſecond folio. MALONE.

2. *Lord.* It were fit you knew him; leſt, repoſing too far in his virtue, which he hath not, he might, at ſome great and truſty buſineſs, in a main danger, fail you.

Ber. I would, I knew in what particular action to try him.

2. *Lord.* None better than to let him fetch off his drum, which you hear him ſo confidently undertake to do.

1. *Lord.* I, with a troop of Florentines, will ſuddenly ſurprize him; ſuch I will have, whom, I am ſure, he knows not from the enemy: we will bind and hood-wink him ſo, that he ſhall ſuppoſe no other but that he is carried into the leaguer of the adverſaries, when we bring him to our own tents: Be but your lordſhip preſent at his examination; if he do not, for the promiſe of his life, and in the higheſt compulſion of baſe fear, offer to betray you, and deliver all the intelligence in his power againſt you, and that with the divine forfeit of his ſoul upon oath, never truſt my judgment in any thing.

2. *Lord.* O, for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum; he ſays, he has a ſtratagem for't: when your lordſhip ſees the bottom of his [7] ſucceſs in't, and to what metal this counterfeit lump of ore [8] will be melted, if you give him not John Drum's entertainment [9], your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes.

7 — *of* his—] Old Copy—of *this*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

8 — *of* ore—] Old Copy—of *ours*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

9 *If you give him not* John Drum's entertainment,] Holinſhed, in his deſcription of Ireland, ſpeaking of Patrick Sarſefield, (mayor of Dublin in the year 1551,) and of his extravagant hoſpitality, ſubjoins, that no gueſt had ever a cold or forbidding look from any part of his family: ſo that his "porter or any other officer, durſt not, for both his eares, give the ſimpleſt man that reſorted to his houſe, *Tom Drum his entertaynement*, which is, to hale a man in by the heade, and thruſt him out by both the ſhoulders." THEOBALD.

A contemporary writer has uſed this expreſſion in the ſame manner that our author has done; ſo that there is no reaſon to ſuſpect the word *John* in the text to be a miſprint: "In faith good gentlemen, I think we ſhall be forced to give you right *John* Drum's entertainment, [i. e. to treat you very ill,] for he that compoſed the book we ſhould preſent, hath—ſnatched it from us at the very inſtant of entrance." Introduction to *Jack Drum's Entertainment*, a comedy, 1601. MALONE.

Enter

Enter PAROLLES.

1. *Lord.* O, for the love of laughter, hinder not the humour of his deſign; let him fetch off his drum in any hand[1].

Ber. How now, monſieur? this drum ſticks ſorely in your diſpoſition.

2. *Lord.* A pox on't, let it go; 'tis but a drum.

Par. But a drum! Is't but a drum? A drum ſo loſt!—There was excellent command! to charge in with our horſe upon our own wings, and to rend our own ſoldiers.

2. *Lord.* That was not to be blamed in the command of the ſervice; it was a diſaſter of war that Cæſar himſelf could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.

Ber. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our ſucceſs: ſome diſhonour we had, in the loſs of that drum; but it is not to be recover'd.

Par. It might have been recover'd.

Ber. It might; but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recover'd: but that the merit of ſervice is ſeldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or *hic jacet*[2].

Ber. Why, if you have a ſtomach to't, monſieur, if you think your myſtery in ſtratagem can bring this inſtrument of honour again into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprize, and go on; I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you ſpeed well in it, the duke ſhall both ſpeak of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatneſs, even to the utmoſt ſyllable of your worthineſs.

Par. By the hand of a ſoldier, I will undertake it.

[1] —*in any hand.*] The uſual phraſe is—*at any hand*, but *in any hand* will do. It is uſed in Holland's *Pliny*, p. 456:—"he muſt be a free citizen of Rome *in any hand*." Again, p. 508, 553, and 546. STEEVENS.

[2] *I would have that drum or another, or* hic jacet.] i. e. *Here lies*;—the uſual beginning of epitaphs. I would (ſays Parolles) recover either the drum I have loſt, or another belonging to the enemy; or *die in the attempt.* MALONE.

Ber.

Ber. But you must not now slumber in it.

Par. I'll about it this evening: and I will presently pen down my dilemmas [3], encourage myself in my certainty, put myself into my mortal preparation, and, by midnight, look to hear further from me.

Ber. May I be bold to acquaint his grace, you are gone about it?

Par. I know not what the success will be, my lord; but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know, thou art valiant; and, to the possibility of thy soldiership [4], will subscribe for thee. Farewel.

Par. I love not many words. [*Exit.*

1. *Lord.* No more than a fish loves water [5].—Is not this a strange fellow, my lord? that so confidently seems to undertake this business, which he knows is not to be done; damns himself to do, and dares better be damn'd than to do't?

2. *Lord.* You do not know him, my lord, as we do: certain it is, that he will steal himself into a man's favour, and, for a week, escape a great deal of discoveries; but when you find him out, you have him ever after.

Ber. Why, do you think, he will make no deed at all of this, that so seriously he does address himself unto?

3 — *I will presently pen down my* dilemmas—] By this word, Parolles is made to insinuate that he had several ways, all equally certain of recovering his drum. For a *dilemma* is an argument that concludes both ways. WARBURTON.

I think, Parolles means, that he will pen down his plans on the one side, and the probable obstructions he was to meet with on the other. MASON.

4 —*possibility of thy soldiership*,—] *I will subscribe* (says Bertram) *to the* possibility *of your soldiership*. He suppresses that he should not be so willing to vouch for its *probability*. STEEVENS.

I believe, Bertram means no more than that he is confident Parolles will do all that soldiership can effect. He was not yet certain that he was "a hilding." MALONE.

5 *I love not many* words.

1. Lord. *No more than a fish loves water.*] Here we have the origin of this boaster's name, which, without doubt, (as Mr. Steevens has observed,) ought in strict propriety to be written—*Paroles*. But our author certainly intended it otherwise; having made it a trisyllable:

"Rust sword, cool blushes, and *Parolles* fire."

He probably did not know the true pronunciation. MALONE.

1. *Lord.*

1. *Lord.* None in the world; but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies: but we have almoſt emboſs'd him [6], you ſhall ſee his fall to-night; for indeed, he is not for your lordſhip's reſpect.

2. *Lord.* We'll make you ſome ſport with the fox, ere we caſe him [7]. He was firſt ſmoked by the old lord Lafeu: when his diſguiſe and he is parted, tell me what a ſprat you ſhall find him; which you ſhall ſee this very night.

1. *Lord.* I muſt go look my twigs; he ſhall be caught.

Ber. Your brother, he ſhall go along with me.

1. *Lord.* As't pleaſe your lordſhip: I'll leave you *. [*Exit.*

Ber. Now will I lead you to the houſe, and ſhow you
The laſs I ſpoke of.

2. *Lord.* But, you ſay, ſhe's honeſt.

Ber. That's all the fault: I ſpoke with her but once,
And found her wond'rous cold; but I ſent to her,
By this ſame coxcomb that we have i'the wind,
Tokens and letters, which ſhe did re-ſend;
And this is all I have done: She's a fair creature;
Will you go ſee her?

2. *Lord.* With all my heart, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

[6] — *we have almoſt* emboſs'd *him,*] To *imboſs* a deer is to incloſe him in a wood. Milton uſes the ſame word:

"Like that ſelf-begotten bird
"In th' Arabian woods *imboſt*,
"Which no ſecond knows or third." JOHNSON.

It is probable that Shakſpeare was unacquainted with this word in the ſenſe which Milton affixes to it, viz. from *embeſcare*, Ital. to encloſe in a thicket.

When a deer is run hard and foams at the mouth, in the language of the field, he is ſaid to be *emboſs'd*. See p. 245, n. 2. STEEVENS.

7 — *ere we* caſe *him.*] i. e before we ſtrip him naked. JOHNSON.

* — *I'll leave you.*] This line is given in the old copy to the *ſecond* lord, there called Captain G, who goes out; and the *firſt* lord, there called Captain E, remains with Bertram. The whole courſe of the dialogue ſhews this to have been a miſtake. See p. 427:

"1. *Lord.* [i. e. Captain E.] I, with a troop of Florentines," &c. MALONE.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Florence. *A Room in the Widow's House.*

Enter HELENA, *and* Widow.

Hel. If you misdoubt me that I am not she,
I know not how I shall assure you further,
But I shall lose the grounds I work upon [8].

Wid. Though my estate be fallen, I was well born,
Nothing acquainted with these businesses;
And would not put my reputation now
In any staining act.

Hel. Nor would I wish you.
First, give me trust, the count he is my husband;
And, what to your sworn counsel [9] I have spoken,
Is so, from word to word; and then you cannot,
By the good aid that I of you shall borrow,
Err in bestowing it.

Wid. I should believe you;
For you have shew'd me that, which well approves
You are great in fortune.

Hel. Take this purse of gold,
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,
Which I will over-pay, and pay again,
When I have found it. The count he wooes your daughter,
Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty,
Resolves to carry her; let her, in fine, consent,
As we'll direct her how 'tis best to bear it,
Now his important blood [1] will nought deny
That she'll demand: A ring the county * wears,
That downward hath succeeded in his house,
From son to son, some four or five descents
Since the first father wore it: this ring he holds
In most rich choice; yet, in his idle fire,

[8] *But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.*] i. e. by discovering herself to the count. WARBURTON.

[9] — *to your sworn counsel*—] To your private knowledge, after having required from you an oath of secrecy. JOHNSON.

[1] — *his* important *blood*—] *Important* here, and elsewhere, is *importunate*. JOHNSON.

Important from the Fr. *Emportant*. TYRWHITT.

* — *the* county—] See p. 13, n. 4; and *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I. sc. iv. MALONE.

To

To buy his will, it would not seem too dear,
Howe'er repented after.

Wid. Now I see
The bottom of your purpose.

Hel. You see it lawful then: It is no more,
But that your daughter, ere she seems as won,
Desires this ring; appoints him an encounter;
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,
Herself most chastly absent: after this [2],
To marry her, I'll add three thousand crowns
To what is past already.

Wid. I have yielded:
Instruct my daughter how she shall persever,
That time, and place, with this deceit so lawful,
May prove coherent. Every night he comes
With musicks of all sorts, and songs compos'd
To her unworthiness: it nothing steads us,
To chide him from our eaves; for he persists,
As if his life lay on't.

Hel. Why then, to-night
Let us assay our plot; which, if it speed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed,
And lawful meaning in a lawful act [3];
Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact:
But let's about it. [*Exeunt.*

[2] — *after* this,] The latter word was added to complete the metre, by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

[3] *Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed,*
And lawful meaning &c.] Bertram's meaning is wicked in a lawful deed, and Helen's meaning is lawful in a lawful act; and neither of them sin: yet on his part it was a sinful act, for his meaning was to commit adultery, of which he was innocent, as the lady was his wife. TOLLET.

The first line relates to Bertram. The *deed* was *lawful*, as being the duty of marriage, owed by the husband to the wife; but his *meaning* was *wicked*, because he intended to commit adultery. The second line relates to Helena; whose *meaning* was *lawful*, in as much as she intended to reclaim her husband, and demanded only the rights of a wife. The *act* or *deed* was *lawful* for the reason already given. The subsequent line relates to them both. The *fact* was *sinful*, as far as Bertram was concerned, because he intended to commit adultery; yet neither he nor Helena *actually* sinned: not the wife, because both her intention and action were innocent; not the husband, because he did not *accomplish* his intention; he did not commit adultery.—This note is partly Mr. Heath's. MALONE.

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Without the Florentine *Camp.*

Enter firſt Lord, *with five or ſix Soldiers in ambuſh.*

1. *Lord.* He can come no other way but by this hedge' corner: When you ſally upon him, ſpeak what terrible language you will; though you underſtand it not yourſelves, no matter: for we muſt not ſeem to underſtand him; unleſs ſome one among us, whom we muſt produce for an interpreter.

1. *Sold.* Good captain, let me be the interpreter.

1. *Lord.* Art not acquainted with him? knows he not thy voice?

1. *Sold.* No, ſir, I warrant you.

1. *Lord.* But what linſy-woolſy haſt thou to ſpeak to us again?

1. *Sold.* Even ſuch as you ſpeak to me.

1. *Lord.* He muſt think us ſome band of ſtrangers i'the adverſary's entertainment[4]. Now he hath a ſmack of all neighbouring languages; therefore we muſt every one be a man of his own fancy, not to know what we ſpeak one to another; ſo we ſeem to know, is to know ſtraight our purpoſe[5]: chough's language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you, interpreter, you muſt ſeem very politick. But couch, ho! here he comes; to beguile two hours in a ſleep, and then to return and ſwear the lies he forges.

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Ten o'clock: within theſe three hours 'twill be time enough to go home. What ſhall I ſay I have done?

[4] — *ſome band of ſtrangers in the adverſary's entertainment.*] That is, *foreign troops in the enemy's pay.* JOHNSON.

[5] — *ſo we ſeem to know, is to know* &c.] I think the meaning is—Our ſeeming to know what we ſpeak one to another, is *to make him* to know our purpoſe immediately; to diſcover our deſign to him. *To know*, in the laſt inſtance, ſignifies *to make known.* Sir Thomas Hanmer very plauſibly reads—to *ſhow* ſtraight our purpoſe. MALONE.

It muſt be a very plauſive invention that carries it: They begin to ſmoke me; and diſgraces have of late knock'd too often at my door. I find, my tongue is too fool-hardy; but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

1. *Lord.* This is the firſt truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of. [*aſide.*

Par. What the devil ſhould move me to undertake the recovery of this drum; being not ignorant of the impoſſibility, and knowing I had no ſuch purpoſe? I muſt give myſelf ſome hurts, and ſay, I got them in exploit: Yet ſlight ones will not carry it; they will ſay, Came you off with ſo little? and great ones I dare not give; Wherefore? what's the inſtance[6]? Tongue, I muſt put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy myſelf another of Bajazet's mule[7], if you prattle me into theſe perils.

1. *Lord.* Is it poſſible, he ſhould know what he is, and be that he is? [*aſide.*

Par. I would, the cutting of my garments would ſerve the turn; or the breaking of my Spaniſh ſword.

1. *Lord.* We cannot afford you ſo. [*aſide.*

Par. Or the baring of my beard; and to ſay, it was in ſtratagem.

1. *Lord.* 'Twould not do. [*aſide.*

Par. Or to drown my clothes, and ſay, I was ſtript:

1. *Lord.* Hardly ſerve. [*aſide.*

Par. Though I ſwore I leap'd from the window of the citadel—

1. *Lord.* How deep? [*aſide.*

Par. Thirty fathom.

1. *Lord.* Three great oaths would ſcarce make that be believed. [*aſide.*

Par. I would, I had any drum of the enemy's; I would ſwear, I recover'd it.

1. *Lord.* You ſhall hear one anon. [*aſide.*

[6] —*the inſtance?*] The *proof.* JOHNSON.

[7] —*of Bajazet's* mule,] Dr. Warburton would read—*mute.* MALONE.

As a *mule* is as dumb by nature, as the mute is by art, the reading may ſtand. In one of our old Turkiſh hiſtories, there is a pompous deſcription of Bajazet riding on a *mule* to the Divan. STEEVENS.

Par.

Par. A drum now of the enemy's! [*Alarum within.*

1. *Lord. Throca movousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.*

All. Cargo, cargo, villianda par corbo, cargo.

Par. O, ranſom, ranſom:—Do not hide mine eyes.

[*They ſeize and blindfold him.*

1. *Sold. Boſkos thromuldo boſkos.*

Par. I know, you are the Muſkos' regiment,
And I ſhall loſe my life for want of language:
If there be here German, or Dane, low Dutch,
Italian, or French, let him ſpeak to me,
I will diſcover that which ſhall undo
The Florentine.

1. *Sold. Boſkos vauvado:*—I underſtand thee, and can ſpeak thy tongue:—*Kerelybonto:*—Sir, betake thee to thy faith, for ſeventeen poniards are at thy boſom.

Par. Oh!

1. *Sold.* O, pray, pray, pray.—
Manka revania dulche.

1. *Lord. Oſcorbi dulchos voliworco.*

1. *Sold.* The general is content to ſpare thee yet;
And, hood-wink'd as thou art, will lead thee on,
To gather from thee: haply, thou may'ſt inform
Something to ſave thy life.

Par. O, let me live,
And all the ſecrets of our camp I'll ſhew,
Their force, their purpoſes: nay, I'll ſpeak that
Which you will wonder at.

1. *Sold.* But wilt thou faithfully?

Par. If I do not, damn me.

1. *Sold. Acordo linta.*—
Come on, thou art granted ſpace.

[*Exit, with* PAROLLES *guarded.*

1. *Lord.* Go, tell the count Rouſillon, and my brother,
We have caught the woodcock, and will keep him muffled
Till we do hear from them.

2. *Sold.* Captain, I will.

1. *Lord.* He will betray us all unto ourſelves;—
Inform 'em[8] that.

[8] *Inform* 'em—] Old Copy—Inform *on.* Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

2. *Sold.* So I will, ſir.

1. *Lord.* Till then I'll keep him dark, and ſafely lock'd.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Florence. *A Room in the Widow's houſe.*

Enter BERTRAM *and* DIANA.

Ber. They told me, that your name was Fontibell.

Dia. No, my good lord, Diana.

Ber. Titled goddeſs;
And worth it, with addition! But, fair ſoul,
In your fine frame hath love no quality?
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,
You are no maiden, but a monument:
When you are dead, you ſhould be ſuch a one
As you are now, for you are cold and ſtern[9];
And now you ſhould be as your mother was,
When your ſweet ſelf was got.

Dia. She then was honeſt.

Ber. So ſhould you be.

Dia. No:
My mother did but duty; ſuch, my lord,
As you owe to your wife.

Ber. No more of that!
I pr'ythee, do not ſtrive againſt my vows[1]:
I was compell'd to her; but I love thee

By

[9] *You are no maiden, but a* monument:
——*for you are* cold *and* ſtern;] Our author had here probably in his thoughts ſome of the *ſtern* monumental figures with which many churches in England were furniſhed by the rude ſculptors of his own time. He has again the ſame alluſion in *Cymbeline*:

"And be her ſenſe but as a *monument*,
"Thus *in a chapel lying.*" MALONE.

[1] *I pr'ythee, do not ſtrive againſt my vows:*] *Againſt his vows*, I believe, means *againſt his determined reſolution never to cohabit with Helena*; and this *vow*, or *reſolution*, he had very ſtrongly expreſſed in his letter to the counteſs. STEEVENS.

So, in *Vittoria Corombona*, a tragedy by Webſter, 1612:

"Henceforth *I'll never lie with thee*,—
"My *vow* is fix'd." MALONE.

By love's own ſweet conſtraint, and will for ever
Do thee all rights of ſervice.

Dia. Ay, ſo you ſerve us,
Till we ſerve you: but when you have our roſes,
You barely leave our thorns to prick ourſelves,
And mock us with our bareneſs.

Ber. How have I ſworn?

Dia. 'Tis not the many oaths, that make the truth;
But the plain ſingle vow, that is vow'd true.
What is not holy, that we ſwear not by [2],
But take the Higheſt to witneſs: Then, pray you, tell me,
If I ſhould ſwear by Jove's great attributes [3],
I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths,
When I did love you ill? this has no holding,
To ſwear by him whom I proteſt to love,
That I will work againſt him [4]: Therefore, your oaths
Are words, and poor conditions; but unſeal'd;
At leaſt, in my opinion.

[2] *What is not holy, that we ſwear not by,*] The ſenſe is, We never ſwear by what is not holy, but ſwear by, or take to witneſs, the Higheſt, the Divinity.—The tenor of the reaſoning contained in the following lines perfectly correſponds with this: If I ſhould ſwear by Jove's great attributes, that I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths, when you found by experience that I loved you ill, and was endeavouring to gain credit with you in order to ſeduce you to your ruin? No, ſurely; but you would conclude that I had no faith either in Jove or his attributes, and that my oaths were mere words of courſe. For that oath can certainly have no tye upon us, which we ſwear by him we profeſs to love and honour, when at the ſame time we give the ſtrongeſt proof of our diſbelief in him, by purſuing a courſe which we know will offend and diſhonour him. HEATH.

[3] *If I ſhould ſwear by Jove's great attributes,*] In the print of the old folio, it is doubtful whether it be *Jove's* or *Love's*, the characters being not diſtinguiſhable. If it is read *Love's*, perhaps it may be ſomething leſs difficult. I am ſtill as a loſs. JOHNSON.

[4] *To ſwear by him whom I proteſt to love,* &c.] This paſſage likewiſe appears to me corrupt. She ſwears not *by* him whom ſhe *loves*, but by Jupiter. I believe we may read—*To ſwear* to *him*. There is, ſays ſhe, no *holding*, no conſiſtency, in ſwearing to one that *I love him*, when I ſwear it only to *injure* him. JOHNSON.

This appears to me a very probable conjecture. Mr. Heath's explanation, which refers the words—"whom to proteſt I love"—to *Jove*, can hardly be right. Let the reader judge. MALONE.

Ber. Change it, change it;
Be not so holy-cruel: love is holy;
And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts,
That you do charge men with: Stand no more off,
But give thyself unto my sick desires,
Who then recover: say, thou art mine, and ever
My love, as it begins, shall so persever.

Dia. I see, that men make hopes, in such a scene,
That we'll forsake ourselves [6]. Give me that ring.

Ber. I'll lend it thee, my dear, but have no power
To give it from me.

Dia. Will you not, my lord?

Ber. It is an honour 'longing to our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors;
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world

[6] *I see, that men make hopes, in such a* scene,
That we'll forsake ourselves.] i. e. I perceive that while our lovers are making professions of love, and *acting* their assumed parts in this kind of amorous *interlude*, they entertain hopes that we shall be betrayed by our passions to yield to their desires. So, in *Much ado about Nothing*: "The sport will be, when they hold an opinion of one another's dotage, and no such matter,—that's the *scene* that I would see," &c. Again, in the *Winter's Tale*:

"——— It shall be so my care
"To have you royally appointed, as if
"The *scene* you play, were mine."

The old copy reads:

I see, that men make *ropes* in such a *scarre*, &c.

which Mr. Rowe altered to—make *hopes* in such *affairs*; and all the subsequent editors adopted his correction. It being entirely arbitrary, any emendation that is nearer to the traces of the unintelligible word in the old copy, and affords at the same time an easy sense, is better entitled to a place in the text.

A corrupted passage in the first sketch of the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, suggested to me the emendation now introduced in the text. In the fifth act Fenton describes to the host his scheme for marrying Anne Page:

And in a robe of white this night disguised
(Wherein fat Falstaff had [r. hath] a mighty *scare*)
Must Slender, take her, &c.

It is manifest from the corresponding lines in the folio, that *scare* was printed by mistake for *scene*; for in the folio the passage runs—

"——— fat Falstaff
"Hath a great *scene*." MALONE.

In

In me to loſe.

Dia. Mine honour's ſuch a ring:
My chaſtity's the jewel of our houſe,
Bequeathed down from many anceſtors;
Which were the greateſt obloquy i'the world
In me to loſe: Thus your own proper wiſdom
Brings in the champion honour on my part,
Againſt your vain aſſault.

Ber. Here, take my ring:
My houſe, mine honour, yea, my life be thine,
And I'll be bid by thee.

Dia. When midnight comes, knock at my chamber window;
I'll order take, my mother ſhall not hear.
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden bed,
Remain there but an hour, nor ſpeak to me:
My reaſons are moſt ſtrong; and you ſhall know them,
When back again this ring ſhall be deliver'd:
And on your finger, in the night, I'll put
Another ring; that, what in time proceeds,
May token to the future our paſt deeds.
Adieu, till then; then, fail not: You have won
A wife of me, though there my hope be done.

Ber. A heaven on earth I have won, by wooing thee. [*Exit.*

Dia. For which live long to thank both heaven and me!
You may ſo in the end.—
My mother told me juſt how he would woo,
As if ſhe ſat in his heart; ſhe ſays, all men
Have the like oaths: he had ſworn to marry me,
When his wife's dead; therefore I'll lie with him,
When I am bury'd. Since Frenchmen are ſo braid[7],
Marry that will, I live and die a maid:
Only, in this diſguiſe, I think't no ſin
To cozen him, that would unjuſtly win. [*Exit.*

7 — *Since Frenchmen are ſo* braid,] *Braid* ſignifies *crafty* or *deceitful.* Bpeð is an Anglo-Saxon word, ſignifying *fraus, aſtus.* STEEVENS.

SCENE III.

The Florentine *Camp.*

Enter the two French *Lords, and two or three Soldiers.*

1. *Lord*[8]. You have not given him his mother's letter?

2. *Lord.* I have deliver'd it an hour ſince: there is ſomething in't that ſtings his nature; for, on the reading it, he changed almoſt into another man.

1. *Lord.* He has much worthy blame laid upon him, for ſhaking off ſo good a wife, and ſo ſweet a lady.

2. *Lord.* Eſpecially he hath incurr'd the everlaſting diſpleaſure of the king, who had even tuned his bounty to ſing happineſs to him. I will tell you a thing, but you ſhall let it dwell darkly with you.

1. *Lord.* When you have ſpoken it, 'tis dead, and I am the grave of it.

2. *Lord.* He hath perverted a young gentlewoman here in Florence, of a moſt chaſte renown; and this night he fleſhes his will in the ſpoil of her honour: he hath given her his monumental ring, and thinks himſelf made in the unchaſte compoſition.

1. *Lord.* Now God delay our rebellion; as we are ourſelves, what things are we!

2. *Lord.* Merely our own traitors. And as in the common courſe of all treaſons, we ſtill ſee them reveal them-

[8] 1. *Lord.*] The latter editors have with great liberality beſtowed lordſhip upon theſe interlocutors, who, in the original edition, are called with more propriety *capt.* E. and *capt.* G. JOHNSON.

Theſe two perſonages may be ſuppoſed to be two young French Lords ſerving in the Florentine camp, where they now appear in their military capacity. In the firſt ſcene where the two French Lords are introduced, taking leave of the king, they are called in the original edition, Lord E, and Lord G.

G. and E. were, I believe, only put to denote the players who performed theſe characters. In the liſt of actors prefixed to the firſt folio, I find the names of Gilburne and Eccleſtone, to whom theſe inſignificant parts probably fell. Perhaps, however, theſe performers firſt repreſented the French lords, and afterwards two captains in the Florentine army; and hence the confuſion of the old copy. In the firſt ſcene of this act, one of theſe captains is called throughout, 1. *Lord E.* The matter is of no great importance. MALONE.

ſelves,

ſelves, till they attain to their abhorr'd ends[9]; ſo he, that in this action contrives againſt his own nobility, in his proper ſtream o'erflows himſelf[1].

1. *Lord.* Is it not meant damnable in us[2], to be trumpeters of our unlawful intents? We ſhall not then have his company to-night?

2. *Lord.* Not till after midnight; for he is dieted to his hour.

1. *Lord.* That approaches apace: I would gladly have him ſee his company[3] anatomized; that he might take a meaſure of his own judgments[4], wherein ſo curiouſly he had ſet this counterfeit[5].

2. *Lord.* We will not meddle with him till he come; for his preſence muſt be the whip of the other.

9 — *till they attain to their abhorr'd ends*;] This may mean—they are perpetually talking about the miſchief they intend to do, till they have obtained an opportunity of doing it. STEEVENS.

1 — *in his proper ſtream o'erflows himſelf.*] That is, *betrays his own ſecrets in his own talk.* The reply ſhews that this is the meaning. JOHNSON.

2 *Is it not* meant damnable *in us*,] I once thought that we ought to read—Is it not *moſt* damnable; but no change is neceſſary. Adjectives are often uſed as adverbs by our author and his contemporaries. So, in the *Winter's Tale*:

" That did but ſhew thee, of a fool, inconſtant,
" And *damnable* ungrateful."

Again, in *Twelfth Night*: " — and as thou draweſt, ſwear *horrible*—."
Again, in the *Merry Wives of Windſor*:

" Let the ſuppoſed fairies pinch him *ſound*."

Again, in Maſſinger's *Very Woman*:

" I'll beat thee *damnable*." MALONE.

3 — *his* company—] i. e. his *companion*. The word is ſo uſed in *King Henry V.* See Vol. II. p. 450, n. 1. MALONE.

4 — *he might take a meaſure of his own judgments*,] This is a very juſt and moral reaſon. Bertram, by finding how erroneouſly he has judged, will be leſs confident, and more eaſily moved by admonition. JOHNSON.

5 — *wherein ſo curiouſly he had ſet this* counterfeit.] Parolles is the perſon whom they are going to anatomize. *Counterfeit*, beſides its ordinary ſignification,—[a perſon pretending to be what he is not,] ſignified alſo, in our author's time, a falſe coin, and a picture. The word *ſet* ſhews that it is here uſed in the firſt and the laſt of theſe ſenſes. MALONE.

1. *Lord.*

1. *Lord.* In the mean time, what hear you of theſe wars?

2. *Lord.* I hear, there is an overture of peace.

1. *Lord.* Nay, I aſſure you, a peace concluded.

2. *Lord.* What will count Rouſillon do then? will he travel higher, or return again into France?

1. *Lord.* I perceive by this demand, you are not altogether of his council.

2. *Lord.* Let it be forbid, ſir! ſo ſhould I be a great deal of his act.

2. *Lord.* Sir, his wife, ſome two months ſince, fled from his houſe; her pretence is a pilgrimage to Saint Jaques le grand; which holy undertaking, with moſt auſtere ſanctimony, ſhe accompliſh'd: and, there reſiding, the tenderneſs of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan of her laſt breath, and now ſhe ſings in heaven.

2. *Lord.* How is this juſtified?

1. *Lord.* The ſtronger part of it by her own letters; which make her ſtory true, even to the point of her death: her death itſelf, which could not be her office to ſay, is come, was faithfully confirm'd by the rector of the place.

2. *Lord.* Hath the count all this intelligence?

1. *Lord.* Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

2. *Lord.* I am heartily ſorry, that he'll be glad of this.

1. *Lord.* How mightily, ſometimes, we make us comforts of our loſſes!

2. *Lord.* And how mightily, ſome other times, we drown our gain in tears! The great dignity, that his valour hath here acquired for him, ſhall at home be encounter'd with a ſhame as ample.

1. *Lord.* The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whip'd them not; and our crimes would deſpair, if they were not cheriſh'd by our virtues.—

Enter a Servant.

How now? where's your maſter?

Serv. He met the duke in the ſtreet, ſir, of whom he hath

hath taken a ſolemn leave; his lordſhip will next morning for France. The duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the king.

2. *Lord.* They ſhall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

Enter BERTRAM.

1. *Lord.* They cannot be too ſweet for the king's tartneſs. Here's his lordſhip now. How now, my lord, is't not after midnight?

Ber. I have to-night diſpatch'd ſixteen buſineſſes, a month's length a-piece, by an abſtract of ſucceſs: I have conge'd with the duke, done my adieu with his neareſt; buried a wife, mourn'd for her; writ to my lady mother, I am returning; entertain'd my convoy; and, between theſe main parcels of diſpatch, effected many nicer needs: the laſt was the greateſt, but that I have not ended yet.

2. *Lord.* If the buſineſs be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haſte of your lordſhip.

Ber. I mean, the buſineſs is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter: But ſhall we have this dialogue between the fool and the ſoldier?—Come, bring forth this counterfeit module[6]; he has deceived me, like a double-meaning propheſier.

2. *Lord.* Bring him forth: [*Exeunt ſoldiers.*] he has ſat in the ſtocks all night, poor gallant knave.

Ber. No matter; his heels have deſerved it, in uſurping his ſpurs ſo long*. How does he carry himſelf?

6 — *bring forth this counterfeit* module;] *Module* being the *pattern* of any thing, may be here uſed in that ſenſe. Bring forth this fellow, who, by *counterfeit* virtue pretended to make himſelf a *pattern*. JOHNSON.

It appears from Minſheu that *module* and *model* were ſynonimous. In *K. Richard II. model* ſignifies a thing faſhioned after an archetype:

" Who was the *model* of thy father's life."

Again, in another play:

" The *model* of our chaſte loves, my young daughter."

Our author, I believe, uſes the word here in the ſame ſenſe:—Bring forth this counterfeit *repreſentation* of a ſoldier. MALONE.

* — *in uſurping his ſpurs ſo long.*] The puniſhment of a *recreant* or coward, was to have his ſpurs hacked off. MALONE.

1. *Lord.*

1. *Lord.* I have told your lordſhip already; the ſtocks carry him. But, to anſwer you as you would be underſtood; he weeps, like a wench that had ſhed her milk: he hath confeſs'd himſelf to Morgan, whom he ſuppoſes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance, to this very inſtant diſaſter of his ſetting i'the ſtocks: And what, think you, he hath confeſs'd?

Ber. Nothing of me, has he?

2. *Lord.* His confeſſion is taken, and it ſhall be read to his face: if your lordſhip be in't, as, I believe you are, you muſt have the patience to hear it.

Re-enter Soldiers, with PAROLLES.

Ber. A plague upon him! muffled! he can ſay nothing of me; huſh! huſh!

1. *Lord.* Hoodman comes!—*Porto tartaroſſa.*

1. *Sold.* He calls for the tortures; What will you ſay without 'em?

Par. I will confeſs what I know without conſtraint: if ye pinch me like a paſty, I can ſay no more.

1. *Sold. Boſko chimurcho.*

2. *Lord. Boblibindo chicurmurco.*

1. *Sold.* You are a merciful general:—Our general bids you anſwer to what I ſhall aſk you out of a note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live.

1. *Sold. Firſt demand of him how many horſe the duke is ſtrong.* What ſay you to that?

Par. Five or ſix thouſand; but very weak and unſerviceable: the troops are all ſcatter'd, and the commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

1. *Sold.* Shall I ſet down your anſwer ſo?

Par. Do; I'll take the ſacrament on't, how and which way you will.

Ber. All's one to him[7]. What a paſt-ſaving ſlave is this!

1. *Lord.* You are deceived, my lord; this is monſieur

[7] *All's one to him.*] In the old copy theſe words are given by miſtake to Parolles. The preſent regulation, which is clearly right, was ſuggeſted by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

Parolles, the gallant militariſt, (that was his own phraſe,) that had the whole theorick[8] of war in the knot of his ſcarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger.

2. *Lord.* I will never truſt a man again, for keeping his ſword clean; nor believe he can have every thing in him, by wearing his apparel neatly.

1. *Sold.* Well, that's ſet down.

Par. Five or ſix thouſand horſe, I ſaid,—I will ſay true,—or thereabouts, ſet down,—for I'll ſpeak truth.

1. *Lord.* He's very near the truth in this.

Ber. But I con him no thanks for't[9], in the nature he delivers it[1].

Par. Poor rogues, I pray you, ſay.

1. *Sold.* Well, that's ſet down.

Par. I humbly thank you, ſir: a truth's a truth, the rogues are marvellous poor.

1. *Sold. Demand of him, of what ſtrength they are a-foot.* What ſay you to that?

Par. By my troth, ſir, if I were to live this preſent hour[2], I will tell true. Let me ſee: Spurio a hundred and fifty, Sebaſtian ſo many, Corambus ſo many, Jaques ſo many; Guiltian, Coſmo, Lodowick, and Gratii, two hundred fifty each: mine own company, Chitopher, Vaumond, Bentii, two hundred fifty each: ſo that the muſter file, rotten and ſound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thouſand poll; half of the which dare not

8 — *the whole* theorick] i. e. the whole *theory*. So, in Montaigne's *Eſſaies* tranſlated by J. Florio, 1603: "They know the *theorique* of all things, but you muſt ſeek who ſhall put it in practice." MALONE.

9 — *I con him no thanks for't,*—] To *con thanks* may exactly anſwer the French *ſçavoir gré*. To *con* is to know. STEEVENS.

1 — *in the nature he delivers it.*] He has ſaid truly that our numbers are about five or ſix thouſand; but having deſcribed them as "weak and unſerviceable," &c. I am not much obliged to him. MALONE.

2 — *if I were to* live *this preſent hour,* &c.] I do not underſtand this paſſage. Perhaps (as an anonymous correſpondent obſerves) we ſhould read "—if I were to live *but* this preſent hour. STEEVENS.

Perhaps he meant to ſay—if I were to *die* this preſent hour. But fear may be ſuppoſed to occaſion the miſtake, as poor frighted Scrub cries, "Spare all I have, and take my *life*." TOLLET.

ſhake

ſhake the ſnow from off their caſſocks [3], leſt they ſhake themſelves to pieces.

Ber. What ſhall be done to him?

1. *Lord.* Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my conditions [4], and what credit I have with the duke.

1. *Sold.* Well, that's ſet down. *You ſhall demand of him, whether one Captain Dumain be i'the camp, a Frenchman; what his reputation is with the duke, what his valour, honeſty, and expertneſs in wars; or whether he thinks, it were not poſſible with well-weighing ſums of gold to corrupt him to a revolt.* What ſay you to this? what do you know of it?

Par. I beſeech you, let me anſwer to the particular of the intergatories [5]: Demand them ſingly.

1. *Sold.* Do you know this captain Dumain?

Par. I know him: he was a botcher's 'prentice in Paris, from whence he was whip'd for getting the ſheriff's fool with child; a dumb innocent, that could not ſay him, nay [6]. [Dumain *lifts up his hand in anger.*

Ber. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; though I know, his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.

1. *Sold.* Well, is this captain in the duke of Florence's camp?

Par. Upon my knowledge, he is, and louſy.

1. *Lord.* Nay, look not ſo upon me; we ſhall hear of your lordſhip [7] anon.

[3] — *off their* caſſocks,] *Caſſock* ſignifies a horſeman's looſe coat, and is uſed in that ſenſe by the writers of the age of Shakſpeare. STEEVENS.

[4] — *my* conditions,—] i. e. my diſpoſition and character. See p. 136, n. 6. MALONE.

[5] — *of the* intergatories:] i. e. *interrogatories*. The word was frequently ſo written in our author's time. MALONE.

[6] — *he was whip'd for getting the ſheriff's fool with child; a dumb* innocent, *that could not ſay him nay.*] *Innocent* does not here ſignify a perſon without guilt or blame; but means, in the good-natured language of our anceſtors, an *ideot* or *natural* fool. Agreeably to this ſenſe of the word is the following entry of a burial in the pariſh Regiſter of *Charlewood in Surrey*: "Thomas Sole, an *innocent* about the age of fifty years and upwards, buried 19th September, 1605." WHALLEY.

[7] — *your* lordſhip—] The old copy has *Lord*. In the Mſs. of our author's age they ſcarcely ever wrote *Lordſhip* at full length. MALONE.

1. *Sold.*

1. *Sold.* What is his reputation with the duke?

Par. The duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine; and writ to me this other day, to turn him out o'the band: I think, I have his letter in my pocket.

1. *Sold.* Marry, we'll ſearch.

Par. In good ſadneſs, I do not know; either it is there, or it is upon a file, with the duke's other letters, in my tent.

1. *Sold.* Here 'tis; here's a paper; Shall I read it to you?

Par. I do not know, if it be it, or no.

Ber. Our interpreter does it well.

1. *Lord.* Excellently.

1. *Sold.* Dian, *The count's a fool, and full of gold*[7],—

Par. That is not the duke's letter, ſir; that is an advertiſement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurement of one count Rouſillon, a fooliſh idle boy, but, for all that, very ruttiſh: I pray you, ſir, put it up again.

1. *Sold.* Nay, I'll read it firſt by your favour.

Par. My meaning in't, I proteſt, was very honeſt in the behalf of the maid: for I knew the young count to be a dangerous and laſcivious boy; who is a whale to virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds.

Ber. Damnable, both ſides rogue!

1. Sold. *When he ſwears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it;*
After he ſcores, he never pays the ſcore:
Half won, is match well made; match, and well make it[8];
He ne'er pays after-debts, take it before;

[7] *Dian, the count's a fool, and full of gold,*] After this line there is apparently a line loſt, there being no rhime that correſponds to *gold.* JOHNSON.

I believe this line is incomplete. The poet might have written: Dian.

The count'a fool, and full of golden ſtore—or *ore*;

and this addition rhimes with the following alternate verſes. STEEV.

May we not ſuppoſe the former part of the letter to have been proſe, as the concluding words are? The ſonnet intervenes. MALONE.

[8] *Half won, is match well made; match, and well make it:*] Gain half of what he offers, and you are well off; if you yield to him, make your bargain ſecure. MALONE.

And

And say, a soldier, Dian, *told thee this,*
Men are to mell with, boys are not to kiss[9]:
For count of this, the count's a fool, I know it,
Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.

Thine, as he vow'd to thee in thine ear,

PAROLLES.

Ber. He shall be whip'd through the army, with this rhime in his forehead.

2. *Lord.* This is your devoted friend, sir, the manifold linguist, and the armipotent soldier.

Ber. I could endure any thing before but a cat, and now he's a cat to me.

1. *Sold.* I perceive, sir, by the general's looks[1], we shall be fain to hang you.

Par. My life, sir, in any case: not that I am afraid to die; but that, my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature: let me live, sir, in a dungeon, i'the stocks, or any where, so I may live.

1. *Sold.* We'll see what may be done, so you confess freely; therefore, once more to this captain Dumain: You have answer'd to his reputation with the duke, and to his valour; What is his honesty?

[9] *Men are to mell with, boys are* not *to kiss:*] Mr. Theobald and the subsequent editors read—"boys are *but* to kiss." I do not see any need of change, nor do I believe that any opposition was intended between the words *mell* and *kiss*. Parolles wishes to recommend himself to Diana, and for that purpose advises her to grant her favours to *men*, not to *boys*.—He himself calls his letter, "An advertisement to Diana to take heed of the allurement of one count Rousillon, a foolish idle *boy*."

To *mell* is used by our author's contemporaries in the sense of *medling*, without the indecent idea which Mr. Theobald supposed to be couched under the word in this place. So, in Hall's *Satires*, 1597:

"Hence, ye profane; *mell* not with holy things."

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. IV. c. 1:

"With holy father fits not with such things to *mell*."

MALONE.

[1] — *by* the *general's looks,*] The old copy has—by *your*. The emendation was made by the editor of the third folio, and the misprint probably arose from ye in the Ms. being taken for yr. MALONE.

Par.

Par. He will ſteal, ſir, an egg out of a cloiſter[2]; for rapes and raviſhments he parallels Neſſus. He profeſſes not keeping of oaths; in breaking them, he is ſtronger than Hercules. He will lie, ſir, with ſuch volubility, that you would think truth were a fool: drunkenneſs is his beſt virtue; for he will be ſwine-drunk; and in his ſleep he does little harm, ſave to his bed-clothes about him; but they know his conditions*, and lay him in ſtraw. I have but little more to ſay, ſir, of his honeſty: he has every thing that an honeſt man ſhould not have; what an honeſt man ſhould have, he has nothing.

1. *Lord.* I begin to love him for this.

Ber. For this deſcription of thine honeſty? A pox upon him for me, he is more and more a cat.

1. *Sold.* What ſay you to his expertneſs in war?

Par. Faith, ſir, he has led the drum before the Engliſh tragedians,—to belie him, I will not,—and more of his ſoldierſhip I know not; except, in that country, he had the honour to be the officer at a place there call'd Mile-end[3], to inſtruct for the doubling of files: I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

1. *Lord.* He hath out-villain'd villainy ſo far, that the rarity redeems him.

Ber. A pox on him! he's a cat ſtill[4].

[2] — *an egg out of a cloiſter*;] Perhaps the meaning is, *He will ſteal any thing, however trifling, from any place, however holy.* JOHNSON.

* — *his* conditions,] See p. 446, n. 4. MALONE.

[3] — *at a place there call'd Mile-end,*] See a note on *K. Henry IV.* P. II. Act III. ſc. ii. MALONE.

[4] — *he's a cat ſtill.*] The count had ſaid, that formerly a cat was the only thing in the world which he could not endure; but that now Parolles was as much the object of his averſion as that animal. After Parolles has gone through his next liſt of falſhoods, the count adds, "he's more and more a cat,"—ſtill more and more the object of my averſion than he was. As Parolles proceeds ſtill further, one of the Frenchmen obſerves, that the ſingularity of his impudence and villainy redeems his character.—Not at all, replies the count; "he's a cat ſtill;" he is as hateful to me as ever. There cannot therefore, I think, be any doubt that Dr. Johnſon's interpretation, "—throw him how you will, he lights upon his legs,"—is founded on a miſapprehenſion. MALONE.

1. *Sold.* His qualities being at this poor price, I need not to ask you, if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

Par. Sir, for a *quart d'ecu* [5] he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it; and cut the intail from all remainders, and a perpetual succession for it perpetually.

1. *Sold.* What's his brother, the other captain Dumain?

2. *Lord.* Why does he ask him of me [6]?

1. *Sold.* What's he?

Par. E'en a crow of the same nest; not altogether so great as the first in goodness, but greater a great deal in evil. He excels his brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is: In a retreat he out-runs any lackey; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

1. *Sold.* If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine?

Par. Ay, and the captain of his horse, count Rousillon.

1. *Sold.* I'll whisper with the general, and know his pleasure.

Par. I'll no more drumming; a plague of all drums! Only to seem to deserve well, and to beguile the supposition [7] of that lascivious young boy the count, have I run into this danger: Yet, who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken? [*aside.*

1. *Sold.* There is no remedy, sir, but you must die: the general says, you, that have so traiterously discovered the secrets of your army, and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest use; therefore you must die. Come, headsman, off with his head.

[5] — *for a* quart d'ecu—] The fourth part of the smaller French crown; about eight pence of our money. MALONE.

[6] *Why does he ask him of me?*] This is nature. Every man is on such occasions more willing to hear his neighbour's character than his own. JOHNSON.

[7] — *to beguile the supposition*—] That is, *to deceive the opinion*, to make the count think me a man that *deserves well*. JOHNSON.

Par.

Par. O Lord, ſir; let me live, or let me ſee my death!

1. *Sold.* That ſhall you, and take your leave of all your friends. [*unbinding him.*
So, look about you; Know you any here?

Ber. Good-morrow, noble captain.

2. *Lord.* God bleſs you, captain Parolles.

1. *Lord.* God ſave you, noble captain.

2. *Lord.* Captain, what greeting will you to my lord Lafeu? I am for France.

1. *Lord.* Good captain, will you give me a copy of the ſonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of the count Rouſillon? an I were not a very coward, I'd compel it of you; but fare you well.

[*Exeunt* BERTRAM, Lords, *&c.*

1. *Sold.* You are undone, captain; all but your ſcarf, that has a knot on't yet.

Par. Who cannot be cruſh'd with a plot?

1. *Sold.* If you could find out a country where but women were that had received ſo much ſhame, you might begin an impudent nation. Fare you well, ſir; I am for France too; we ſhall ſpeak of you there. [*Exit.*

Par. Yet am I thankful: if my heart were great,
'Twould burſt at this: Captain I'll be no more;
But I will eat and drink, and ſleep as ſoft
As captain ſhall: ſimply the thing I am
Shall make me live. Who knows himſelf a braggart,
Let him fear this; for it will come to paſs,
That every braggart ſhall be found an aſs.
Ruſt, ſword! cool, bluſhes! and, Parolles, live
Safeſt in ſhame! being fool'd, by foolery thrive!
There's place, and means, for every man alive.
I'll after them. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Florence. *A Room in the Widow's Houſe.*

Enter HELENA, Widow, *and* DIANA.

Hel. That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you,
One of the greateſt in the chriſtian world
Shall be my ſurety; 'fore whoſe throne, 'tis needful,
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel:
Time was, I did him a deſired office,
Dear almoſt as his life; which gratitude
Through flinty Tartar's boſom would peep forth,
And anſwer, thanks: I duly am inform'd,
His grace is at Marſeilles[8]; to which place
We have convenient convoy. You muſt know,
I am ſuppoſed dead: the army breaking,
My huſband hies him home; where, heaven aiding,
And by the leave of my good lord the king,
We'll be, before our welcome.

Wid. Gentle madam,
You never had a ſervant, to whoſe truſt
Your buſineſs was more welcome.

Hel. Nor you*, miſtreſs,
Ever a friend, whoſe thoughts more truly labour
To recompence your love; doubt not, but heaven
Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dower,
As it hath fated her to be my motive[9]
And helper to a huſband. But O ſtrange men!
That can ſuch ſweet uſe make of what they hate,

[8] *His grace is at* Marſeilles; &c.] From this line, and others, it appears that *Marſeilles* was pronounced by our author as a word of three ſyllables. The old copy has here *Marcellæ*, and in the laſt ſcene of this act *Marcellus*. MALONE.

* *Nor* you,] Old Copy—Nor *your*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[9] — *my* motive] *Motive* for aſſiſtant. WARBURTON.
Rather for *mover*. So, in the laſt act of this play:
" —— all impediments in fancy's courſe
" Are *motives* of more fancy." MALONE.

When

When saucy trusting of the cozen'd thoughts
Defiles the pitchy night[1]! so lust doth play
With what it loaths, for that which is away:
But more of this hereafter:—You, Diana,
Under my poor instructions yet must suffer
Something in my behalf.

Dia. Let death and honesty
Go with your impositions[2], I am yours
Upon your will to suffer.

Hel. Yet, I pray you,—
But with the word, the time will bring on summer[3],
When briars shall have leaves as well as thorns,
And be as sweet as sharp[4]. We must away;
Our waggon is prepar'd, and time revives us[5]:
All's well that ends well: still the fine's[6] the crown;
Whate'er the course, the end is the renown. [*Exeunt.*

[1] *When* saucy *trusting of the cozen'd thoughts*
Defiles the pitchy night!] *Saucy* may very properly signify *luxurious*, and by consequence *lascivious*. JOHNSON.
So, in *Measure for Measure*:
" ——— as to remit
" Their *saucy* sweetness, that do coin heaven's image
" In stamps that are forbid." MALONE.

[2] —*your impositions,*] i. e. your commands. See Vol. I. p. 168, n. 5. MALONE.

[3] *But* with the word, *the time will bring on summer,*] *With the word*, i. e. in an instant of time. WARBURTON.
I would read:
Yet I *pray* you
But with the word: the time will bring &c.
And then the sense will be, " I only frighten you by mentioning the word *suffer*; for a short time will bring on the season of happiness and delight." BLACKSTONE.

[4] *When briars shall have leaves as well as thorns,*
And be as sweet as sharp.] The meaning of this observation is, that as *briars* have *sweetness* with their *prickles*, so shall these *troubles* be recompensed with *joy*. JOHNSON.

[5] *Our waggon is prepar'd, and* time *revives us*;] *Time* revives us, may mean, it *rouses* us. So, in another play of our author:
" ——— I would *revive* the soldiers' hearts,
" Because I found them ever as myself." STEEVENS.

[6] —*the* fine's—] i. e. the end. So, in the *London Prodigal*, 1605:
" Nature hath done the last for me, and there's the *fine*."
MALONE.

SCENE V.

Rouſillon. *A Room in the Count's Palace.*

Enter Counteſs, LAFEU, *and* Clown.

Laf. No, no, no, your ſon was miſled with a ſnipt-taffata fellow there; whoſe villainous ſaffron would have made all the unbaked and doughy youth of a nation in his colour[7]: your daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour; and your ſon here at home, more advanced by the king, than by that red-tail'd humble-bee I ſpeak of.

Count. I would, I had not known him[8]! it was the death of the moſt virtuous gentlewoman, that ever nature had praiſe for creating: if ſhe had partaken of my fleſh, and coſt me the deareſt groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

Laf. 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady: we may pick a thouſand ſallads, ere we light on ſuch another herb.

Clown. Indeed, ſir, ſhe was the ſweet-marjoram of the ſallet, or, rather, the herb of grace.

Laf. They are not ſallet-herbs, you knave, they are noſe-herbs.

Clown. I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, ſir; I have not much ſkill in graſs[9].

7 — *whoſe villainous ſaffron would have made all the unbaked and doughy youth of a nation in his colour:*] Whoſe evil qualities are of ſo deep a dye, as to be ſufficient to corrupt the moſt innocent, and to render them of the ſame diſpoſition with himſelf. Parolles is the perſon meant. Dr. Warburton thinks that there is an alluſion here to Mrs. Turner, (the infamous accomplice of the Earl of Somerſet, in the poiſoning of Sir Thomas Overbury,) "who was hanged at Tyburn in 1613, in a *yellow ruff* of her own invention." But the play was probably written ſeveral years before that event. MALONE.

The general cuſtom of that time, of colouring *paſte* with ſaffron, is alluded to. So, in the *Winter's Tale:* "I muſt have ſaffron to colour the warden pyes." WARBURTON.

8 — *I would, I had not known him!*] This dialogue ſerves to connect the incidents of Parolles with the main plan of the play. JOHNSON.

9 — *in graſs.*] The old copy, by an evident error of the preſs, reads —*grace.* The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. The word *ſallet* in the preceding ſpeech was alſo ſupplied by him. MALONE.

Laf.

Laf. Whether doſt thou profeſs thyſelf; a knave, or a fool?

Clown. A fool, ſir, at a woman's ſervice, and a knave at a man's.

Laf. Your diſtinction?

Clown. I would cozen the man of his wife, and do his ſervice.

Laf. So you were a knave at his ſervice, indeed.

Clown. And I would give his wife my bauble, ſir, to do her ſervice [1].

Laf. I will ſubſcribe for thee; thou art both knave and fool.

Clown. At your ſervice.

Laf. No, no, no.

Clown. Why, ſir, if I cannot ſerve you, I can ſerve as great a prince as you are.

Laf. Who's that? a Frenchman?

Clown. Faith, ſir, he has an Engliſh name [2]; but his phiſnomy is more hotter in France, than there [3].

Laf. What prince is that?

Clown. The black prince, ſir, *alias*, the prince of darkneſs; *alias*, the devil.

Laf. Hold thee, there's my purſe: I give thee not this to ſuggeſt thee [4] from thy maſter thou talk'ſt of; ſerve him ſtill.

1 — *I would give his wife my* bauble, *ſir, to do her ſervice.*] Part of the furniture of a *fool* was a *bauble*, which though it be generally taken to ſignify any thing of ſmall value, has a preciſe and determinable meaning. It is, in ſhort, a kind of truncheon with a head carved on it, which the *fool* anciently carried in his hand. Sir John Hawkins.

In the Stultifera Navis, 1497, are ſeveral repreſentations of this inſtrument, as well as in *Cocke Lorelles Bote*, printed by Wynkyn de Worde. An ancient proverb in Ray's collection points out the materials of which theſe *baubles* were made: "If every fool ſhould wear a *bable*, jewel would be dear." See figure 12, in the plate at the end of the *Second Part of King Henry IV.* with Mr. Tollet's explanation. Steevens.

2 — *an Engliſh* name;] The old copy reads—*maine*. Steevens. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. Malone.

3 — *his phiſnomy is more hotter in France, than there.*] The alluſion is, in all probability, to the *Morbus Gallicus*. Steevens.

4 — *to* ſuggeſt *thee*—] To *ſuggeſt* anciently ſignified to *ſeduce*. See Vol. I, p. 139, n. 6. Steevens.

Clown. I am a woodland fellow, ſir, that always loved a great fire; and the maſter I ſpeak of, ever keeps a good fire. But, ſure, he is the prince of the world [5], let his nobility remain in his court. I am for the houſe with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter: ſome, that humble themſelves, may; but the many will be too chill and tender; and they'll be for the flowery way, that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire.

Laf. Go thy ways, I begin to be a-weary of thee; and I tell thee ſo before, becauſe I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways; let my horſes be well look'd to, without any tricks.

Clown. If I put any tricks upon 'em, ſir, they ſhall be jades' tricks; which are their own right by the law of nature. [*Exit.*

Laf. A ſhrewd knave, and an unhappy [6].

Count. So he is. My lord, that's gone, made himſelf much ſport out of him: by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his ſaucineſs; and, indeed, he has no pace, but runs where he will [7].

Laf. I like him well; 'tis not amiſs: and I was about to tell you, Since I heard of the good lady's death, and that my lord your ſon was upon his return home, I moved the king my maſter, to ſpeak in the behalf of my daughter; which, in the minority of them both, his majeſty, out of a ſelf-gracious remembrance, did firſt propoſe: his highneſs hath promiſed me to do it: and, to ſtop up the diſpleaſure he hath conceived againſt your ſon, there is no fitter matter. How does your ladyſhip like it?

Count. With very much content, my lord, and I wiſh it happily effected.

[5] —*But*, ſure, *he is the prince of the world*,] I think we ſhould read —*But* ſince *he is* &c. and thus Sir T. Hanmer. STEEVENS.

[6] — *unhappy*.] That is, *miſchievouſly waggiſh*, *unlucky*. JOHNSON. See Vol. II. p. 234, n. 2. MALONE.

[7] — *he has no* pace, *but runs where he will*.] Should not we read—no *place*, that is, no *ſtation*, or *office* in the family. TYRWHITT.

A *pace* is a certain or preſcribed walk; ſo we ſay of a man meanly obſequious, that he has learned his *paces*, and of a horſe who moves irregularly, that he has *no paces*. JOHNSON.

Laf.

Laf. His highneſs comes poſt from Marſeilles, of as able body as when he number'd thirty; he will be here to-morrow, or I am deceived by him that in ſuch intelligence hath ſeldom fail'd.

Count. It rejoices me, that I hope I ſhall ſee him ere I die. I have letters, that my ſon will be here to-night: I ſhall beſeech your lordſhip, to remain with me till they meet together.

Laf. Madam, I was thinking, with what manners I might ſafely be admitted.

Count. You need but plead your honourable privilege.

Laf. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter; but, I thank my God, it holds yet.

Re-enter Clown.

Clown. O madam, yonder's my lord your ſon with a patch of velvet on's face: whether there be a ſcar under it, or no, the velvet knows; but 'tis a goodly patch of velvet: his left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

Laf. A ſcar nobly got, or a noble ſcar, is a good livery of honour: ſo, belike, is that *.

Clown. But it is your carbonado'd face [8].

Laf. Let us go ſee your ſon, I pray you; I long to talk with the young noble ſoldier.

Clown. 'Faith, there's a dozen of 'em, with delicate fine hats, and moſt courteous feathers, which bow the head, and nod at every man. [*Exeunt.*

* Laf. *A ſcar nobly got*, &c.] This ſpeech in the ſecond folio and the modern editions is given to the counteſs, and perhaps rightly. It is more probable that ſhe ſhould have ſpoken thus favourably of Bertram, than Lafeu. In the original copy, to each of the ſpeeches of the counteſs *Lad.* or *La.* [i. e. *Lady*] is prefixed; ſo that the miſtake was very eaſy. MALONE.

[8] — *your* carbonado'd *face.*] *Carbonado'd* means ſcotched like a piece of meat for the gridiron. STEEVENS.

The word is again uſed in *King Lear*. Kent ſays to the Steward, "I'll *carbonado* your ſhanks for you." MALONE.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Marſeilles. *A Street.*

Enter HELENA, Widow, *and* DIANA, *with two Attendants.*

Hel. But this exceeding poſting, day and night,
Muſt wear your ſpirits low: we cannot help it;
But, ſince you have made the days and nights as one,
To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs,
Be bold, you do ſo grow in my requital,
As nothing can unroot you. In happy time;—

Enter a gentle Aſtringer[9].

This man may help me to his majeſty's ear,
If he would ſpend his power.—God ſave you, ſir.

Gent. And you.

Hel. Sir, I have ſeen you in the court of France.

Gent. I have been ſometimes there.

Hel. I do preſume, ſir, that you are not fallen
From the report that goes upon your goodneſs;
And therefore, goaded with moſt ſharp occaſions,
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to
The uſe of your own virtues, for the which
I ſhall continue thankful.

Gent. What's your will?

Hel. That it will pleaſe you
To give this poor petition to the king;
And aid me with that ſtore of power you have,
To come into his preſence.

9 *Enter a gentle* Aſtringer.] An *oſtringer* or *aſtringer* is a falconer, and ſuch a character was probable to be met with about a court which was famous for the love of that diverſion. So, in *Hamlet*:

" We'll e'en to it like French *Falconers*."

A *gentle aſtringer* is a *gentleman falconer*. The word is derived from *oſtercus* or *auſtercus*, a goſhawk, [from the French *auſtour*;] and thus, ſays Cowell in his *Law Dictionary*: " We uſually call a falconer who keeps that kind of hawk, an *auſtringer*." STEEVENS.

Gent. The king's not here.

Hel. Not here, sir?

Gent. Not, indeed:
He hence remov'd last night, and with more haste
Than is his use.

Wid. Lord, how we lose our pains!

Hel. All's well that ends well, yet;
Though time seem so adverse, and means unfit.—
I do beseech you, whither is he gone?

Gent. Marry, as I take it, to Rousillon;
Whither I am going.

Hel. I do beseech you, sir,
Since you are like to see the king before me,
Commend the paper to his gracious hand;
Which, I presume, shall render you no blame,
But rather make you thank your pains for it:
I will come after you, with what good speed
Our means will make us means[1].

Gent. This I'll do for you.

Hel. And you shall find yourself to be well thank'd,
What-e'er falls more.—We must to horse again;—
Go, go, provide. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Rousillon. *The inner Court of the Count's Palace.*

Enter Clown *and* PAROLLES.

Par. Good Mr. Lavatch, give my lord Lafeu this letter: I have ere now, sir, been better known to you, when I have held familiarity with fresher clothes; but I am now, sir, muddy'd in fortune's mood, and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure[2].

Clown.

[1] *Our means will make us means.*] Shakspeare delights much in this kind of reduplication, sometimes so as to obscure his meaning. Helena says, *they will follow with such speed as the means which they have will give them ability to exert.* JOHNSON.

[2] — *but I am now, sir, muddy'd in fortune's mood, and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.*] By the whimsical *caprice* of Fortune, I am fallen into the mud, and smell somewhat strong of her displeasure. In *Pericles, Prince of Tyre,* 1609, we meet with the same phrase: "— but

Clown. Truly, fortune's diſpleaſure is but ſluttiſh, if it ſmell ſo ſtrongly as thou ſpeak'ſt of: I will henceforth eat no fiſh of fortune's buttering. Pr'ythee, allow the wind[3].

Par. Nay, you need not to ſtop your noſe, ſir; I ſpake but by a metaphor.

Clown. Indeed, ſir, if your metaphor ſtink, I will ſtop my noſe; or againſt any man's metaphor. Pr'ythee, get thee further.

Par. Pray you, ſir, deliver me this paper.

Clown. Foh! pr'ythee, ſtand away; A paper from fortune's cloſe-ſtool to give to a nobleman! Look, here he comes himſelf.

Enter LAFEU.

Here is a pur of fortune's, ſir, or of fortune's cat, (but not a muſk-cat,) that has fallen into the unclean fiſhpond of her diſpleaſure, and, as he ſays, is muddy'd withal: Pray you, ſir, uſe the carp as you may; for he looks like a poor, decay'd, ingenious, fooliſh, raſcally knave. I do pity his diſtreſs in my ſmiles of comfort[4], and leave him to your lordſhip. [*Exit* Clown.

" ——— but *Fortune's mood*
" Varies again."

Mood is again uſed for *reſentment* or *caprice*, in *Othello*: "You are but now caſt in his *mood*, a puniſhment more in policy than in malice." Again, for *anger*, in the old *Taming of a Shrew*, 1607:

" ——— This brain-ſick man,
" That in his *mood* cares not to murder me."

Dr. Warburton in his edition changed *mood* into *moat*, and his emendation was adopted, I think, without neceſſity, by the ſubſequent editors. All the expreſſions enumerated by him, —"I will eat no *fiſh*,"— " he hath fallen into the unclean *fiſhpond* of her diſpleaſure," &c.— agree ſufficiently well with the text, without any change. Parolles having talked metaphorically of being *muddy'd* by the diſpleaſure of fortune, the clown, to render him ridiculous, ſuppoſes him to have actually fallen into a *fiſhpond*. MALONE.

3 — *allow the wind.*] i. e. ſtand to the windward of me. STEEV.

4 *I do pity his diſtreſs in my* ſmiles *of comfort,*] The meaning is, I teſtify my pity for his diſtreſs, by encouraging him with a gracious ſmile. The old reading [which Dr. Warburton changed to *ſimiles*] may ſtand. HEATH.

Par.

Par. My lord, I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly ſcratch'd.

Laf. And what would you have me to do? 'tis too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you play'd the knave with fortune, that ſhe ſhould ſcratch you, who of herſelf is a good lady, and would not have knaves thrive long under her[5]? There's a *quart d'ecu* for you: Let the juſtices make you and fortune friends; I am for other buſineſs.

Par. I beſeech your honour, to hear me one ſingle word.

Laf. You beg a ſingle penny more: come, you ſhall ha't; ſave your word[6].

Par. My name, my good lord, is Parolles.

Laf. You beg more than one word then[7].—Cox' my paſſion! give me your hand:—How does your drum?

Par. O my good lord, you were the firſt that found me.

Laf. Was I, in ſooth? and I was the firſt that loſt thee.

Par. It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in ſome grace, for you did bring me out.

Laf. Out upon thee, knave! doſt thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the devil? one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. [*Trumpets ſound.*] The king's coming, I know by his trumpets.—Sirrah, inquire further after me; I had talk of you laſt night: though you are a fool and a knave, you ſhall eat[8]; go to, follow.

Par. I praiſe God for you. [*Exeunt.*

5 — *under* her?] *Her*, which is not in the firſt copy was ſupplied by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

6 — *ſave your word.*] i. e. you need not aſk;—here it is. MALONE.

7 *You beg more than* one word *then.*] A quibble is intended on the word *Parolles*, which in French is plural, and ſignifies *words*. *One*, which is not found in the old copy, was added, perhaps unneceſſarily, by the editor of the third folio. MALONE.

8 — *you ſhall eat*;] Parolles has many of the lineaments of Falſtaff, and ſeems to be the character which Shakſpeare delighted to draw, a fellow that had more wit than virtue. Though juſtice required that he ſhould be detected and expoſed, yet his *vices ſit ſo fit in him* that he is not at laſt ſuffered to ſtarve. JOHNSON.

SCENE

SCENE III.

The same. A Room in the Count's Palace.

Flouriſh. Enter King, Counteſs, LAFEU, *Lords, Gentlemen, Guards, &c.*

King. We loſt a jewel of her; and our eſteem [9]
Was made much poorer by it: but your ſon,
As mad in folly, lack'd the ſenſe to know
Her eſtimation home [1].

Count. 'Tis paſt, my liege:
And I beſeech your majeſty to make it
Natural rebellion, done i'the blade of youth [2];
When oil and fire, too ſtrong for reaſon's force,
O'erbears it, and burns on.

King. My honour'd lady,
I have forgiven and forgotten all:
Though my revenges were high bent upon him,
And watch'd the time to ſhoot.

Laf. This I muſt ſay,—
But firſt I beg my pardon,—The young lord
Did to his majeſty, his mother, and his lady,
Offence of mighty note; but to himſelf
The greateſt wrong of all: he loſt a wife,
Whoſe beauty did aſtoniſh the ſurvey

[9] — eſteem] *Eſteem* is here *reckoning* or *eſtimate*. Since the loſs of *Helen* with her *virtues* and *qualifications*, our *account* is *ſunk*; what we have to *reckon* ourſelves king of, is much *poorer* than before. JOHNSON.

[1] — *home.*] That is, *completely, in its full extent*. JOHNSON.
So, in *Macbeth*: "That thruſted *home*," &c. MALONE.

[2] — blade *of youth*;] In the *ſpring* of *early life*, when the man is yet *green*. *Oil* and *fire* ſuit but ill with *blade*, and therefore Dr. Warburton reads—*blaze* of youth. JOHNSON.
This very probable emendation was firſt propoſed by Mr. Theobald, who has produced theſe two paſſages in ſupport of it:
" ——— I do know
" When the blood *burns*, how prodigal the ſoul
" Lends the tongue vows. Theſe *blazes*" &c. *Hamlet.*
Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:
" For Hector, in his *blaze* of wrath," &c. MALONE.

Of

Of richeſt eyes [3]; whoſe words all ears took captive;
Whoſe dear perfection, hearts that ſcorn'd to ſerve,
Humbly call'd miſtreſs.

King. Praiſing what is loſt,
Makes the remembrance dear.—Well, call him hither;—
We are reconcil'd, and the firſt view ſhall kill
All repetition [4]:—Let him not aſk our pardon;
The nature of his great offence is dead,
And deeper than oblivion we do bury
The incenſing relicks of it: let him approach,
A ſtranger, no offender; and inform him,
So 'tis our will he ſhould.

Gent. I ſhall, my liege. [*Exit* Gentleman.

King. What ſays he to your daughter? have you ſpoke?

Laf. All that he is hath reference to your highneſs.

King. Then ſhall we have a match. I have letters ſent me,
That ſet him high in fame.

Enter BERTRAM.

Laf. He looks well on't.

King. I am not a day of ſeaſon,
For thou may'ſt ſee a ſun-ſhine and a hail
In me at once: But to the brighteſt beams
Diſtracted clouds give way; ſo ſtand thou forth,

3 *Of* richeſt *eyes*;] Shakſpeare means that her beauty had aſtoniſhed thoſe, who, having ſeen the greateſt number of fair women, might be ſaid to be the *richeſt* in ideas of beauty. So, in *As you like it*:

"— to have ſeen much and to have nothing, is to have *rich eyes* and poor hands." STEEVENS.

4 — *the firſt view ſhall kill*
All repetition:] *The firſt interview ſhall put an end to all recollection of the paſt.* Shakſpeare is now haſtening to the end of the play, finds his matter ſufficient to fill up his remaining ſcenes, and therefore, as on other ſuch occaſions, contracts his dialogue and precipitates his action. Decency required that Bertram's double crime of cruelty and diſobedience, joined likewiſe with ſome hypocriſy, ſhould raiſe more reſentment; and that though his mother might eaſily forgive him, his king ſhould more pertinaciouſly vindicate his own authority and Helen's merit. Of all this Shakſpeare could not be ignorant, but Shakſpeare wanted to conclude his play. JOHNSON.

The

The time is fair again.

Ber. My high-repented blames [5],
Dear ſovereign, pardon to me.

King. All is whole;
Not one word more of the conſumed time.
Let's take the inſtant by the forward top;
For we are old, and on our quick'ſt decrees
The inaudible and noiſeleſs foot of time
Steals, ere we can effect them: You remember
The daughter of this lord?

Ber. Admiringly, my liege: At firſt
I ſtuck my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durſt make too bold a herald of my tongue:
Where the impreſſion of mine eye infixing,
Contempt his ſcornful perſpective did lend me,
Which warp'd the line of every other favour;
Scorn'd a fair colour, or expreſs'd it ſtol'n;
Extended or contracted all proportions,
To a moſt hideous object: Thence it came,
That ſhe, whom all men prais'd, and whom myſelf,
Since I have loſt, have lov'd, was in mine eye
The duſt that did offend it.

King. Well excus'd:
That thou did'ſt love her, ſtrikes ſome ſcores away
From the great compt: But love, that comes too late,
Like a remorſeful pardon ſlowly carried,
To the great ſender turns a ſour offence,
Crying, That's good that's gone: our raſh faults
Make trivial price of ſerious things we have,
Not knowing them, until we know their grave:
Oft our diſpleaſures, to ourſelves unjuſt,
Deſtroy our friends, and after weep their duſt:
Our own love waking cries to ſee what's done,
While ſhameful hate ſleeps out the afternoon [6].

Be

[5] *My* high-repented blames,] *High-repented blames*, are faults repented of to the height, to the utmoſt. Shakſpeare has *high-fantaſtical* in *Twelfth Night*. STEEVENS.

[6] *Our* own *love waking cries to ſee what's done,*
While ſhameful hate &c.] The meaning may be, that *hatred* ſtill *continues* to *ſleep* at eaſe, while *love* is weeping. JOHNSON.

I cannot

Be this ſweet Helen's knell, and now forget her.
Send forth your amorous token for fair Maudlin:
The main conſents are had; and here we'll ſtay
To ſee our widower's ſecond marriage-day.

Count. Which better than the firſt, O dear heaven bleſs!
Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, ceaſe[7]!

Laf. Come on, my ſon, in whom my houſe's name
Muſt be digeſted, give a favour from you,
To ſparkle in the ſpirits of my daughter,
That ſhe may quickly come.—By my old beard,
And every hair that's on't, Helen, that's dead,
Was a ſweet creature; ſuch a ring as this,
The laſt that e'er I took her leave[8] at court,
I ſaw upon her finger.

Ber. Hers it was not.

King. Now, pray you, let me ſee it; for mine eye,
While I was ſpeaking, oft was faſten'd to't.—
This ring was mine; and, when I gave it Helen,

I cannot comprehend this paſſage as it ſtands, and have no doubt that we ſhould read—Our *old* love waking, &c. *Extinctus amabitur idem.* Our *own* love can mean nothing but our ſelf-love, which would not be ſenſe in this place; but *our* old *love waking* means, our former love being revived. MASON.

This conjecture appears to me extremely probable; but *waking* will not, I think, here admit of Mr. Maſon's interpretation, *being revived*; nor indeed is it neceſſary to his emendation. It is clear from the ſubſequent line that *waking* is here uſed in its ordinary ſenſe. Hate *ſleeps* at eaſe, unmoleſted by any remembrance of the dead, while old love, reproaching itſelf for not having been ſufficiently kind to a departed friend, "*wakes* and weeps;" crying, 'that's good that's gone.' MALONE.

[7] *Which better than the firſt, O dear heaven, bleſs!*
Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, ceaſe!] Theſe two lines in the old copy are attributed to the king. The preſent regulation, which is evidently right, was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

[8] *The laſt that e'er* I *took her leave*—] The laſt time that I ſaw her, when ſhe was leaving the court. Mr. Rowe and the ſubſequent editors read—that e'er *ſhe* took &c. MALONE.

I bade her, if her fortunes ever ſtood
Neceſſity'd to help, that [9] by this token
I would relieve her: Had you that craft, to reave her
Of what ſhould ſtead her moſt?

Ber. My gracious ſovereign,
Howe'er it pleaſes you to take it ſo,
The ring was never hers.

Count. Son, on my life,
I have ſeen her wear it; and ſhe reckon'd it
At her life's rate.

Laf. I am ſure, I ſaw her wear it.

Ber. You are deceiv'd, my lord, ſhe never ſaw it:
In Florence was it from a caſement thrown me [1],
Wrap'd in a paper, which contain'd the name
Of her that threw it: noble ſhe was, and thought
I ſtood ingag'd [2]; but when I had ſubſcrib'd
To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully,
I could not anſwer in that courſe of honour

9 *I bade her, if her fortunes ever ſtood*
Neceſſity'd to help, that—] Our author here, as in many other places, ſeems to have forgotten in the cloſe of the ſentence how he began to conſtruct it. See p. 356, n. 8. The meaning however is clear, and I do not ſuſpect any corruption. MALONE.

1 *In Florence was it from a caſement thrown me,*] Bertram ſtill continues to have too little virtue to deſerve Helen. He did not know indeed that it was Helen's ring, but he knew that he had it not from a window. JOHNSON.

2 — *noble ſhe was, and thought*
I ſtood ingag'd;] The firſt folio reads—*ingag'd*, which perhaps may be intended in the ſame ſenſe with the reading propoſed by Mr. Theobald, [*ungag'd*] i. e. *not engaged*; as Shakſpeare in another place uſes *gag'd* for *engaged*. *Merchant of Venice*, Act I. ſc. i. TYRWHITT.

Gaged is uſed by other ancient writers, as well as by Shakſpeare, for *engaged*. So, in a *Paſtoral*, by Daniel, 1605:

"Not that the earth did *gage*
"Unto the huſbandman
"Her voluntary fruits, free without fees."

Ingaged in the ſenſe of *unengaged*, is a word of exactly the ſame formation as *inhabitable*, which is uſed by Shakſpeare and the contemporary writers for *uninhabitable*. MALONE.

The plain meaning is, ſhe ſaw me receive the ring, and thought me engaged to her. JOHNSON.

As

As she had made the overture, she ceas'd,
In heavy satisfaction, and would never
Receive the ring again.
King. Plutus himself,
That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine [3],
Hath not in nature's mystery more science,
Than I have in this ring: 'twas mine, 'twas Helen's,
Whoever gave it you: Then, if you know
That you are well acquainted with yourself,
Confess 'twas hers [4], and by what rough enforcement
You got it from her: she call'd the saints to surety,
That she would never put it from her finger,
Unless she gave it to yourself in bed,
(Where you have never come,) or sent it us
Upon her great disaster.
Ber. She never saw it.
King. Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine honour;
And mak'st conjectural fears to come into me,
Which I would fain shut out: If it should prove
That thou art so inhuman,—'twill not prove so;—
And yet I know not:—thou didst hate her deadly,
And she is dead; which nothing, but to close

3 *Plutus himself,*

That know the tinct and multiplying medicine,] Plutus the grand alchemist, who knows the *tincture* which confers the properties of gold upon base metals, and the *matter* by which *gold* is *multiplied*, by which a small quantity of gold is made to communicate its qualities to a large mass of metal.

In the reign of Henry the Fourth, a law was made to forbid *all men thenceforth to* multiply *gold, or use any craft of* multiplication. Of which law, Mr. Boyle, when he was warm with the hope of transmutation, procured a repeal. JOHNSON.

4 ——— *Then,* if you know
That you are well acquainted with yourself,

Confess 'twas hers,] i. e. confess the ring was hers, for you know it as well as you know that you are yourself. EDWARDS.

The true meaning of this expression is, *If you know that* your faculties are so sound, as *that you have the proper consciousness of your own actions*, and are able to recollect and relate what you have done, *tell me*, &c. JOHNSON.

Her eyes myſelf, could win me to believe,
More than to ſee this ring.—Take him away.—
[*Guards ſeize* Bertram.
My fore-paſt proofs, howe'er the matter fall,
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,
Having vainly fear'd too little [5].—Away with him;—
We'll ſift this matter further.

Ber. If you ſhall prove
This ring was ever hers, you ſhall as eaſy
Prove that I huſbanded her bed in Florence,
Where yet ſhe never was. [*Exit* Bertram, *guarded.*

Enter a Gentleman.

King. I am wrap'd in diſmal thinkings.

Gent. Gracious ſovereign,
Whether I have been to blame, or no, I know not;
Here's a petition from a Florentine,
Who hath, for four or five removes, come ſhort
To tender it herſelf [6]. I undertook it,
Vanquiſh'd thereto by the fair grace and ſpeech
Of the poor ſuppliant, who by this, I know,
Is here attending: her buſineſs looks in her
With an importing viſage; and ſhe told me,
In a ſweet verbal brief, it did concern
Your highneſs with herſelf.

King. [reads.]—*Upon his many proteſtations to marry me, when his wife was dead, I bluſh to ſay it, he won me. Now is the count Rouſillon a widower; his vows are forfeited to me, and my honour's paid to him. He ſtole*

[5] *My fore-paſt proofs, howe'er the matter fall,*
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,
Having vainly fear'd too little.] The *proofs which I have already had*, are ſufficient to ſhew that my *fears* were not *vain* and irrational. I have rather been hitherto more eaſy than I ought, and have *unreaſonably* had *too little fear.* JOHNSON.

[6] *Who hath, for four or five removes, come ſhort* &c.] Who hath miſſed the opportunity of preſenting it in perſon to your majeſty, either at Marſeilles, or on the road from thence to Rouſillon, in conſequence of having been four or five removes behind you. MALONE.
Removes are *journies* or *poſt-ſtages.* JOHNSON.

from

from Florence, taking no leave, and I follow him to his country for juſtice: Grant it me, O king; in you it beſt lies; otherwiſe a ſeducer flouriſhes, and a poor maid is undone. DIANA CAPULET.

Laf. I will buy me a ſon-in-law in a fair, and toll for this[7]. I'll none of him.

King. The heavens have thought well on thee, Lafeu,
To bring forth this diſcovery.—Seek theſe ſuitors:—
Go, ſpeedily, and bring again the count.—
[*Exeunt* Gentleman, *and ſome Attendants.*
I am afeard, the life of Helen, lady,
Was foully ſnatch'd.

Count. Now, juſtice on the doers!

Enter BERTRAM, *guarded.*

King. I wonder, ſir, ſince wives are monſters to you[8],
And that you fly them as you ſwear them lordſhip[9],
Yet you deſire to marry.—What woman's that?

7 *I will buy me a ſon-in-law in a fair, and* toll *for this.*] The meaning, I think, is I will purchaſe a ſon-in-law at a fair, and get rid of this worthleſs fellow, by *tolling* him *out of it.* To *toll* a perſon *out of a fair* was a phraſe of the time. So, in Camden's *Remaines*, 1605: "At a Bartholomew Faire at London there was an eſcheator of the ſame city, that had arreſted a clothier that was outlawed, and had ſeized his goods, which he had brought into the faire, *tolling him out of the faire*, by a traine."

And *toll for this* may however mean—and I will ſell this fellow in a fair, as I would a horſe, publickly entering in the *toll-book* the particulars of the ſale. For the hint of this latter interpretation I am indebted to Dr. Percy. I incline, however, to the former expoſition. MALONE.

The words ſeem to mean, I'll buy me a new ſon-in-law &c. and toll *the bell* for this, i. e. look upon him as a dead man. STEEVENS.

8 *I wonder, ſir, ſince wives* &c.] The old copy reads—I wonder, ſir, *ſir*, wives &c. The indiſputable emendation, now adopted, was propoſed by Mr. Tyrwhitt. MALONE.

9 —*as you ſwear them* lordſhip,] I ſuppoſe *lordſhip* is put for that *protection*, which the huſband in the marriage-ceremony promiſes to the wife. TYRWHITT.

As, I believe, here ſignifies *as ſoon as*. MALONE.

Re-enter Gentleman, *with* Widow, *and* DIANA.

Dia. I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine,
Derived from the ancient Capulet;
My ſuit, as I do underſtand, you know,
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.

Wid. I am her mother, ſir, whoſe age and honour
Both ſuffer under this complaint we bring,
And both ſhall ceaſe [1], without your remedy.

King. Come hither, count; Do you know theſe women?

Ber. My lord, I neither can nor will deny
But that I know them: Do they charge me further?

Dia. Why do you look ſo ſtrange upon your wife?

Ber. She's none of mine, my lord.

Dia. If you ſhall marry,
You give away this hand, and that is mine;
You give away heaven's vows, and thoſe are mine;
You give away myſelf, which is known mine;
For I by vow am ſo embody'd yours,
That ſhe, which marries you, muſt marry me,
Either both, or none.

Laf. Your reputation [*to* Ber.] comes too ſhort for my daughter, you are no huſband for her.

Ber. My lord, this is a fond and deſperate creature,
Whom ſometime I have laugh'd with: let your highneſs
Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour,
Than for to think that I would ſink it here.

King. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to friend,
Till your deeds gain them: Fairer prove your honour,
Than in my thought it lies!

Dia. Good my lord,
Aſk him upon his oath, if he does think
He had not my virginity.

King. What ſay'ſt thou to her?

[1] — *ſhall* ceaſe,] i. e. deceaſe, die. So, in *King Lear*: "Fall and *ceaſe*." I think the word is uſed in the ſame ſenſe in a former ſcene in this comedy. STEEVENS.

Ber. She's impudent, my lord;
And was a common gameſter to the camp[2].

Dia. He does me wrong, my lord; if I were ſo,
He might have bought me at a common price:
Do not believe him: O, behold this ring,
Whoſe high reſpect, and rich validity[3],
Did lack a parallel; yet, for all that,
He gave it to a commoner o'the camp,
If I be one.

Count. He bluſhes, and 'tis it[4]:
Of ſix preceding anceſtors, that gem
Conferr'd by teſtament to the ſequent iſſue,
Hath it been ow'd, and worn. This is his wife;
That ring's a thouſand proofs.

King. Methought, you ſaid[5],
You ſaw one here in court could witneſs it.

Dia. I did, my lord, but loth am to produce
So bad an inſtrument; his name's Parolles.

Laf. I ſaw the man to-day, if man he be.

King. Find him, and bring him hither.

Ber. What of him?
He's quoted for a moſt perfidious ſlave[6],
With all the ſpots o'the world tax'd and deboſh'd[7];
Whoſe nature ſickens but to ſpeak a truth[8]:

2 — *a common* gameſter *to the camp.*] A *gameſter* was formerly uſed to ſignify a *wanton*. So, in *Pericles*, p. 125, edit. 1780, Lyſimachus aſks Marina, Were you a *gameſter* at five or at ſeven? MALONE.

3 *Whoſe high reſpect, and rich* validity,] *Validity* means *value*. So, in *King Lear*:

"No leſs in ſpace, *validity*, and pleaſure."

Again, in *Twelfth Night*:

"Of what *validity* and pitch ſoever." STEEVENS.

4 — *'tis* it:] The old copy has—'tis *hit*. The emendation was made by Mr. Steevens. In many of our old chronicles I have found *hit* printed inſtead of *it*. Hence probably the miſtake here. Mr. Pope reads—and 'tis *his*. MALONE.

5 *Methought, you ſaid,*] The poet has here forgot himſelf. Diana has ſaid no ſuch thing. BLACKSTONE.

6 *He's* quoted *for a moſt perfidious ſlave,*] *Quoted* has the ſame ſenſe as *noted*. See Vol. II. p. 432, n. 6. STEEVENS.

7 — *deboſh'd*;] See Vol. I. p. 61. n. 5. STEEVENS.

8 — but *to ſpeak a truth*:] i. e. *only* to ſpeak a truth. TYRWHITT.

Am I or that, or this, for what he'll utter,
That will ſpeak any thing?

King. She hath that ring of yours.

Ber. I think, ſhe has: certain it is, I lik'd her,
And boarded her i'the wanton way of youth:
She knew her diſtance, and did angle for me,
Madding my eagerneſs with her reſtraint,
As all impediments in fancy's courſe
Are motives of more fancy[9]; and, in fine,
Her inſuit coming with her modern grace,
Subdued me to her rate: ſhe got the ring;
And I had that, which any inferior might
At market-price have bought.

Dia. I muſt be patient;
You, that turn'd off[1] a firſt ſo noble wife,
May juſtly diet me[2]. I pray you yet,
(Since you lack virtue, I will loſe a huſband,)
Send for your ring, I will return it home,
And give me mine again.

[9] — *all impediments in fancy's courſe*
Are motives of more fancy; &c.] *Every thing that obſtructs love is an occaſion by which love is heightened. And, to conclude, her ſolicitation concurring with her faſhionable appearance,* ſhe got the ring. I am not certain that I have attained the true meaning of the word *modern*, which, perhaps, ſignifies rather *meanly pretty*. JOHNSON.

I believe *modern* means *common*. The ſenſe will then be this.—*Her ſolicitation concurring with her appearance of being common*, i. e. with the appearance of her *being to be had*, as we ſay at preſent. Shakſpeare uſes the word *modern* frequently, and always in this ſenſe. STEEVENS.

Dr. Johnſon's laſt interpretation is certainly the true one. See p. 163, n. 5; and p. 396, n. 6. I think with Mr. Steevens that *modern* here, as almoſt every where in Shakſpeare, means *common, ordinary*; but do not ſuppoſe that Bertram here means to call Diana a common gameſter, though he has ſtyled her ſo in a former paſſage. MALONE.

[1] *You, that turn'd off*—] The old copy reads—You that *have* &c. The latter word was probably caught by the compoſitor's eye from a preceding line. The emendation was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

[2] *May juſtly* diet *me.*] *May juſtly loath* or *be weary of me*, as people generally are of a regimen or preſcribed *diet*. Such, I imagine, is the meaning. Mr. Collins thinks, ſhe means, "May juſtly make me faſt, by depriving me (as Deſdemona ſays) of the rites for which I love you." MALONE.

Ber.

Ber. I have it not.

King. What ring was yours, I pray you?

Dia. Sir, much like
The ſame upon your finger.

King. Know you this ring? this ring was his of late.

Dia. And this was it I gave him, being a-bed.

King. The ſtory then goes falſe, you threw it him
Out of a caſement.

Dia. I have ſpoke the truth.

Enter PAROLLES.

Ber. My lord, I do confeſs, the ring was hers.

King. You boggle ſhrewdly, every feather ſtarts you.—
Is this the man you ſpeak of?

Dia. Ay, my lord.

King. Tell me, ſirrah, but tell me true, I charge you,
Not fearing the diſpleaſure of your maſter,
(Which, on your juſt proceeding, I'll keep off,)
By him, and by this woman here, what know you?

Par. So pleaſe your majeſty, my maſter hath been an honourable gentleman; tricks he hath had in him, which gentlemen have.

King. Come, come, to the purpoſe; Did he love this woman?

Par. 'Faith, ſir, he did love her; But how[3]?

King. How, I pray you?

Par. He did love her, ſir, as a gentleman loves a woman.

King. How is that?

Par. He lov'd her, ſir, and lov'd her not.

King. As thou art a knave, and no knave:—What an equivocal companion is this?

Par. I am a poor man, and at your majeſty's command.

3 — *he did love her*; But how?] *But how* perhaps belongs to the king's next ſpeech:

But how, how, I pray you?

This ſuits better with the king's apparent impatience and ſolicitude for Helena. MALONE.

Laf.

Laf. He's a good drum, my lord, but a naughty orator.

Dia. Do you know, he promiſed me marriage?

Par. 'Faith, I know more than I'll ſpeak.

King. But wilt thou not ſpeak all thou know'ſt?

Par. Yes, ſo pleaſe your majeſty: I did go between them, as I ſaid; but more than that, he loved her,—for, indeed, he was mad for her, and talk'd of Satan, and of limbo, and of furies, and I know not what: yet I was in that credit with them at that time, that I knew of their going to bed; and of other motions, as promiſing her marriage, and things which would derive me ill will to ſpeak of, therefore I will not ſpeak what I know.

King. Thou haſt ſpoken all already, unleſs thou canſt ſay they are marry'd: But thou art too fine in thy evidence[4]; therefore ſtand aſide.—This ring, you ſay was yours?

Dia. Ay, my good lord.

King. Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?

Dia. It was not given me, nor I did not buy it.

King. Who lent it you?

Dia. It was not lent me neither.

King. Where did you find it then?

Dia. I found it not.

King. If it were yours by none of all theſe ways,
How could you give it him?

Dia. I never gave it him.

Laf. This woman's an eaſy glove, my lord; ſhe goes off and on at pleaſure.

King. This ring was mine, I gave it his firſt wife.

Dia. It might be yours, or hers, for aught I know.

King. Take her away, I do not like her now;
To priſon with her: and away with him.—

[4] *But thou art* too fine *in thy evidence*;] *Too fine* is, too full of fineſſe; too artful. A French expreſſion;—*trop fine.* So, in Sir Henry Wotton's celebrated *Parallel:* "We may rate this one ſecret, as it was *finely* carried, at 4000*l.* in preſent money." MALONE.

Unleſs

Unleſs thou tell'ſt me where thou had'ſt this ring,
Thou dieſt within this hour.

Dia. I'll never tell you.

King. Take her away.

Dia. I'll put in bail, my liege.

King. I think thee now ſome common cuſtomer [5].

Dia. By Jove, if ever I knew man, 'twas you.

King. Wherefore haſt thou accus'd him all this while?

Dia. Becauſe he's guilty, and he is not guilty;
He knows, I am no maid, and he'll ſwear to't:
I'll ſwear, I am a maid, and he knows not.
Great king, I am no ſtrumpet, by my life;
I am either maid, or elſe this old man's wife.

[*Pointing to* LAFEU.

King. She does abuſe our ears; to priſon with her.

Dia. Good mother, fetch my bail.—Stay, royal ſir;

[*Exit* Widow.

The jeweller, that owes the ring, is ſent for,
And he ſhall ſurety me. But for this lord,
Who hath abus'd me, as he knows himſelf,
Though yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him:
He knows himſelf, my bed he hath defil'd [6];
And at that time he got his wife with child:
Dead though ſhe be, ſhe feels her young one kick;
So there's my riddle, One, that's dead, is quick:
And now behold the meaning.

Re-enter Widow, *with* HELENA.

King. Is there no exorciſt [7],
Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes?
Is't real, that I ſee?

Hel.

5 — *cuſtomer.*] i. e. a common woman. So, in *Othello:*
" I marry her!—what?—a *cuſtomer!*" STEEVENS.

6 *He knows himſelf,* &c.] This dialogue is too long, ſince the audience already knew the whole tranſaction; nor is there any reaſon for puzzling the king and playing with his paſſions; but it was much eaſier than to make a pathetical interview between Helen and her huſband, her mother, and the king. JOHNSON.

7 — *exorciſt,*] This word is uſed, not very properly, for *enchanter.* JOHNSON.

Hel. No, my good lord;
'Tis but a ſhadow of a wife you ſee,
The name, and not the thing.

Ber. Both, both; O, pardon!

Hel. O, my good lord, when I was like this maid,
I found you wond'rous kind. There is your ring,
And, look you, here's your letter; This it ſays,
When from my finger you can get this ring,
And are * *by me with child,*—This is done;
Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?

Ber. If ſhe, my liege, can make me know this clearly,
I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.

Hel If it appear not plain, and prove untrue,
Deadly divorce ſtep between me and you!—
O, my dear mother, do I ſee you living?

Laf. Mine eyes ſmell onions, I ſhall weep anon:—
Good Tom Drum, lend me a handkerchief: So, I thank thee; wait on me home, I'll make ſport with thee: Let thy courteſies alone, they are ſcurvy ones.

King. Let us from point to point this ſtory know,
To make the even truth in pleaſure flow:—

Shakſpeare invariably uſes the word *exorciſt* to imply a perſon who can raiſe ſpirits, not in the uſual ſenſe of one that can lay them. So, Ligarius in *Julius Cæſar* ſays,

"Thou, like an *exorciſt*, haſt conjur'd up
"My mortified ſpirit." MASON.

Such was the common acceptation of the word in our author's time. So Minſhieu in his DICT. 1617: "An *Exorciſt*, or *Conjurer*."—So alſo, "To *conjure* or *exorciſe* a ſpirit."

The difference between a *Conjurer*, a *Witch*, and an *Inchanter*, according to that writer, is as follows:

"The *Conjurer* ſeemeth by praiers and invocations of God's powerfull names, to compell the Divell to ſay or doe what he commandeth him. The *Witch* dealeth rather by a friendly and voluntarie conference or agreement between him or her and the Divell or Familiar, to have his or her turne ſerved, in lieu or ſtead of blood or other gift offered unto him, eſpecially of his or her ſoule:—And both theſe differ from *Inchanters* or *Sorcerers*, becauſe the former two have perſonal conference with the Divell, and the other meddles but with medicines and ceremonial formes of words called *charmes*, without apparition." MALONE.

* *And* are—] The old copy reads—And *is*. Mr. Rowe made the emendation. MALONE.

If

If thou be'ſt yet a freſh uncropped flower, [*to* Diana.
Chooſe thou thy huſband, and I'll pay thy dower;
For I can gueſs, that, by thy honeſt aid,
Thou kept'ſt a wife herſelf, thyſelf a maid.—
Of that, and all the progreſs, more and leſs,
Reſolvedly more leiſure ſhall expreſs:
All yet ſeems well; and, if it end ſo meet,
The bitter paſt, more welcome is the ſweet.

Advancing.

The king's a beggar, now the play is done[8]:
All is well ended, *if this ſuit be won,*
That you expreſs content; which we will pay,
With ſtrife to pleaſe you, day exceeding day:
Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts[9];
Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts[1]. [Exeunt.

[8] *The* king's *a* beggar, *now the play is done:*] Though theſe lines are ſufficiently intelligible in their obvious ſenſe, yet perhaps there is ſome alluſion to the old tale of *The King and the Beggar*, which was the ſubject of a ballad, and, as it ſhould ſeem from the following lines in *K. Richard II.* of ſome popular interlude alſo:

"Our *ſcene* is alter'd from a ſerious thing,
"And now chang'd to—*the beggar and the king*." MALONE.

9 *Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts;*] The meaning is: Grant *us then your patience*; hear us without interruption. *And* take *our parts*; that is, ſupport and defend us. JOHNSON.

[1] This play has many delightful ſcenes, though not ſufficiently probable, and ſome happy characters, though not new, nor produced by any deep knowledge of human nature. Parolles is a boaſter and a coward, ſuch as has always been the ſport of the ſtage, but perhaps never raiſed more laughter or contempt than in the hands of Shakſpeare.

I cannot reconcile my heart to Bertram; a man noble without generoſity, and young without truth; who marries Helen as a coward, and leaves her as a profligate: when ſhe is dead by his unkindneſs, ſneaks home to a ſecond marriage; is accuſed by a woman whom he has wronged, defends himſelf by falſehood, and is diſmiſſed to happineſs.

The ſtory of Bertram and Diana had been told before of Mariana and Angelo, and, to confeſs the truth, ſcarcely merited to be heard a ſecond time. JOHNSON.

PERICLES.

Perſons Repreſented.

Antiochus, *king of* Antioch.
Pericles, *prince of* Tyre.
Helicanus, } *two lords of* Tyre.
Eſcanes, }
Simonides, *king of* Pentapolis *.
Cleon, *governour of* Tharſus.
Lyſimachus, *governour of* Mitylene.
Cerimon, *a lord of* Epheſus.
Philemon, *ſervant to* Cerimon.
Thaliard, *ſervant to* Antiochus.
Leonine, *ſervant to* Dionyza.
Marſhall.
A Pandar, and his wife.
Boult, *their ſervant.*
Gower, *as chorus.*

The daughter of Antiochus.
Dionyza, *wife to* Cleon.
Thaiſa, *daughter to* Simonides.
Marina, *daughter to* Pericles *and* Thaiſa.
Lychorida, *nurſe to* Marina.
Diana.

Lords, ladies, knights, gentlemen, ſailors, pirates, fiſhermen, and meſſengers, &c.

SCENE, diſperſedly in various countries.

* —*Pentapolis.*] This is an imaginary city, and its name might have been borrowed from ſome romance. We meet indeed in hiſtory with *Pentapolitana regio*, a country in Africa, conſiſting of *five cities*; and from thence perhaps ſome noveliſt furniſhed the ſounding title of *Pentapolis*, which occurs likewiſe in the 37th chapter of *Kyng Appolyn of Tyre*, 1510, as well as in Gower.

That the reader may know through how many regions the ſcene of this drama is diſperſed, it is neceſſary to obſerve that *Antioch* was the metropolis of Syria; *Tyre* a city of Phœnicia in Aſia; *Tarſus* the metropolis of Cilicia, a country of Aſia Minor; *Mitylene* the capital of Leſbos, an iſland in the Ægean Sea, and *Epheſus*, the capital of Ionia, a country of the Leſſer Aſia. STEEVENS.

"PENTAPOLIN of the naked arm" is the hero of a romance alluded to by Cervantes. See Skelton's *Don Quixote*, Vol. I. p. 144, 4to. 1612. MALONE.

PERICLES,

PRINCE OF TYRE[1].

ACT I.

Before the Palace of Antioch. *Enter* GOWER.

To ſing a ſong that old was ſung[2],
From aſhes ancient Gower is come;

Aſſuming

[1] The ſtory on which this play is formed, is of great antiquity. It is found in a book, once very popular, entitled *Geſta Romanorum*, which is ſuppoſed by Mr. Tyrwhitt, the learned editor of *The Canterbury Tales of Chaucer*, 1775, to have been written five hundred years ago. The earlieſt impreſſion of that work (which I have ſeen) was printed in 1488; in that edition the hiſtory of *Appolonius King of Tyre* makes the 153d chapter. It is likewiſe related by Gower in his *Confeſſio Amantis*, lib. viii. p. 175—185, edit. 1554. The Rev. Dr. Farmer has in his poſſeſſion a fragment of a MS. poem on the ſame ſubject, which appears, from the hand-writing and the metre, to be more ancient than Gower. The reader will find an extract from it at the end of the play. There is alſo an ancient romance on this ſubject, called *Kyng Appo'yn of Thyre*, tranſlated from the French by Robert Copland, and printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1510. In 1576 William Howe had a licence for printing "*The moſt excellent, pleaſant, and variable hiſtorie of the ſtrange adventures of Prince* Appolonius, Lucine *his wyfe, and* Tharſa *his daughter*." The author of *Pericles* having introduced Gower in his piece, it is reaſonable to ſuppoſe that he chiefly followed the work of that poet. It is obſervable, that the hero of this tale is, in Gower's poem, as in the preſent play, called *prince* of Tyre; in the *Geſta Romanorum*, and Copland's proſe romance, he is entitled *king*. Moſt of the incidents of the play are found in the *Conf. Amant.* and a few of Gower's expreſſions are occaſionally borrowed. However, I think it is not unlikely, that there may have been (though I have not met with it) an early proſe tranſlation of this popular ſtory, from the *Geſt. Roman.* in which the name of Appolonius was changed to Pericles; to which, likewiſe, the author of this drama may have been indebted. In 1607 was publiſhed at London, by Valentine Sims, "The patterne of paineful adventures, containing the moſt excellent, pleaſant, and variable hiſtorie of the ſtrange accidents that befell unto Prince Appolonius, the lady Lucina his wife, and Tharſia his daughter, wherein the uncertaintie of this

Assuming man's infirmities,
To glad your ear, and please your eyes.

It

world and the fickle state of man's life are lively described. Translated into English by T. Twine, Gent." I have never seen the book, but it was without doubt a re-publication of that published by W. Howe in 1576.

Pericles was entered on the Stationers' books, May 2, 1608, by Edward Blount, one of the printers of the first folio edition of Shakspeare's plays; but it did not appear in print till the following year, and then it was published not by Blount, but by Henry Gosson; who had probably anticipated the other, by getting a hasty transcript from a playhouse copy. There is, I believe, no play of our author's, perhaps I might say, in the English language, so incorrect as this. The most corrupt of Shakspeare's other dramas, compared with *Pericles*, is purity itself. The metre is seldom attended to; verse is frequently printed as prose, and the grossest errors abound in almost every page. I mention these circumstances, only as an apology to the reader for having taken somewhat more licence with this drama than would have been justifiable, if the copies of it now extant had been less disfigured by the negligence and ignorance of the printer or transcriber. The numerous corruptions that are found in the original edition in 1609, which have been carefully preserved and augmented in all the subsequent impressions, probably arose from its having been frequently exhibited on the stage. In the four quarto editions it is called *the much admired play* of PERICLES PRINCE of TYRE; and it is mentioned by many ancient writers as a very popular performance; particularly, by the author of a metrical pamphlet, entitled *Pymlico or Run Redcap*, in which the following lines are found:

"Amaz'd I stood, to see a crowd
"Of civil throats stretch'd out so loud:
"As at a new play, all the rooms
"Did swarm with gentles mix'd with grooms;
"So that I truly thought all these
"Came to see *Shore* or *Pericles*."

In a former edition of this play I said, on the authority of another person, that this pamphlet had appeared in 1596; but I have since met with the piece itself, and find that *Pymlico*, &c. was published in 1609. It might, however, have been a re-publication.

The prologue to an old comedy called *The Hog has lost his Pearl*, 1614, likewise exhibits a proof of this play's uncommon success. The poet speaking of his piece, says

"——— if it prove so happy as to please,
"We'll say 'tis fortunate, like *Pericles*."

By *fortunate*, I understand *highly successful*. The writer can hardly be supposed to have meant that *Pericles* was popular rather from accident than merit; for that would have been but a poor eulogy on his own performance.

An

It hath been ſung at feſtivals,
On ember-eves, and holy ales[3];

And

An obſcure poet, however, in 1652, inſinuates that this drama was ill received, or at leaſt that it added nothing to the reputation of its author:

" But Shakſpeare, the plebeian driller, was
" Founder'd in his *Pericles*, and muſt not paſs."

Verſes by J. Tatham, prefixed to Richard Brome's *Jovial Crew, or the Merry Beggars*, 4to. 1652.

The paſſages above quoted ſhew that little credit is to be given to the aſſertion contained in theſe lines; yet they furniſh us with an additional proof that *Pericles*, at no very diſtant period after Shakſpeare's death, was conſidered as unqueſtionably his performance.

In *The Times diſplayed in Six Seſtiads*, 4to. 1646, dedicated by S. Shephard to Philip Earl of Pembroke, p. 22, Seſtiad VI. Stanza 9, the author thus ſpeaks of our poet and the piece before us:

" See him, whoſe tragick ſcenes Euripides
" Doth equal, and with Sophocles we may
" Compare great Shakſpeare; Ariſtophanes
" Never like him his fancy could diſplay:
" Witneſs *The Prince of Tyre*, his *Pericles*:
" His ſweet and his to be admired lay
" He wrote of luſtful Tarquin's rape, ſhows he
" Did underſtand the depth of poeſie."

For the diviſion of this piece into ſcenes I am reſponſible, there being none found in the old copies.— See the notes at the end of the play. MALONE.

The hiſtory of *Appolonius King of Tyre* was ſuppoſed by Mark Welſer, when he printed it in 1595, to have been tranſlated from the Greek a thouſand years before. [Fabr. Bib. Gr. v. 6. p. 821.] It certainly bears ſtrong marks of a Greek original, though it is not (that I know) now extant in that language. The rythmical poem, under the ſame title, in modern Greek, was re-tranſlated (if I may ſo ſpeak) from the Latin—απο Λαΐνικης εις Ρωμαϊκην γλωσσαν. *Du Freſne*, Index Author. *ad Gloſſ. Græc.* When Welſer printed it, he probably did not know that it had been publiſhed already (perhaps more than once) among the *Geſta Romanorum*. In an edition, which I have, printed at Rouen in 1521, it makes the 154th chapter. Towards the latter end of the XIIth century *Godfrey of Viterbo*, in his *Pantheon* or Univerſal Chronicle, inſerted this romance as part of the hiſtory of the third Antiochus, about 200 years before Chriſt. It begins thus [Mſ. *Reg.* 14. C. xi.]:

Filia Seleuci regis ſtat clara decore,
Matreque defuncta pater arſit in ejus amore.
Res habet effectum, preſſa puella dolet.

The reſt is in the ſame metre, with one pentameter only to two hexameters.

Gower, by his own acknowledgement, took his ſtory from the

And lords and ladies of their lives [4]
Have read it for reſtoratives.
The purpoſe is to make men glorious,
Et bonum, quo antiquius, eo melius [5].
If you, born in theſe latter times,
When wit's more ripe, accept my rhimes,
And that to hear an old man ſing,
May to your wiſhes pleaſure bring,
I life would wiſh, and that I might
Waſte it for you, like taper-light.
This Antioch then, Antiochus the great
Built up; this city, for his chiefeſt ſeat;
The faireſt in all Syria;
(I tell you what mine authors ſay [6]:)
This king unto him took a pheere [7],
Who died and left a female heir,

So

Pantheon; as the author (whoever he was) of *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, profeſſes to have followed Gower. TYRWHITT.

[2] — *that* old *was ſung*,] I do not know that *old* is by any author uſed adverbially. We might read,

To ſing a ſong *of* old was ſung,—

i. e. *that* of old, &c.

But the poet is ſo licentious in the language which he has attributed to Gower in this piece, that I have not ventured to make any change. MALONE.

[3] *It hath been ſung at feſtivals,*
On Ember eves, and holy ales;] i. e. ſays Dr. Farmer, by whom this emendation was made, *church-ales*. The old copy has—holy *days*. Gower's ſpeeches were certainly intitled to rhyme throughout. MALONE.

[4] — *of their lives*—] The old copies read—*in* their lives. The emendation was ſuggeſted by Dr. Farmer. MALONE.

[5] *The* purpoſe *is to make men glorious,*
Et bonum, quo antiquius, eo melius.] There is an irregularity of metre in this couplet. The ſame variation is obſervable in *Macbeth*:

" I am for the air; this night I'll ſpend
" Unto a diſmal and a fatal end."

The old copies read—The *purchaſe*, &c. Mr. Steevens ſuggeſted this emendation. MALONE.

[6] (*I tell you what mine authors ſay:*)] This is added in imitation of Gower's manner, and that of Chaucer, Lydgate, &c. who often thus refer to the original of their tales. Theſe choruſes reſemble Gower in few other particulars. STEEVENS.

[7] — *unto him took a* pheere,] This word, which is frequently uſed by our old poets, ſignifies a *mate* or companion. The old copies have—

peer.

So buxom, blithe, and full of face[8],
As heaven had lent her all his grace;
With whom the father liking took,
And her to inceſt did provoke:
Bad child, worſe father! to entice his own
To evil, ſhould be done by none.
By cuſtom, what they did begin[9],
Was, with long uſe, account no ſin[1].
The beauty of this ſinful dame,
Made many princes thither frame[2],
To ſeek her as a bed-fellow,
In marriage-pleaſures play-fellow:
Which to prevent, he made a law,
(To keep her ſtill, and men in awe[3],)
That whoſo aſk'd her for his wife,
His riddle told not, loſt his life:
So for her many a wight* did die,
As yon grim looks do teſtify[4].

What

peer. For the emendation I am anſwerable. See Vol. X. p. 429, n. 3. Throughout this piece, the poet, though he has not cloſely copied the language of Gower's poem, has endeavoured to give his ſpeeches ſomewhat of an antique air. MALONE.

[8] —full *of face*,] i. e. completely, exuberantly beautiful. A *full fortune*, in *Othello*, means a *complete*, a *large one*. See alſo Vol. VIII. p. 252, n. 3. MALONE.

[9] By *cuſtom what they did begin*,] All the copies read unintelligibly, *But* cuſtom, &c. MALONE.

[1] —account *no ſin*.] *Account* for accounted. So, in *K. John*, *waſt* for *wafted*:

"Than now the Engliſh bottoms have *waſt* o'er. STEEVENS.

Again, in Gaiſcoine's *Complaint of Philomene*, 1575:

"And by the lawde of his pretence
"His lewdneſs was *acquit*."

The old copies read—*account'd*. For the correction I am anſwerable. MALONE.

[2] —*thither* frame,] i. e. ſhape or direct their courſe thither. MALONE.

[3] *(To keep her ſtill, and men in awe,)*] The meaning, I think, is not, —*to keep her and men in awe*,—but, *to keep her ſtill* to himſelf,—*and to deter others from demanding her in marriage*. MALONE.

* —*many* a *wight*—] The quarto, 1609, reads—many *of* wight. Corrected in the folio. MALONE.

[4] *As yon grim looks do teſtify*.] Gower muſt be ſuppoſed here to point to the heads of thoſe unfortunate wights, which, he tells us, in his poem, were fixed on the gate of the palace at Antioch:

What enſues *, to the judgment of your eye
I give, my cauſe who beſt can juſtify[5]. [*Exit.*

SCENE I.

Antioch. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter ANTIOCHUS, PERICLES, *and Attendants.*

Ant. Young prince of Tyre[6], you have at large receiv'd
The danger of the taſk you undertake.

Per. I have, Antiochus; and with a ſoul
Embolden'd with the glory of her praiſe,
Think death no hazard, in this enterprize. [*Muſick.*

Ant. Bring in our daughter cloathed like a bride[7],
For

" The fader, whan he underſtood
" That thei his doughter thus beſought,
" With all his wit he caſt and ſought
" Howe that he mighte fynde a lette;
" And ſuch a ſtatute then he ſette,
" And in this wiſe his lawe taxeth,
" That what man his doughter axeth,
" But if he couth his queſtion
" Aſſoyle upon ſuggeſtion,
" Of certeyn things that befell,
" The which he wolde unto him tell,
" He ſhoulde in certeyn leſe his hede:
" And thus there were many dede,
" *Her heades ſtondinge on the gate*;
" Till at laſt, long and late,
" For lack of anſwere in this wiſe,
" The remenant, that wexen wyſe,
" Eſchewden to make aſſaie." MALONE.

* *What enſues,*—] So the folio. The original copy has—What *now* enſues. MALONE.

[5] —*who* beſt can *juſtify*.] i. e. *which* (the judgment of your eye) beſt can *juſtify*, i. e. prove its reſemblance to the ordinary courſe of nature. So afterwards:

When thou ſhalt kneel, and *juſtify* in knowledge,—. STEEV.

[6] *Young* prince *of Tyre*,] It does not appear in the preſent drama that the father of Pericles is living. By *prince*, therefore, throughout this play, we are to underſtand prince *regnant*. See Act II. ſc. iv. and the epitaph in Act III. ſc. iii. In the *Geſta Romanorum*, Apollonius is *king* of Tyre; and Appolyn, in Copland's tranſlation from the French, has the ſame title. Our author, in calling Pericles a prince, ſeems to have followed Gower. MALONE.

[7] *Bring in our daughter cloathed like a bride*,] All the copies read: Muſick, *bring in our daughter clothed like a bride.*

For embracements even of Jove himſelf;
At whoſe conception, (till Lucina reign'd,
Nature this dowry gave, to glad her preſence[8],)
The ſenate-houſe of planets all did ſit,
To knit in her their beſt perfections[9].

Enter

The metre proves deciſively that the word *muſick* was a marginal direction, inſerted in the text by the miſtake of the tranſcriber or printer. MALONE.

[8] *For embracements even of* Jove *himſelf;*
At whoſe *conception, (till* Lucina *reign'd,*
Nature this dowry gave to glad her *preſence,)* &c.] Perhaps the two laſt lines ſhould be tranſpoſed; *whoſe conception*, otherwiſe, will be the conception of the antecedent, *Jove*, and the dowry will have been beſtowed to glad the antecedent *Lucina*. The ſenſe of the ſpeech, however managed, will not be very clear without a ſlight alteration, *her* inſtead of *whoſe*.

" Bring in our daughter, cloathed like a bride,
" For embracements even of Jove himſelf.
" Nature this dowry gave to glad her preſence—
" At *her* conception, till Lucina reign'd,
" The ſenate-houſe of planets all did ſit
" To knit in her their beſt perfections."

Bring forth, (ſays Antiochus) our daughter, &c. Nature beſtowed this advantage to make her preſence welcome.—From her conception, to the inſtant of her birth, the ſenate-houſe of planets were ſitting in conſultation how beſt ſhe might be adorned.

The thought is expreſſed as follows in *Kyng Appolyn of Thyre*, 1510. " —For nature had put nothynge in oblyvyon at the fourminge of her, but as a chef operacyon had ſet her in the ſyght of the worlde."

In the ſucceeding ſpeech of Pericles, perhaps another tranſpoſition is neceſſary. We might therefore read:

See where ſhe comes, apparell'd like *the king*,
Graces her ſubjects, and her thoughts *the ſpring*
Of every virtue, &c.

Antiochus had commanded that his daughter ſhall be cloathed in a manner ſuitable to the bride of Jove; and thus dreſt in royal robes, ſhe may be ſaid to be apparelled *like the king*. STEEVENS.

In the ſpeech now before us, the words *whoſe* and *her* may, I think, refer to the daughter of Antiochus, without greater licence than is taken by Shakſpeare in many of his plays. So, in *Othello*: " Our general caſt us thus early for the love of his *Deſdemona*: *whom* [i. e. our general] let us not therefore blame, he hath not yet made wanton the night with her." I think the conſtruction is, " at whoſe conception the ſenate-houſe of planets all did ſit," &c. and that the words, " till Lucina reign'd, Nature," &c. are parenthetical. MALONE.

[9] *The ſenate-houſe of planets all did ſit,*
To knit in her their beſt perfections.] We have here a ſentiment expreſſed

Enter the daughter of Antiochus.

Per. See, where she comes, apparell'd like the spring;
Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king
Of every virtue gives renown to men!
Her face, the book of praises, where is read
Nothing but curious pleasures[1], as from thence
Sorrow were ever ras'd[2], and testy wrath
Could never be her mild companion[3].
Ye gods that made me man, and sway in love,
That have inflam'd desire in my breast[4],
To taste the fruit of yon celestial tree,

expressed with less affectation in *Julius Cæsar*:

" —— the elements
" So mix'd in him, that nature might stand up,
" And say to all the world, This was a man." STEEVENS.

[1] *Her face, the book of praises, where is read*
Nothing but curious pleasures,] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

" Read o'er the *volume* of young Paris' *face*,
" And find *delight* writ there with beauty's pen."

Again in *Macbeth*:

" Thy *face*, my thane, is as a *book*, where men
" May *read* strange matters."

Again in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

" Study his bias leaves, and makes his *book* thine *eyes*,
" Where all those *pleasures* live, that art could comprehend."

The same image is also found in his *Rape of Lucrece* and in *Coriolanus*. *Praises* is here used for *beauties*, the cause of admiration and praise. MALONE.

[2] *Sorrow were ever ras'd,*—] Our author has again this expression in *Macbeth*:

" *Raze* out the written *troubles* of the brain."

The second quarto, 1619, and all the subsequent copies, read—*rackt*. The first quarto *racte*,—which is only the old spelling of *ras'd*; the verb being formerly written *race*. Thus in *Dido Queen of Carthage*, by Marlowe and Nashe, 1594:

" But I will take another order now,
" And *race* the eternal register of time."

The metaphor in the preceding line—" Her face, the *book* of praises," shews clearly that this was the author's word. MALONE.

[3] —*her* mild *companion*.] By her *mild companion* Shakspeare meant the companion of her mildness. MASON.

[4] *That have inflam'd* desire *in my breast,*] It should be remembered that *desire* was sometimes used as a trisyllable. See Vol. VIII. p. 340, n. 7. MALONE.

Or,

Or die in the adventure, be my helps,
As I am ſon and ſervant to your will,
To compaſs ſuch a boundleſs happineſs [5]!
Ant. Prince Pericles,—
Per. That would be ſon to great Antiochus.
Ant. Before thee ſtands this fair Heſperides [6],
With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd;
For death-like dragons here affright thee hard:
Her face, like heaven, enticeth thee to view
Her countleſs glory [7], which deſert muſt gain;
And which, without deſert, becauſe thine eye
Preſumes to reach, all thy whole heap muſt die [8].
Yon ſometimes famous princes [9], like thyſelf,

[5] *To compaſs ſuch a* boundleſs *happineſs!*] All the old copies have —*bondleſs*. The reading of the text was furniſhed by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[6] *Before thee ſtands this fair* Heſperides,] In the enumeration of the perſons, prefixed to this drama, which was firſt made by the editor of Shakſpeare's plays in 1664, and copied without alteration by Mr. Rowe, the daughter of Antiochus is, by a ridiculous miſtake, called *Heſperides*, an error to which this line ſeems to have given riſe.—Shakſpeare was not quite accurate in his notion of the *Heſperides*, but he certainly never intended to give this appellation to the princeſs of Antioch; for it appears from *Love's Labour's Loſt*, Act IV. ſcene the laſt, that he thought *Heſperides* was the name of the *garden* in which the golden apples were kept; in which ſenſe the word is certainly uſed in the paſſage now before us:

"For valour, is not love a Hercules,
"Still climbing trees in the *Heſperides?*"

In the firſt quarto edition of this play, this lady is only called *Antiochus' daughter*. If Shakſpeare had wiſhed to have introduced a female name derived from the *Heſperides*, he has elſewhere ſhown that he knew how ſuch a name ought to be formed; for in *As you like it* mention is made of "*Heſperia*, the princeſs' gentlewoman." MALONE.

[7] *Her* countleſs *glory*,—] The *countleſs* glory of a face ſeems a harſh expreſſion; but the poet, probably, was thinking of the ſtars, the *countleſs* eyes of heaven, as he calls them in page 492. MALONE.

[8] — *all thy whole* heap *muſt die.*] i. e. thy whole maſs muſt be deſtroyed. There ſeems to have been an oppoſition intended. *Thy whole heap*, thy body, muſt ſuffer for the offence of a *part*, thine *eye*. The word *bulk*, like *heap* in the preſent paſſage, was uſed for *body* by Shakſpeare and his contemporaries. See Vol. VI. p. 488, n. 3. MALONE.

The old copies read—all *the* whole heap. I am anſwerable for this correction. MALONE.

[9] *Yon ſometimes famous princes,*—] See before, p. 485, n. 4. MALONE.

Drawn

Drawn by report, advent'rous by deſire,
Tell thee with ſpeechleſs tongues, and ſemblance pale,
That, without covering, ſave yon field of ſtars,
Here they ſtand martyrs, ſlain in Cupid's wars;
And with dead cheeks adviſe thee to deſiſt
From going on death's net[1], whom none reſiſt.

Per. Antiochus, I thank thee, who hath taught
My frail mortality to know itſelf,
And by thoſe fearful objects to prepare
This body, like to them, to what I muſt[2]:
For death remember'd ſhould be like a mirrour,
Who tells us, life's but breath; to truſt it, error.
I'll make my will then; and as ſick men do,
Who know the world, ſee heaven, but feeling woe[3],
Gripe not at earthly joys, as erſt they did;
So I bequeath a happy peace to you,
And all good men, as every prince ſhould do;
My riches to the earth from whence they came;
But my unſpotted fire of love to you.
[*To the daughter of* Antiochus.
Thus, ready for the way of life or death,
I wait the ſharpeſt blow.

Ant. Scorning advice.—Read the concluſion then[4];
Which read and not expounded, 'tis decreed,
As theſe before thee, thou thyſelf ſhalt bleed.

[1] From *going on* death's net,] The old copies read, I think corruptly, *for* going, &c. MALONE.

I would read—*in* death's net. PERCY.

[2] —*like to them, to what I muſt:*] That is,—to prepare this body for that ſtate to which I muſt *come*. MALONE.

[3] *Who know the world, ſee heaven, but feeling woe,*] The meaning may be—*I will act as ſick men do; who having had experience of the pleaſures of the world, and only a viſionary and diſtant proſpect of heaven,* have neglected the latter for the former; *but* at length *feeling themſelves decaying, graſp no longer at temporal pleaſures, but prepare calmly for futurity.* MALONE.

[4] — *Read the concluſion then;*] This and the two following lines are given in the firſt quarto to Pericles; and the word *Antiochus*, which is now placed in the margin, makes part of his ſpeech. There can be no doubt that they belong to *Antiochus*. MALONE.

Daugh.

Daugh. Of all said yet, may'st thou prove prosperous!
Of all said yet, I wish thee happiness[5]!

Per. Like a bold champion, I assume the lists,
Nor ask advice of any other thought
But faithfulness, and courage.

[He reads the Riddle[6].]

I am no viper, yet I feed
On mother's flesh, which did me breed:
I sought a husband, in which labour,
I found that kindness in a father.
He's father, son, and husband mild,
I mother, wife, and yet his child.
How they may be, and yet in two,
As you will live, resolve it you[7].

5 *Daugh.* Of *all said yet, may'st thou prove* prosperous!
Of *all said yet, I wish thee* happiness!] As this lady utters so little, it is natural to wish that little were more easy to be understood. Perhaps we ought to read in both lines—*For* all said yet—.

On account of all thou hast hitherto said, (says she) I wish thee prosperity and happiness. Her conscience must suppress a farther wish in his behalf; for it should be remembered that Pericles could succeed only by his just interpretation of a riddle which tended to reveal her incestuous commerce with her father. Her wish indeed, with poetical justice, is accomplished. He is *prosperous* in atchieving a more worthy bride, and is dismissed to *happiness* at the conclusion of the play. STEEVENS.

Said is here apparently contracted for *assay'd*, i. e. tried, attempted. PERCY.

6 The riddle is thus described in Gower: *Quæstio regis Antiochi.—Scelere vehor, maternâ carne vescor, quero patrem meum, matris meæ virum, uxoris meæ filium.*

" With felonie I am upbore,
" I ete, and have it not forlore,
" My moders flesshe whose husbonde
" My fader for to seche I fonde,
" Which is the sonne eke of my wife,
" Hereof I am inquisitife.
" And who that can my tale save,
" All quite he shall my doughter have.
" Of his answere and if he faile,
" He shall be dead withouten faile." MALONE.

7 *As you will live, resolve it you.*] This duplication is common in our ancient writers. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I.

" I'll drink no more, for no man's pleasure, I." MALONE.

Sharp

Sharp physick is the last[8]: but O you powers,
That give heaven countless eyes to view men's acts[9],
Why cloud they not[1] their sights perpetually,
If this be true, which makes me pale to read it?
Fair glass of light, I lov'd you, and could still,
[*takes hold of the hand of the Princess.*
Were not this glorious casket stor'd with ill:
But I must tell you,—now, my thoughts revolt;
For he's no man on whom perfections wait[2],
That knowing sin within, will touch the gate.
You're a fair viol, and your sense the strings;
Who, finger'd to make man his lawful musick[3],
Would draw heaven down, and all the gods to hearken;
But being play'd upon before your time,
Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime:
Good sooth, I care not for you.

Ant. Prince Pericles, touch not, upon thy life[4],
For that's an article within our law,
As dangerous as the rest. Your time's expir'd;
Either expound now, or receive your sentence.

Per. Great king,
Few love to hear the sins they love to act;

[8] *Sharp* physick *is* the last:] i. e. the intimation in the last line of the riddle that his life depends on resolving it; which he properly enough calls *sharp physick*, or a bitter potion. PERCY.

[9] *That give heaven countless* eyes *to view men's acts,*] So, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream:*

" —— who more engilds the night,
" Than all yon firy oes and *eyes* of light." MALONE.

[1] —— *countless eyes*—
Why cloud *they not*—] So, in *Macbeth:*

" —— stars, *hide* your fires,
" Let not light see," &c. STEEVENS.

[2] *For he's no man on whom perfections wait,*] Means no more than —*he's no honest man*, that knowing, &c. MALONE.

[3] — *to make man* —] i. e. to produce *her* man, &c. MALONE.

[4] *Prince Pericles*, touch not, *upon thy life,*] This is a stroke of nature. The incestuous king cannot bear to see a rival touch the hand of the woman he loves. His jealousy resembles that of Antony:

" —— to let him be familiar with
" My play-fellow, your hand; this kingly seal,
" And plighter of high hearts." STEEVENS.

'Twould

"I would 'braid yourself too near for me to tell it.
Who has a book of all that monarchs do,
He's more secure to keep it shut, than shewn;
For vice repeated is like the wand'ring wind,
Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself[5];
And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,
The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear;
To stop the air would hurt them. The blind mole casts
Copp'd hills[6] towards heaven, to tell, the earth is throng'd
By man's oppression[7]; and the poor worm doth die for't[8].
Kings

[5] *For vice repeated, is like the wand'ring wind,*
Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself; &c.] That is, *which* blows dust, &c.

The man who knows of the ill practices of princes, is unwise if he reveals what he knows; for the publisher of vicious actions resembles the wind, which, while it passes along, blows dust into men's eyes.—When the blast is over, the eye that has been affected by the dust, suffers no farther pain, but can see as clearly as before; so by the relation of criminal acts, the eyes of mankind (though they are affected, and turn away with horror,) are opened, and see clearly what before was not even suspected: but by exposing the crimes of others, the relater suffers himself; as the breeze passes away, so the breath of the informer is gone; he dies for his temerity. Yet, to stop the course or ventilation of the air, would hurt the eyes; and to prevent informers from divulging the crimes of men would be prejudicial to mankind.

Such, I think, is the meaning of this obscure passage.

Mr. Mason is of opinion that there should be no point after the word *clear*, and that the meaning is this: "The breath is gone, and the eyes, though sore, see clear enough to stop for the future the air *that* would annoy them. "*The eyes, though sore,*" he thinks, relates to those princes, who feel themselves hurt by the publication of their shames, and will of course prevent a repetition of it, by destroying the person who divulged it." MALONE.

[6] Copp'd *hills* —] i. e. rising to a top or head. *Copped* Hall, in Essex, was so named from the lofty pavilion on the roof of the old house, which has been since pulled down. The upper tire of masonry that covers a wall is still called the *copping* or *coping*. High-crowned hats were anciently called *copatain* hats. STEEVENS.

[7] — *the earth is* throng'd
By man's oppression;] Perhaps we should read — *wrong'd*.
STEEVENS.

[8] — *and the* poor worm *doth die for't.*] I suppose he means to call the *mole*, (which suffers in its attempts to complain of man's injustice) *a poor worm*, as a term of commiseration. Thus in the *Tempest*, Prospero speaking to Miranda, says,
"*Poor worm!* thou art infected."

The

Kings are earth's gods: in vice their law's their will;
And if Jove ſtray, who dares ſay, Jove doth ill.
It is enough you know; and it is fit,
What being more known grows worſe, to ſmother it.
All love the womb that their firſt being bred,
Then give my tongue like leave to love my head.

Ant. Heaven, that I had thy head[9]! he has found the meaning;—
But I will gloze with him[1]. Young prince of Tyre,
Though, by the tenour of our ſtrict edict *,
Your expoſition miſ-interpreting[2],
We might proceed to cancel of your days [3];

Yet

The mole remains ſecure till he has thrown up thoſe hillocks, which by pointing out the courſe he is purſuing, enable the vermin-hunter to catch him. STEEVENS.

9 *Heaven, that I had thy head!*] The ſpeaker may either mean to ſay, *O, that I had thy ingenuity!* or, *O, that I had thy head, ſever'd from thy body!* The latter, I believe is the meaning. MALONE.

1 *But I will gloze with him.*] So Gower:

" The kinge was wondre ſorie tho,
" And thought, if that he ſaid it oute,
" Then were he ſhamed all aboute:
" *With ſhie wordes and with felle*
" He ſayth: My ſonne I ſhall thee telle,
" Though that thou be of littel witte," &c. MALONE.

* —our *ſtrict edict*,] The old copy has—*your* ſtrict edict. Corrected in the folio. MALONE.

2 *Your expoſition miſinterpreting.*] Your expoſition of the riddle being a miſtaken one; not interpreting it rightly. MALONE.

3 —*to* cancel *of your days*;] The quarto, 1609, reads—to *counſel* of your days; which may mean, *to deliberate how long you ſhall be permitted to live.* But I believe that *counſel* was merely an errour of the preſs, which the editor of the folio, 1664, corrected by reading to *cancel off* your days. The ſubſtitution of *off* for *of* is unneceſſary; for *cancel* may have been uſed as a ſubſtantive. *We might proceed to the* cancellation or deſtruction of *your life.* Shakſpeare uſes the participle *cancell'd* in the ſenſe required here, in his *Rape of Lucrece*, 1594:

" An *expir'd* date, *cancell'd* ere well begun."

The following lines in *K. Richard III.* likewiſe confirm the reading that has been choſen:

" *Cancel* his bond of *life*, dear God, I pray,
" That I may live to ſay the dog is dead." MALONE.

To omit the article was formerly a practice not uncommon. So, in *Titus Andronicus:* " Aſcend, fair queen, Pantheon," i. e. *the* Pantheon. STEEVENS.

Again,

Yet hope, ſucceeding from ſo fair a tree
As your fair ſelf, doth tune us otherwiſe:
Forty days longer we do reſpite you[4];
If by which time our ſecret be undone,
This mercy ſhews, we'll joy in ſuch a ſon:
And until then, your entertain ſhall be,
As doth befit our honour, and your worth.

[*Exeunt* ANTIOCHUS, *his daughter, and Attendants.*

Per. How courteſy would ſeem to cover ſin!
When what is done is like an hypocrite,
The which is good in nothing but in ſight.
If it be true that I interpret falſe,
Then were it certain, you were not ſo bad,
As with foul inceſt to abuſe your ſoul;
Where now you are both a father and a ſon,
By your untimely claſpings with your child,
(Which pleaſure fits an huſband, not a father;)
And ſhe an eater of her mother's fleſh,
By the defiling of her parent's bed;
And both like ſerpents are, who though they feed
On ſweeteſt flowers, yet they poiſon breed.
Antioch, farewel! for wiſdom ſees, thoſe men
Bluſh not in actions blacker than the night,
Will ſhun no courſe to keep them from the light[5].

One

Again, in *K. Lear*:

"Hot queſtriſts after him met him *at gate*." MALONE.

4 Forty *days longer we do reſpite you*;] In the *Geſta Romanorum*; *Confeſſio Amantis*, and the Hiſtory of *Kyng Appolyn*, *thirty* days only are allowed for the ſolution of this queſtion. It is difficult to account for this minute variation, but by ſuppoſing that our author copied ſome tranſlation of the *Geſta Romanorum* hitherto undiſcovered. MALONE.

5 ——*for wiſdom ſees, thoſe men*
Bluſh not in actions blacker than the night,
Will ſhun *no courſe to keep them from the light.*] All the old copies read—will *ſhew*—, but *ſhew* is evidently a corruption. The word that I have ventured to inſert in the text, in its place, was ſuggeſted by theſe lines in a ſubſequent ſcene, which appear to me ſtrongly to ſupport this emendation:

"And what may make him *bluſh* in being *known*,
"He'll *ſtop* the *courſe* by which it might be known."

We might read '*ſchew* for *eſchew*, if there were any inſtance of ſuch an abbreviation being uſed.

The

One ſin, I know, another doth provoke;
Murder's as near to luſt, as flame to ſmoke.
Poiſon and treaſon are the hands of ſin,
Ay, and the targets, to put off the ſhame:
Then, leſt my life be cropp'd to keep you clear[6],
By flight I'll ſhun the danger which I fear. [*Exit.*

Re-enter ANTIOCHUS.

Ant. He hath found the meaning, for which we mean
To have his head.
He muſt not live to trumpet forth my infamy,
Nor tell the world, Antiochus doth ſin
In ſuch a loathed manner:
And therefore inſtantly this prince muſt die;
For by his fall my honour muſt keep high.
Who attends us there?

Enter THALIARD.

Thal. Doth your highneſs call?

Ant. Thaliard, you are of our chamber, and our mind
Partakes her private actions[7] to your ſecreſy;
And for your faithfulneſs we will advance you.
Thaliard, behold, here's poiſon, and here's gold;
We hate the prince of Tyre, and thou muſt kill him;
It fits thee not to aſk the reaſon why,
Becauſe we bid it. Say, is it done*?

Thal. My lord, 'tis done.

The expreſſion is here, as in many places in this play, elliptical: *for wiſdom ſees* that *thoſe* who *do not bluſh to commit actions blacker than the night, will not ſhun any courſe, in order to preſerve them from being made publick.* MALONE.

[6] — *to keep you* clear,] To prevent any ſuſpicion falling on you. So, in *Macbeth*:

" ——— always thought, that I
" Require a *clearneſs*." MALONE.

[7] Partakes *her private actions* —] Our author in *The Winter's Tale* uſes the word *partake* in an active ſenſe, for *participate*:

" ——— your exultation
" *Partake* to every one." MALONE.

* *Say, is it done?*] We might point differenrly:
It fits thee not to aſk the reaſon why:
Becauſe we bid it, ſay is it done? MALONE.

Enter

Enter a Meſſenger.

Ant. Enough.—
Let your breath cool your ſelf, telling your haſte.
Meſ. My lord, prince Pericles is fled. [*Exit Meſ.*
Ant. As thou
Wilt live, fly after: and as * an arrow, ſhot
From a well experienc'd archer, hits the mark
His eye doth level at, ſo thou ne'er return,
Unleſs thou ſay, Prince Pericles is dead.
Thal. My lord, if I can get him within my piſtol's length, I'll make him ſure enough: ſo farewel to your highneſs. [*Exit.*
Ant. Thaliard, adieu! till Pericles be dead,
My heart can lend no ſuccour to my head [8]. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Tyre. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter PERICLES, HELICANUS, *and other Lords.*

Per. Let none diſturb us: why ſhould this charge of thoughts [9]?

* —*and* as —] Thus the folio. The quartos read—and *like* an arrow. MALONE.

8 *My heart can lend no ſuccour to my head.*] So the king in *Hamlet*:
" ——— till I know 'tis done,
" How ere my haps, my joys were ne'er begun." MALONE.

9 ——*why ſhould this* charge *of thoughts?*] The quarto, 1609, reads—*chāge*. The emendation was ſuggeſted by Mr. Steevens. The folio 1664, for *chāge* ſubſtituted *change*. *Change* is printed for *charge* in *As you like it*, 1623, Act I. ſc. iii. and in *Coriolanus*, Act V. ſc. iii.

Thought was formerly uſed in the ſenſe of melancholy. See Vol. VII. p. 528, n. 2. MALONE.

In what reſpect are the thoughts of Pericles *changed?* I would read " — *charge* of thoughts," i. e. weight of them, burthen, preſſure of thought. So afterwards in this play:
" Patience, good ſir, even for this *charge*."
The firſt copy reads *chāge*. STEEVENS.

The ſad companion, dull-ey'd melancholy [1],
By me ſo us'd a gueſt, as not an hour,
In the day's glorious walk, or peaceful night,
(The tomb where grief ſhould ſleep,) can breed me quiet?
Here pleaſures court mine eyes, and mine eyes ſhun them,
And danger, which I feared, is at Antioch,
Whoſe arm ſeems far too ſhort to hit me here:
Yet neither pleaſure's art can joy my ſpirits,
Nor yet the other's diſtance comfort me.
Then it is thus; the paſſions of the mind,
That have their firſt conception by miſ-dread,
Have after-nouriſhment and life by care;
And what was firſt but fear what might be done [2],
Grows elder now, and cares it be not done [3].
And ſo with me;—the great Antiochus
('Gainſt whom I am too little to contend,
Since he's ſo great, can make his will his act,)
Will think me ſpeaking, though I ſwear to ſilence;
Nor boots it me to ſay, I honour him [4],
If he ſuſpect I may diſhonour him:
And what may make him bluſh in being known,
He'll ſtop the courſe by which it might be known;
With hoſtile forces he'll o'er-ſpread the land,
And with the oſtent of war will look ſo huge [5],
Amazement

[1] *The ſad companion*, dull-ey'd melancholy,] So, in the *Comedy of Errors*:

"Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth enſue
"But moody and *dull melancholy*,
"Kinſman to grim and comfortleſs deſpair?" MALONE.

—dull-ey'd *melancholy*,] The ſame compound epithet occurs in the *Merchant of Venice*:

"I'll not be made a ſoft and *dull ey'd* fool." STEEVENS.

[2] —*but fear what might be done*,] But fear *of* what might happen. MALONE.

[3] —*and* cares *it be not done*.] And *makes proviſion* that it may not be done. MALONE.

[4] —*to ſay, I honour* him,] *Him* was ſupplied by Mr. Rowe, for the ſake of the metre. MALONE.

[5] *And with the* oſtent *of war will look ſo huge*,] The old copies read—And with *the ſtent* of war. The emendation was made by Mr. Tyrwhitt, and is confirmed by a paſſage in *the Merchant of Venice*:

Amazement ſhall drive courage from the ſtate;
Our men be vanquiſh'd, ere they do reſiſt,
And ſubjects puniſh'd, that ne'er thought offence:
Which care of them, not pity of myſelf,
(Who wants no more [6], but as the tops of trees,
Which fence the roots they grow by, and defend them,)
Makes both my body pine, and ſoul to languiſh,
And puniſh that before, that he would puniſh.

1. *Lord.* Joy and all comfort in your ſacred breaſt!

2. *Lord.* And keep your mind, till you return to us,
Peaceful and comfortable!

Hel. Peace, peace, and give experience tongue.
They do abuſe the king, that flatter him:
For flattery is the bellows blows up ſin;
The thing the which is flatter'd, but a ſpark,
To which that breath [7] gives heat and ſtronger glowing;
Whereas reproof, obedient, and in order,
Fits kings, as they are men, for they may err.

" Like one well ſtudied in a ſad *oſtent*,
" To pleaſe his grandam."

Again, in *King Richard II:*

" With *oſtentation* of deſpiſed *arms*." MALONE.

6 *Which care of them, not pity of myſelf,*
(Who wants *no more*, &c.] The quarto 1609, has—Who *once* more, which muſt have been a corruption. I formerly thought the poet might have written—who *owe* no more, but am now perſuaded that he wrote, however ungrammatically, " who *wants* no more," i. e. which *ſelf wants* no more; has no other wiſh or deſire, but to protect its ſubjects. The tranſcriber's ear, I ſuppoſe, deceived him in this as in various other inſtances. It ſhould be remembered that *ſelf* was formerly uſed as a ſubſtantive, and is ſo uſed at this day by perſons of inferior rank, who frequently ſay—*his ſelf*. Hence, I ſuppoſe, the author wrote *wants* rather than *want*. MALONE.

He means to compare the head of a kingdom to the ſummit of a tree. As it is the office of the latter to ſcreen each plant that grows beneath it from the injuries of weather, ſo it is the duty of the former to protect thoſe who ſhelter themſelves under his government. STEEVENS.

7 *To which that* breath—] i. e. the breath of flattery. The old copy reads—that *ſpark*; the word, (as Mr. Steevens has obſerved,) being accidentally repeated by the compoſitor. He would read—that *wind*. MALONE.

When signior Sooth[8] here does proclaim a peace,
He flatters you, makes war upon your life:
Prince, pardon me, or strike me, if you please;
I cannot be much lower than my knees.

Per. All leave us else; but let your cares o'er-look
What shipping, and what lading's in our haven,
And then return to us. [*Exeunt Lords.*] Helicanus, thou
Hast moved us: what seest thou in our looks?

Hel. An angry brow, dread lord.

Per. If there be such a dart in princes' frowns,
How durst thy tongue move anger to our face?

Hel. How dare the plants look up to heaven, from whence
They have their nourishment?

Per. Thou know'st I have power
To take thy life from thee.

Hel. I have ground the axe [*kneeling.*
Myself; do but you strike the blow.

Per. Rise, prythee rise; sit down, thou art no flatterer:
I thank thee for it; and heaven forbid,
That kings should let their ears hear their faults hid[9]!
Fit counsellor, and servant for a prince,
Who by thy wisdom mak'st a prince thy servant,
What would'st thou have me do?

Hel. To bear with patience such griefs,
As you yourself do lay upon yourself.

Per. Thou speak'st like a physician, Helicanus;
That minister'st a potion unto me,
That thou would'st tremble to receive thyself.
Attend me then; I went to Antioch,

[8] *When signior Sooth*—] A near kinsman of this gentleman is mentioned in *the Winter's Tale*: "—and his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by *sir Smile*, his neighbour." MALONE.

[9] *That kings should* let *their ears hear their faults hid!*] Heaven forbid, that kings should stop their ears, and so prevent them from hearing their secret faults!—To *let* formerly signified to *hinder*. See Vol. IX. p. 227, n. 2. MALONE.

Where,

Where, as thou know'ſt[1], againſt the face of death,
I ſought the purchaſe of a glorious beauty,
From whence an iſſue I might propagate[2],
Are arms to princes, and bring joys to ſubjects.
Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder;
The reſt (hark in thine ear) as black as inceſt;
Which by my knowledge found, the ſinful father
Seem'd not to ſtrike, but ſmooth[3]: but thou know'ſt this,
'Tis time to fear, when tyrants ſeem to kiſs.
Which fear ſo grew in me, I hither fled,
Under the covering of a careful night,
Who ſeem'd my good protector: and being here,
Bethought me what was paſt, what might ſucceed:
I knew him tyrannous; and tyrants' fears
Decreaſe not, but grow faſter than the years;
And ſhould he doubt it, (as no doubt he doth[4],)

[1] Where, as *thou know'ſt*,] The old copies have—*Whereas*, which had the ſame meaning as *where*. It is frequently thus uſed by our ancient writers. Probably, however, as Mr. Maſon has obſerved, the poet meant here two diſtinct words; *where as*. MALONE.

[2] *From whence an iſſue*—] From whence I might propagate an iſſue, *that* are arms, &c. MALONE.

I do not underſtand this paſſage. A line ſeems wanting to complete the ſenſe. It might be ſupplied thus:

———— a glorious beauty,
(From whence an iſſue I might propagate;
For royal progeny are general bleſſings,
Are arms to princes, and bring joys to ſubjects.)
Her face, &c. STEEVENS.

[3] *Seem'd not to ſtrike, but* ſmooth:] To *ſmooth* formerly ſignified to *flatter*. See Vol. VIII. p. 548, n. 2. MALONE.

[4] *And ſhould he* doubt it, *(as no doubt he doth,)*] The quarto 1609, reads,

And ſhould he *doo't*, as no doubt he doth—

from which the reading of the text has been formed. The repetition is much in our author's manner, and the following words, to lop that *doubt*, render this emendation almoſt certain. MALONE.

Here is an apparent corruption. I ſhould not heſitate to read—*doubt on't*—or,—*doubt it*. To *doubt* is to remain in ſuſpence or uncertainty.—Should he *be in doubt* that I ſhall keep this ſecret, (as there is no doubt but he is,) why, to "lop that doubt," i. e. to get rid of that painful uncertainty, he will ſtrive to make me appear the aggreſſor, by attacking me firſt as the author of ſome ſuppoſed injury to himſelf. STEEVENS.

That I should open to the list'ning air,
How many worthy princes' bloods were shed,
To keep his bed of blackness unlaid ope,—
To lop that doubt, he'll fill this land with arms,
And make pretence of wrong that I have done him;
When all, for mine, if I may call't offence,
Must feel war's blow, who spares not innocence [5]:
Which love to all (of which thyself art one,
Who now reprov'st me for it)—

Hel. Alas, sir!

Per. Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood from my cheeks,
Musings into my mind, with thousand doubts
How I might stop this tempest, ere it came;
And finding little comfort to relieve them,
I thought it princely charity to grieve them [6].

Hel. Well, my lord, since you have given me leave to speak,
Freely will I speak. Antiochus you fear,
And justly too, I think, you fear the tyrant,
Who either by publick war, or private treason,
Will take away your life.
Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while,
Till that his rage and anger be forgot;
Or till the destinies do cut his thread of life.
Your rule direct to any; if to me,
Day serves not light more faithful than I'll be.

Per. I do not doubt thy faith;
But should he wrong my liberties in my absence—

Hel. We'll mingle our bloods together in the earth,
From whence we had our being and our birth.

Per. Tyre, I now look from thee then, and to Tharsus

[5] —*who* spares *not innocence:*] Thus the eldest quarto. All the other copies read corruptly—*who* fears *not innocence.* MALONE.

[6] *I thought it princely charity* to grieve them.] That is, to lament their fate. The eldest quarto reads *to grieve* for *them*—But a rhyme seems to have been intended. The reading of the text was furnished by the third quarto, 1630, which, however, is of no authority. MALONE.

Intend

Intend my travel, where I'll hear from thee;
And by whose letters I'll dispose myself.
The care I had and have of subjects' good,
On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can bear it[7].
I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath;
Who shuns not to break one, will sure crack both*:
But in our orbs we'll live so round and safe[8],
That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince[9];
Thou shewd'st a subject's shine[1], I a true prince.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Tyre. *An Ante-chamber in the Palace.*

Enter THALIARD.

Thal. So, this is Tyre, and this the court. Here must I kill king Pericles; and if I do it not, I am sure to be hang'd at home: 'tis dangerous.—Well, I perceive, he was a wise fellow, and had good discretion, that being bid to ask what he would of the king, desired he might know none of his secrets. Now do I see he had some reason for it: for if a king bid a man be a villain,

7 —*whose wisdom's strength can bear it.*] Pericles, transferring his authority to Helicanus during his absence, naturally brings the first scene of *Measure for Measure* to our mind. MALONE.

* *Will* sure *crack both:*] Thus the folio. The word *sure* is not found in the quarto. MALONE.

8 *But in our orbs* we'll *live so round and safe,*] The first quarto reads —*will* live. For the emendation I am answerable. The quarto of 1619 has—*we* live. The first copy may have been right, if, as I suspect, the preceding line has been lost. MALONE.

But in our orbs, &c.]

——— in seipso totus teres atque *rotundus.* Horace. STEEVENS.

9 —*this truth shall ne'er* convince;] Overcome. See Vol. IV. p. 310, n. 2. MALONE.

1 *Thou shewd'st a subject's* shine, *I a true prince.*] *Shine* is by our ancient writers frequently used as a substantive. So, in *Chloris,* or *the Complaint of the passionate despised Shepheard,* by W. Smith, 1596:

"Thou glorious sunne, from whence my lesser light
"The substance of his crystal *shine* doth borrow."

This sentiment is not much unlike that of Falstaff: "—I shall think the better of myself and thee, during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince." MALONE.

he is bound by the indenture of his oath to be one.—
Hush, here come the lords of Tyre. [*retires.*

Enter HELICANUS, ESCANES, *and other Lords.*

Hel. You shall not need, my fellow-peers of Tyre,
Further to question me of your king's departure.
His seal'd commission, left in trust with me,
Doth speak sufficiently, he's gone to travel.
Thal. How! the king gone! [*Aside.*
Hel. If further yet you will be satisfied,
Why, as it were unlicens'd of your loves,
He would depart, I'll give some light unto you.
Being at Antioch—
Thal. What from Antioch? [*Aside.*
Hel. Royal Antiochus (on what cause I know not,)
Took some displeasure at him, at least he
Judg'd so, and doubting lest he had err'd or sinn'd,
To shew his sorrow, he would correct himself;
So puts himself unto the shipman's toil,
With whom each minute threatens life or death.
Thal. Well, I perceive [*Aside.*
I shall not be hang'd now, although I would[2];
But since he's gone, the king's seas must please[3]:
He 'scap'd the land, to perish at the sea.—
I'll present myself. Peace to the lords of Tyre!
Hel. Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is welcome.
Thal. From him I come
With message unto princely Pericles;
But, since my landing, I have understood
Your lord has betook himself to unknown travels;
My message must return from whence it came.

[2] —*although I would*;] So *Antelicus*, in *The Winter's Tale*: "If I had a mind to be honest, I see, fortune would not suffer me; she drops bounties into my mouth." MALONE.

[3] —*the king's seas must please*:] i. e. must *do their pleasure*; must treat him as they will. A rhyme was perhaps intended. We might read in the next line,

He 'scap'd the land, to perish *on* the *seas*.

So, in *The Taming of the Shrew*:

"I will bring you gain, or *perish on the seas*." MALONE.

Hel.

Hel. We have no reason to desire it[4],
Commended to our master, not to us:
Yet, ere you shall depart, this we desire,—
As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre[5].

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Tharsus. *A Room in the Governour's House.*

Enter CLEON, DIONYZA, *and Attendants.*

Cle. My Dionyza, shall we rest us here,
And by relating tales of others' griefs,
See if 'twill teach us to forget our own?

Dio. That were to blow at fire, in hope to quench it;
For who digs hills, because they do aspire,
Throws down one mountain, to cast up a higher.
O my distressed lord, even such our griefs are:
Here they're but felt, unseen with mischief's eyes[6],
But like to groves, being topp'd, they higher rise.

Cle.

4 *We have no reason to desire it,*] Thus all the old copies. Perhaps a word is wanting. We might read,

We have no reason to desire it *told*—

Your message being addressed to our master, and not to us, there is no reason why we should desire you to divulge it. If, however, *desire* be considered as a trisyllable, the metre, though, perhaps, not the sense, will be supplied. MALONE.

5 *Yet, ere you shall depart, this we desire,—*
As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre.] Thus also Agamemnon addresses Æneas in *Troilus and Cressida:*

" Yourself shall *feast* with us, before you go,
" And find the welcome of a noble foe." MALONE.

6 *Here they're but felt,* unseen *with mischief's eyes,* &c.] The quarto, 1609, reads—*and* seen. The words *and seen,* and that which I have inserted in the text, are so near in sound, that they might easily have been confounded by a hasty pronunciation, or an inattentive transcriber. By *mischief's eyes,* I understand, " the eyes of those who would feel a malignant pleasure in our misfortunes, and add to them by their triumph over us." The eye has been long described by poets as either propitious, or malignant and unlucky. Thus in a subsequent scene in this play:

" Now the good gods throw their *best eyes* upon it!"
MALONE.

—*unseen* with mischief's eyes,] i. e. the eyes of malignity, which render

Cle. O Dionyza,
Who wanteth food, and will not say, he wants it,
Or can conceal his hunger, till he famish?
Our tongues and sorrows too * sound deep our woes
Into the air; our eyes too weep;
Till lungs [7] fetch breath that may proclaim them louder;
That, if heaven slumber, while their creatures want,
They may awake their helpers to comfort them [8].
I'll then discourse our woes, felt several years,
And wanting breath to speak, help me with tears.

Dio. I'll do my best, sir.

Cle. This Tharsus, o'er which I have the government,
A city, on whom plenty held full hand,

render sorrow or disgrace more bitter. I think the same kind of reasoning is discoverable in one of the songs in *As You Like it*:

" Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
" Thou art not so unkind
" As man's ingratitude;
" *Thy tooth is not so keen,*
" *Because thou art not seen,*
" Although thy breath be rude."

The lines printed in Italicks are thus elegantly and forcibly explained by Dr. Johnson.

Thou winter wind, says the Duke, *thy rudeness gives the less pain*, as thou art not seen; *thou art an enemy that dost not brave us with thy presence, and whose unkindness is therefore not aggravated by insult.*

But like to groves, being topp'd, they higher rise.

This line is introduced to illustrate the former, in which our author has observed that solitude affords us the just measure of our misfortunes, without aggravation. But these misfortunes (he adds) if topp'd, (i. e. attempted to be reduced) increase, like trees which shoot the higher in consequence of having felt the pruning-knife. STEEVENS.

* *Our tongues and sorrows* too —] The original copy has—*to*, here and in the next line; which cannot be right. *To* was often written by our old writers for *too*; and in like manner *too* and *two* were confounded. The quarto of 1619 reads—*do* in the first line. I think Cleon means to say—*Let* our tongues and sorrows too sound deep, &c. MALONE.

[7] —*till* lungs —] The old copy has—*tongues*. The correction was made by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

[8] *They may awake their helpers to comfort them.*] Thus the old copy. Perhaps however we should read—*helps*. So before:

" ——————— be my *helps*,
" To compass such a boundless happiness!" MALONE.

For

For riches ſtrew'd herſelf even in the ſtreets[9];
Whoſe towers bore heads ſo high, they kiſs'd the clouds[1],
And ſtrangers ne'er beheld, but wonder'd at;
Whoſe men and dames ſo jetted and adorn'd[2],
Like one another's glaſs to trim them by[3]:
Their tables were ſtor'd full, to glad the ſight,
And not ſo much to feed on, as delight;
All poverty was ſcorn'd, and pride ſo great,
The name of help grew odious to repeat.

Dio. O, 'tis too true.

Cle. But ſee what heaven can do! By this our change,
Theſe mouths, whom but of late, earth, ſea, and air,
Were all too little to content and pleaſe,
Although they gave their creatures in abundance,

9 *For riches ſtrew'd* herſelf *even in the ſtreets*;] I ſuppoſe we ſhould read—*themſelves.* STEEVENS.

Shakſpeare generally uſes *riches* as a ſingular noun. So, in *Othello*:

"The *riches* of the ſhip *is* come aſhore."

Again, *ibidem*:

"But *riches* fineleſs *is* as poor as winter,"—

Again, in his 87th Sonnet:

"And, for *that riches*, where *is* my deſerving?" MALONE.

1 —*bore heads ſo high, they* kiſs'd the clouds,] So in *Hamlet*:

"——like the herald Mercury,
"New-lighted on a *heaven-kiſſing* hill."

Again, in the *Rape of Lucrece*, 1594:

"Threat'ning *cloud-kiſſing* Ilion with annoy."

Again, more appoſitely in *Troilus and Creſſida*:

"Yon *towers*, whoſe wanton *tops* do *buſs* the *clouds*." MALONE.

2 —*ſo* jetted *and adorn'd*,] To *jet* is to ſtrut, to walk proudly. So in *Twelfth Night*: "Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him: how he *jets* under his advanced plumes!" STEEVENS.

3 *Like one another's glaſs, to trim them by*;] The ſame idea is found in *Hamlet*. Ophelia, ſpeaking of the prince, ſays, he was

"The glaſs of faſhion, and the mould of form,
"The obſerv'd of all obſervers."

Again, in *Cymbeline*:

"A ſample to the youngeſt; to the more mature,
"*A glaſs that feated them.*"

Again, in *the Second Part of King Henry IV*:

"——He was indeed the *glaſs*,
"Wherein the noble youth did *dreſs* themſelves." MALONE.

As

As houſes are defil'd for want of uſe,
They are now ſtarv'd for want of exerciſe:
Thoſe palates, who, not us'd to hunger's ſavour [4],
Muſt have inventions to delight the taſte,
Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it:
Thoſe mothers who, to nouzle up their babes [5],
Thought nought too curious, are ready now
To eat thoſe little darlings whom they lov'd.
So ſharp are hunger's teeth, that man and wife
Draw lots, who firſt ſhall die to lengthen life:
Here ſtands a lord, and there a lady weeping;
Here many ſink, yet thoſe which ſee them fall,
Have ſcarce ſtrength left to give them burial.
Is not this true?

Dio. Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witneſs it.

Cle. O, let thoſe cities, that of plenty's cup [6]

And

4 *Thoſe palates, who, not us'd to hunger's ſavour,*] The paſſage is ſo corrupt in the old copy, that it is difficult even to form a probable conjecture about it. It reads—who not *yet too ſavers younger.* The words which I have inſerted in the text, afford ſenſe, and are not very remote from the traces of the original letters; and *ſavour* and *hunger* might eaſily have been tranſpoſed. We have in a ſubſequent ſcene:

" All *viands* that I eat, do ſeem un*ſavoury*."

I do not, however, propoſe this emendation with the ſmalleſt confidence; but it may remain till ſome leſs exceptionable conjecture ſhall be offered. MALONE.

Here is a groſs corruption. I would boldly read,

——— who not yet *being ſlaves to hunger.* STEEVENS.

5 —*to* nouzle *up their babes,*] read—*nurſle.* A fondling is ſtill called a *nurſling.* To *nouzle,* or as it is now written *nuzzle,* is to go with the noſe down like a hog. So Pope:

" The bleſſed benefit, not there confin'd,
" Drops to a third, who *nuzzles* cloſe behind." STEEVENS.

In an ancient poem entitled *The ſtrange Birth. honourable Coronation, and moſt unhappie Death of famous Arthur, King of Brytaine,* 1601, I find the word *nuzzle* uſed nearly in the ſame manner as in the text:

" The firſt fair ſportive night that you ſhall have,
" Lying ſafely *nuzzled* by faire Igrene's ſide."—

Again, more appoſitely, *ibidem:*

" Being *nuzzled* in effeminate delights,"—.

I have therefore retained the reading of the old copy. MALONE.

6 *O, let thoſe cities, that of plenty's cup,* &c.] A kindred thought is found in *King Lear:*

" ——— Take

And her prosperities so largely taste,
With their superfluous riots, hear these tears!
The misery of Tharsus may be theirs.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Where's the lord governor?

Cle. Here.

Speak out thy sorrows, which thou bring'st, in haste,
For comfort is too far for us to expect.

Lord. We have descried, upon our neighbouring shore,
A portly sail of ships make hitherward.

Cle. I thought as much.

One sorrow never comes, but brings an heir,
That may succeed as his inheritor[7];
And so in our's: some neighbouring nation,
Taking advantage of our misery,
Hath stuff'd the hollow vessels with their power[8],
To beat us down, the which are down already;
And make a conquest of unhappy me[9],

" ——Take physick, pomp!
" Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
" That thou may'st shake the superflux to them;
" And shew the heavens more just." MALONE.

Again, *ibidem:*
" Let the *superfluous* and lust-dieted man," &c. MALONE.

7 *One sorrow never comes, but brings an heir,*
That may succeed as his inheritor;] So, in *Hamlet*:
" —— sorrows never come as single spies,
" But in battalions." STEEVENS.

Again, *ibidem:*
" One woe doth tread upon another's heels,
" So fast they follow." MALONE.

8 *Hath stuff'd* the *hollow vessels with their power,*] The quarto 1609, reads, *That* stuff'd, &c. The context clearly shews that we ought to read *Hath* instead of *That*.—By *power* is meant *forces*. The word is frequently used in that sense by our ancient writers. So, in *King Lear*:
" —— from France there comes a *power*
" Into this scatter'd kingdom." MALONE.

I would read.
Hath stuff'd *these* hollow vessels, &c. STEEVENS.

9 —*of unhappy* me,] I believe a letter was dropped at the press, and would read—of unhappy *men*, &c. MALONE.

Whereas

Whereas no glory's got to overcome [1].

Lord. That's the leaſt fear; for, by the ſemblance [2]
Of their white flags diſplay'd, they bring us peace,
And come to us as favourers, not as foes.

Cle. Thou ſpeak'ſt like him's untutor'd to repeat [3],
Who makes the faireſt ſhow, means moſt deceit.
But bring they what they will, and what they can,
What need we fear [4]?
The ground's the loweſt, and we are half way there:
Go tell their general, we attend him here,
To know for what he comes, and whence he comes,
And what he craves.

Lord. I go, my lord. [*Exit.*

Cle. Welcome is peace, if he on peace conſiſt [5];
If wars, we are unable to reſiſt.

Enter PERICLES, *with Attendants.*

Per. Lord governor, for ſo we hear you are,
Let not our ſhips and number of our men,

[1] *Whereas no glory's*—] *Whereas*, it has been already obſerved, was anciently uſed for *where*. MALONE.

[2] *That's the leaſt fear; for, by the ſemblance*—] It ſhould be remembered that *ſemblance* was pronounced as a triſyllable—*ſemble-ance*. So, our author in *the Comedy of Errors*:

"And theſe two Dromios, one in *ſemblance*."

So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *reſembleth* is a quadriſyllable:

"O, how this ſpring of love *reſembleth*"—. MALONE.

[3] *Thou ſpeak'ſt like* him's *untutor'd to repeat*,] The quarto, 1609, reads—like *himnes* untutor'd to repeat. I ſuppoſe the author wrote —*him is*—an expreſſion which, however elliptical, is not more ſo than many others in this play. MALONE.

We ſhould read—*him who is*, and regulate the metre as follows:

——— thou ſpeak'ſt
Like *him who is* untutor'd to repeat, &c.

The ſenſe is—*Deluded by the pacifick appearance of this navy, you talk like one who has never learned the common adage*, "that the faireſt outſides are moſt to be ſuſpected." STEEVENS.

[4] *What need we fear?*] The earlieſt copy reads and points thus:

What need we *leave our* grounds the loweſt?

The reading which is inſerted in the text, is that of the ſecond quarto, printed in 1619. MALONE.

[5] —*if he on peace* conſiſt;] If he *ſtands* on peace.—A Latin ſenſe. MALONE.

Be,

Be, like a beacon fir'd, to amaze your eyes.
We have heard your miſeries as far as Tyre,
And ſeen the deſolation of your ſtreets:
Nor come we to add ſorrow to your tears,
But to relieve them of their heavy load;
And theſe our ſhips you happily may think
Are, like the Trojan horſe, war-ſtuff'd within,
With bloody views expecting overthrow [6],
Are ſtor'd with corn, to make your needy bread [7],
And give them life, whom hunger ſtarv'd, half dead.

All. The gods of Greece protect you!
And we will pray for you.

Per. Ariſe, I pray you, riſe;
We do not look for reverence, but for love,
And harbourage for ourſelf, our ſhips, and men.

Cle. The which when any ſhall not gratify,
Or pay you with unthankfulneſs in thought [8],
Be it our wives, our children, or ourſelves,
The curſe of heaven and men ſucceed their evils!

[6] *And theſe our ſhips you happily may think*
Are, like the Trojan horſe, war-ſtuff'd within,
With bloody views *expecting overthrow,*] i. e. *which* you happily, &c. The old copy reads:

And theſe our ſhips you happily may think,
Are like the Trojan horſe, *was* ſtuff'd within
With bloody *veines*, &c,

For the emendation of this corrupted paſſage the reader is indebted to Mr. Steevens. So, as he has obſerved, in a former ſcene:

"Hath *ſtuff'd* the hollow veſſels with their power."

MALONE.

[7] —*to make your needy bread,*] i. e. to make bread for your needy ſubjects. PERCY.

[8] *Or pay you with unthankfulneſs in* thought,] I ſuſpect the author wrote:

Or pay you with unthankfulneſs in *aught*,
Be it our wives, &c.

If we are unthankful to you in any one inſtance, or refuſe, ſhould there be occaſion, to ſacrifice any thing for your ſervice, whether our wives, our children, or ourſelves, may the curſe of heaven, and of mankind, &c.—*Aught* was anciently written *ought*. *Our wives*, &c. may however refer to *any* in the former line; I have therefore made no change. MALONE.

Till

Till when, (the which, I hope, ſhall ne'er be ſeen,)
Your grace is welcome to our town and us.

Per. Which welcome we'll accept; feaſt here a while,
Until our ſtars that frown, lend us a ſmile. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Here have you ſeen a mighty king
His child, I wis, to inceſt bring:
A better prince and benign lord,
That will prove awful both in deed and word.
Be quiet then, as men ſhould be,
Till he hath paſt neceſſity.
I'll ſhew you thoſe, in trouble's reign,
Loſing a mite, a mountain gain[9].
The good in converſation
(To whom I give my benizon)
Is ſtill at Tharſus, where[1] each man
Thinks all is writ he ſpoken can[2]:

[9] *I'll ſhew you thoſe*, &c.] I will now exhibit to you perſons, who, after ſuffering ſmall and temporary evils, will at length be bleſſed with happineſs.—I ſuſpect our author had here in view the title of the chapter in *Geſta Romanorum*, in which the ſtory of Apollonius is told; though I will not ſay in what language he read it. It is this: "De tribulatione temporali, quæ in gaudium ſempiternum poſtremo commutabitur." MALONE.

[1] *The good in converſation*
(To whom I give my benizon)
Is ſtill at Tharſus, where, &c.] This paſſage is confuſedly expreſſed. Gower means to ſay—The good prince (on whom I beſtow my beſt wiſhes) is ſtill engaged in converſation at Tharſus, where every man, &c. STEEVENS.

[2] *Thinks all is writ he ſpoken can:*] Pays as much reſpect to whatever Pericles ſays, as if it were holy *writ*. "As true as the *goſpel*," is ſtill common language. MALONE.

Writ may certainly mean *ſcripture*; the holy writing, by way of eminence, being ſo denominated. We might however read—*wit*, i. e. wiſdom. So Gower, in this ſtory of *Prince Appolyn*,

"Though that thou be of littel *witte*." STEEVENS.

And,

And, to remember what he does,
Gild his ſtatue to make him glorious[3]:
But tidings to the contrary
Are brought to your eyes; what need ſpeak I?

Dumb ſhew.

Enter at one door, Pericles, *talking with* Cleon; *all the train with them. Enter at another door, a Gentleman, with a letter to* Pericles; Pericles *ſhews the letter to* Cleon; *then gives the Meſſenger a reward, and knights him. Exeunt* PERICLES, CLEON, *&c. ſeverally.*

Good Helicane hath ſtaid at home,
Not to eat honey, like a drone,

[3] *Gild his ſtatue to make him glorious:*] This circumſtance, as well as the foregoing, is found in the *Conf. Amant.*

" *Appelinus,* whan that he herde
" The miſchefe, howe the citee ferde,
" All freliche of his owne gifte
" His wheate among hem for to ſhifte,
" The whiche by ſhip he had brought,
" He yave, and toke of hem right nought;
" But ſithen fyrſt this worlde began,
" Was never yet to ſuche a man
" More joye made than thei hym made;
" For thei were all of hym ſo glade,
" That *thei for ever in remembrance*
" *Made a figure in reſemblance*
" *Of hym,* and in a common place
" Thei ſet it up; ſo that his face
" Might every maner man beholde,
" So as the citee was beholde:
" It was of laton *over-gylte*;
" Thus hath he nought his yefte ſpilte."

All the copies read—*Build* his ſtatue, &c. MALONE.

Build *his ſtatue to make him glorious:*] Read *gild.* So, in *Gower:*

" It was of laton over-*gylte.*"

Again, in *King Appolyn of Thyre,* 1510: "—in remembraunce they made an ymage or ſtatue of *clene gold,*" &c.

The ſame blunder has been repeated by the printer in a ſubſequent ſcene:

" This jewel holds his *building* on my arm—

where I have corrected it again—*gilding.* STEEVENS.

From others' labours; for though he ſtrive
To killen bad, keeps good alive;
And, to fulfil his prince' deſire,
Sends word of all that haps in Tyre[4]:
How Thaliard came full bent with ſin,
And had intent to murder him[5];
And that in Tharſus was not beſt*
Longer for him to make his reſt:
He knowing ſo[6], put forth to ſeas,
Where when men been, there's ſeldom eaſe;
For now the wind begins to blow;
Thunder above, and deeps below,
Make ſuch unquiet, that the ſhip
Should houſe him ſafe, is wreck'd and ſplit;
And he, good prince, having all loſt,
By waves, from coaſt to coaſt is toſt:
All periſhen of man, of pelf,
Ne aught eſcapen'd[7] but himſelf;

Till

4 *Good Helicane* hath *ſtaid at home,—*
And, to fulfil his prince' deſire,
Sends word *of all that haps in Tyre:*] The old copy reads:
Good Helicane *that* ſtaid at home—
Saw'd one of all, &c.
The emendation was ſuggeſted by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

5 *And* had intent *to murder him*;] The quarto, 1609, reads,
And *bid in Tent* to murder him.
This is only mentioned, to ſhew how inaccurately this play was originally printed, and to juſtify the liberty that has been taken in correcting the preceding paſſage. The reading of the text is that of the quarto, 1619. MALONE.

* —was *not beſt*—] The conſtruction is, And that for him to make his reſt longer in Tharſus, was not beſt; i. e. his beſt courſe. MALONE.

6 *He* knowing *ſo*,—] i. e. ſays Mr. Steevens, by whom this emendation was made, "he being thus informed." The old copy has—He *doing* ſo. MALONE.

7 *Ne aught* eſcapen'd *but himſelf*;] It ſhould be printed either *eſcapen* or *eſcaped*. Our anceſtors had a plural number in their tenſes, which is now loſt out of the language; i. e. in the preſent tenſe,

I eſcape	We eſcapen
Thou eſcapeſt	Ye eſcapen
He eſcapeth	They eſcapen.

But it did not, I believe, extend to the preter-imperfects, otherwiſe than thus: They *didden* [for *did*] eſcape. PERCY.

I do

Till fortune, tir'd with doing bad,
Threw him aſhore, to give him glad [8];
And here he comes: what ſhall be next,
Pardon old Gower; this long's the text. [*Exit.*

SCENE I.

Pentapolis. *An open place by the ſea-ſide.*

Enter PERICLES, *wet.*

Per. Yet ceaſe your ire, you angry ſtars of heaven [9]!
Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly man

I do not believe the text to be corrupt. Our author in this inſtance ſeems to have followed Gower:

" —and with himſelfe were in debate,
" *Thynkende* what he had lore," &c.

I think, I have obſerved many other inſtances of the ſame kind in the *Confeſſio Amantis*. MALONE.

[8] —*to give him glad*;] Should we not read—to *make* him glad? PERCY.

[9] *Yet ceaſe your ire, you angry* ſtars *of heaven!*
Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly man
Is but a ſubſtance, &c.] I would read:
——— ye angry *ſtores* of heaven,
Wind, rain, and thunder! remember, &c.
So Milton, Paradiſe Loſt, b. ii. l. 175.
" ——what, if all
" Her *ſtores* were open'd, and this firmament
" Of hell ſhould ſpout her cataracts of fire,—."
Again, b. vi. l. 764.
" His quiver with three-bolted thunder *ſtor'd*."
So Addiſon in his *Cato*:
" Some hidden thunder in the *ſtores of heaven*."
In ſtrictneſs, the old reading wants ſomewhat of propriety, becauſe there are no *ſtars* beſide thoſe *of heaven*. We ſay properly—the *ſands of the ſea*, and the *fiſhes of the ſea*, becauſe there are likewiſe *ſands of the earth*, and *fiſhes that live in freſh water*; but *ſtars* are to be found *only* in thoſe regions of which *wind*, *rain*, and *thunder* are the acknowledged *ſtores*. So, in *King Lear*:
" All the *ſtor'd* vengeances *of heaven* fall
" On her ingrateful top!" &c. STEEVENS.

The amendment propoſed by Mr. Steevens, is unneceſſary, nor is there any impropriety in the paſſage as it ſtands; for though there be no ſtars except thoſe of heaven, ſome of theſe ſtars were ſuppoſed to be angry or malignant, and others to be favourable and proſperous. The emphaſis in ſpeaking muſt be laid on the word *angry*. MASON.

Is but a ſubſtance, that muſt yield to you;
And I, as fits my nature, do obey you.
Alas, the ſea hath caſt me on the rocks,
Waſh'd me from ſhore to ſhore, and left me breath[1],
Nothing to think on, but enſuing death:
Let it ſuffice the greatneſs of your powers,
To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes;
And having thrown him from your watry grave,
Here to have death in peace, is all he'll crave.

Enter three Fiſhermen[2].

1. *Fiſh.* What, ho, Pilche[3]!
2. *Fiſh.* Ha, come, and bring away the nets.

1 *Fiſh.*

[1] —*and left* me *breath*,] The quarto, 1609, reads—and left *my* breath. I read—and left *me* breath—; that is, left me life, only to aggravate my misfortunes, by enabling me to think on the death that awaits me.

This ſlight change, in ſome meaſure, removes the abſurdity that Mr. Steevens has juſtly remarked in this paſſage as it ſtands in the old copy. The rhyme, I believe, was intended; for in many of our old plays rhyme ſeems to have been thought an ornament, whenever it could be commodiouſly introduced. MALONE.

The interpoſition of rhime in the middle of this ſpeech, and the aukwardneſs of imputing *thought* to *breath*, incline me to believe here is ſome corruption. Perhaps the author wrote

—— left my *breaſt*
Nothing to think on, &c.—

To revolve any thing in the *breaſt* or *boſom* is a phraſe ſufficiently authoriſed. So Milton, Par. Loſt, b. ix. v. 288:

"*Thoughts*, which how found they *harbour* in thy *breaſt*?"

STEEVENS.

[2] This ſcene ſeems to have been formed on the following lines in the *Confeſſio Amantis*:

"Thus was the younge lorde all alone,
"All naked in a poure plite.—
"There came a fiſher in the weye,
"And ſigh a man there naked ſtonde,
"And whan that he hath underſtonde
"The cauſe, he hath of hym great routh;
"And onely of his poure trouth,
"Of ſuch clothes as he hadde
"With great pitee this lorde he cladde:
"And he hym thonketh as he ſholde,
"And ſayth hym that it ſhall be yolde

"If

1. *Fiſh.* What, Patch-breech, I ſay!

3. *Fiſh.* What ſay you, maſter?

1. *Fiſh.* Look how thou ſtirreſt now: come away, or I'll fetch thee with a wannion [4].

3. *Fiſh.* 'Faith, maſter, I am thinking of the poor men that were caſt away before us, even now.

1. *Fiſh.* Alas, poor ſouls, it grieved my heart [5] to hear what pitiful cries they made to us, to help them, when, well-a-day, we could ſcarce help ourſelves.

3. *Fiſh.* Nay, maſter, ſaid not I as much, when I ſaw the porpus, how he bounced and tumbled [6]? they ſay, they

" If ever he gete his ſtate ageyne;
" And praith that he wolde hym ſeyne,
" If nigh were any towne for hym.
" He ſayd, ye, Pentapolim,
" Where both kynge and quene dwellen.
" Whan he this tale herde tellen,
" He gladdeth hym, and gan beſeche,
" That he the wey hym wolde teche."

Shakſpeare, delighting to deſcribe the manners of ſuch people, has introduced three fiſhermen, inſtead of one, and extended the dialogue to a conſiderable length. MALONE.

3 *What* ho! Pilche!] All the old copies read—What *to pelche.* The latter emendation was made by Mr. Tyrwhitt. For the other I am reſponſible. *Pilche*, as he has obſerved, is a leathern coat. The context confirms this correction. The firſt fiſherman appears to be the maſter, and ſpeaks with authority, and ſome degree of contempt, to the third fiſherman, who is a ſervant.—His next ſpeech, *What, Patch-breech, I ſay!* is in the ſame ſtyle. The ſecond fiſherman ſeems to be a ſervant likewiſe; and, after the maſter has called—What, *ho*, Pilche!—(for ſo I read,) explains what it is he wants:—*Ha, come, and bring away the nets.* MALONE.

4 —*with a wannion.*] A phraſe of which the meaning is obvious, though I cannot explain the word at the end of it. It is common in many of our old plays. STEEVENS.

5 *Alas, poor ſouls! it grieved my heart*—] So, in *The Winter's Tale*: " *O the moſt piteous cry of the poor ſouls!* Sometimes to ſee 'em, and not to ſee 'em;—now the ſhip boring the moon with her main-maſt, and anon ſwallowed with yeſt and froth, as you'd thruſt a cork into a hogſhead. And then for the land-ſervice—To ſee how the bear tore out his ſhoulder-bone; *how he cry'd to me for help*," &c. MALONE.

6 —*when I ſaw the porpus, how he bounced and tumbled?*] The riſing

they are half fish, half flesh: a plague on them, they ne'er come, but I look to be wash'd. Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.

1. *Fish.* Why, as men do a-land; the great ones eat up the little ones. I can compare our rich misers to nothing so fitly as to a whale; 'a plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry before him[7], and at last devours them all at a mouthful. Such whales have I heard on a'the land, who never leave gaping, till they've swallow'd the whole parish, church, steeple, bells and all.

Per. A pretty moral.

3. *Fish.* But, master, if I had been the sexton, I would have been that day in the belfry.

2. *Fish.* Why, man?

3. *Fish.* Because he should have swallow'd me too: and when I had been in his belly, I would have kept such a jangling of the bells, that he should never have left, till he cast bells, steeple, church, and parish, up again. But if the good king Simonides were of my mind—

Per. Simonides?

3. *Fish.* We would purge the land of these drones, that rob the bee of her honey.

Per. How from the finny subject of the sea[8]
These fishers tell the infirmities of men;
And from their watry empire recollect
All that may men approve, or men detect!—
Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.

of porpuses near a vessel at sea, has long been considered as the forerunner of a storm. So, in *The Dutchess of Malfy*, by Webster, 1623: "He lifts up his nose, like a foul *porpus* before a storm." MALONE.

7 —*as to a whale; 'a plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry before him,*—] So, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

"——like scaled sculls
"Before the belching whale." STEEVENS.

8 —*the* finny *subject of the sea*—] Old Copies—*fenny*. Corrected by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

This thought is not much unlike another in *As you like it*:

"—this our life, exempt from publick haunt,
"Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
"Sermons in stones, and good in every thing." STEEVENS.

2. *Fish.*

2. *Fish.* Honeſt! good fellow, what's that? if it be a day fits you, ſcratch it out of the calendar, and no body will look after it[9].

Per. Nay, ſee, the ſea hath caſt upon your coaſt—

2. *Fish.* What a drunken knave was the ſea, to caſt thee in our way[1]!

9 *Honeſt! good fellow, what's that? if it be a day fits you,* ſcratch *it out of the calendar, and no body will look after it.*] The old copy reads —if it be a day fits you, *ſearch out* of the calendar, and *nobody look after it.*

Part of the emendation ſuggeſted by Mr. Steevens, is confirmed by a paſſage in *The Coxcomb*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, quoted by Mr. Maſon:

" —— I fear ſhrewdly, I ſhould do ſomething
" That would quite *ſcratch* me out of the calendar." MALONE.

The preceding ſpeech of Pericles affords no apt introduction to the reply of the fiſherman. Either ſomewhat is omitted that cannot now be ſupplied, or the whole paſſage is obſcured by more than common depravation.

It ſhould ſeem that the prince had made ſome remark on the badneſs of the day. Perhaps the dialogue originally ran thus:

Per. Peace be at your labour, honeſt fiſhermen;
The day is rough and thwarts your occupation.
2. *Fish.* Honeſt! good fellow, what's that? If it be *not* a day fits you, *ſcratch it* out of the calendar, and nobody *will* look after it.

The following ſpeech of Pericles is equally abrupt and inconſequent:

May ſee the ſea hath caſt upon your coaſt.

The folio reads,

Y'may ſee the ſea hath caſt *me* upon your coaſt.

I would rather ſuppoſe the poet wrote,

Nay, ſee the ſea hath caſt upon your coaſt——

Here the *fiſherman* interpoſes. The prince then goes on

A man, &c. STEEVENS.

May not here be an alluſion to the *dies honeſtiſſimus* of Cicero?—If you like the day, find it out in the Almanack, and no body will take it from you. FARMER.

Some difficulty, however, will remain, unleſs we ſuppoſe a preceding line to have been loſt; for Pericles (as the text ſtands) has ſaid nothing about the day. I ſuſpect that in the loſt line he wiſh'd the men *a good day.* MALONE.

[1] —*to* caſt *thee in our way!*] He is playing on the word *caſt*; which anciently was uſed both in the ſenſe of *to throw*, and *to vomit.* So, in *Macbeth*:

" —yet I made a ſhift to *caſt* him."

It is uſed in the latter ſenſe above: " —till he *caſt* bells, &c. *up again.*" MALONE.

Per. A man whom both the waters and the wind,
In that vaſt tennis-court, hath made the ball
For them to play upon, entreats you pity him:
He aſks of you, that never us'd to beg.

1. *Fiſh.* No, friend, cannot you beg? here's them in our country of Greece, gets more with begging, than we can do with working.

2. *Fiſh.* Can'ſt thou catch any fiſhes then?

Per. I never practis'd it.

2. *Fiſh.* Nay, then thou wilt ſtarve ſure: for here's nothing to be got now-a-days, unleſs thou can'ſt fiſh for't.

Per. What I have been, I have forgot to know;
But what I am, want teaches me to think on;
A man throng'd up with cold[2]: my veins are chill,
And have no more of life, than may ſuffice
To give my tongue that heat, to aſk your help;
Which if you ſhall refuſe, when I am dead,
For that I am a man, pray ſee me buried.

1. *Fiſh.* Die, quoth-a? Now gods forbid! I have a gown here[3]; come, put it on; keep thee warm. Now, afore me, a handſome fellow! Come, thou ſhalt go home, and we'll have fleſh for holy-days, fiſh for faſting days, and moreo'er puddings and flap-jacks[4]; and thou ſhalt be welcome.

Per.

[2] *A man* throng'd *up with cold:*—] I ſuſpect that this, which is the reading of all the copies, is corrupt. We might read,

A man *ſhrunk* up with cold;—

(It might have been anciently written *ſhronk.*) So, in *Cymbeline:*

" The *ſhrinking* ſlaves of *winter.*" MALONE.

Throng'd up with cold may mean only moleſted by it, as by the preſſure of a crowd. With this ſituation Apemantus threatens Timon:

" ——I'll ſay thou haſt gold:
" Thou wilt be *throng'd* to ſhortly.

Throng'd might alſo be uſed by Pericles to ſignify ſhrunk into a heap, ſo as to have one part *crowded* into another. STEEVENS.

[3] *I have a* gown *here*; &c.] In the proſe hiſtory of *Kynge Appelyn of Tyre*, already quoted, the fiſherman gives him " one halfe of his blacke *mantelle* for to cover his body with." STEEVENS.

[4] —*fleſh for* holy-days, *fiſh for faſting days, and* more-o'er *puddings and flap-jacks*;] In the old copy this paſſage is ſtrangely corrupted.

Per. I thank you, sir.

2. *Fish.* Hark you, my friend, you said you could not beg.

Per. I did but crave.

2. *Fish.* But crave? then I'll turn craver too, and so I shall 'scape whipping.

Per. Why, are all your beggars whipp'd then?

2. *Fish.* O, not all, my friend, not all; for if all your beggars were whipp'd, I would wish no better office, than to be beadle. But, master, I'll go draw up the net. [*Exeunt two of the Fishermen.*

Per. How well this honest mirth becomes their labour!

1. *Fish.* Hark you, sir, do you know where you are?

Per. Not well.

1. *Fish.* Why I'll tell you; this is called Pentapolis, and our king, the good Simonides.

Per. The good king Simonides, do you call him?

1. *Fish.* Ay, sir, and he deserves so to be call'd, for his peaceable reign, and good government.

Per. He is a happy king, since he gains from his subjects the name of good, by his government. How far is his court distant from this shore?

1. *Fish.* Marry, sir, half a day's journey; and I'll tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and to-morrow is her birth-day; and there are princes and knights come from all parts of the world, to just and tourney for her love.

Per. Were my fortunes equal to my desires, I could wish to make one there.

1. *Fish.* O sir, things must be as they may; and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deal for,—his wife's soul[5].

Re-enter

ed. It reads—flesh for *all days*, fish for fasting days, and *more*, or puddings and flap-jacks. Dr. Farmer suggested to me the correction of the latter part of the sentence: for the other emendation I am responsible. Mr. Mason would read—flesh for *ale-days*: but this was not, I think, the language of the time; though *ales* and *church-ales* was common. MALONE.

In some counties a *flapjack* signifies an apple-puff: but anciently it seems to have meant a *pancake*. STEEVENS.

5 — *and what a man cannot get*, &c.] This passage, in its present state,

Re-enter the two Fiſhermen, drawing up a net.

2. *Fiſh.* Help, maſter, help; here's a fiſh hangs in the net, like a poor man's right in the law; 'twill hardly come out. Ha! bots on't[6], 'tis come at laſt, and 'tis turn'd to a ruſty armour.

Per. An armour, friends! I pray you, let me ſee it.
Thanks, fortune, yet, that after all my croſſes*,
Thou giv'ſt me ſomewhat to repair myſelf;
And, though it was mine own[7], part of mine heritage,
Which my dead father did bequeath to me,
With this ſtrict charge, (even as he left his life,)
Keep it, my Pericles, it hath been a ſhield

ſtate, is to me unintelligible. We might read—"O ſir, things muſt be as they may; and what a man cannot get, he may *not* lawfully deal for;—his wife's ſoul."

Be content; things muſt be as Providence has appointed; and what a man's ſituation in life does not entitle him to aſpire to, he ought not *to attempt;—the affections of a woman in a higher ſphere than his own.*

Soul is in other places uſed by our author for *love*.—Thus in *Meaſure for Meaſure:*

" ——— we have with ſpecial *ſoul*
" Elected him, our abſence to ſupply." MALONE.

Things muſt be (ſays the ſpeaker) *as they are appointed to be; and what a man is not ſure to compoſs, he has yet a juſt right to attempt.*—Thus far the paſſage is clear. The fiſherman may then be ſuppoſed to begin a new ſentence—*His wife's ſoul*—but here he is interrupted by his comrades. He might otherwiſe have proceeded to ſay—*The good will of a wife indeed is one of the things which is difficult of attainment. A huſband is in the right to ſtrive for it, but after all his pains may fail to ſecure it.*—I wiſh his brother fiſhermen had called off his attention before he had had time to utter his laſt three words. STEEVENS.

The fiſherman means, I think, to ſay, "What a man cannot get, there is no law againſt giving, to ſave his wife's ſoul from purgatory." FARMER.

6 —bots *on't*,—] The *bots* are the worms that breed in horſes. This comick execration was formerly uſed in the room of one leſs decent. It occurs in *King Henry IV.* and in many other old plays. MALONE.

* —*after all* my *croſſes*,] For the inſertion of the word *my*, I am anſwerable. MALONE.

7 *And, though it was mine own*,] i. e. And *I thank you*, though it was my own. MALONE.

'Twixt

[8]*Twixt me and death*; (and pointed to this brace[8]:)
For that it ſav'd me, keep it; in like neceſſity,
The which the gods protect thee from! 't may defend thee[9].
It kept where I kept, I ſo dearly lov'd it;
Till the rough ſeas, that ſpare not any man,
Took it in rage, though calm'd, have given it again:
I thank thee for it; my ſhipwreck now's no ill,
Since I have here my father's gift in his will.

1. *Fiſh.* What mean you, ſir?

Per. To beg of you, kind friends, this coat of worth,
For it was ſometime target to a king;
I know it by this mark. He lov'd me dearly,
And for his ſake I wiſh the having of it;
And that you'd guide me to your ſovereign's court,
Where with it I may appear a gentleman;
And if that ever my low fortune's better[1],
I'll pay your bounties; till then, reſt your debtor.

1. *Fiſh.* Why, wilt thou tourney for the lady?

Per. I'll ſhew the virtue I have borne in arms.

1. *Fiſh.* Why, do ye take it, and the gods give thee good on't!

2. *Fiſh.* Ay, but hark you, my friend; 'twas we that made up this garment through the rough ſeams of the waters: there are certain condolements, certain vails. I hope, ſir, if you thrive, you'll remember from whence you had it *.

Per. Believe it, I will.

[8] —*this* brace:] The *brace* is the armour for the arm. Avant—*bras*. Fr. STEEVENS.
See Vol. VIII. p. 177, n. 7. MALONE.

9 *The which the gods protect thee* from! —] The old copies read, unintelligibly,
The which the gods protect thee, *fame* may defend thee.
I am anſwerable for the correction.—The licence taken in omitting the pronoun before *have*, in a ſubſequent line of this ſpeech, was formerly not uncommon. See Vol. IX. p. 560, n. 8. MALONE.

[1] *And if that ever my low fortune's better,*] Mr. Maſon thinks that *better* is here uſed as a verb, and that the line ſhould be printed thus:
And if that ever my low *fortunes* better,—. MALONE.

* —*from whence you had* it.] For this correction, I am anſwerable. The old copies read—had *them*. MALONE.

By your furtherance I am cloath'd in ſteel[2];
And ſpite of all the rupture of the ſea[3],
This jewel holds his biding on my arm[4];
Unto thy value I will mount myſelf
Upon a courſer, whoſe delightful ſteps
Shall make the gazer joy to ſee him tread.—
Only, my friend, I yet am unprovided
Of a pair of baſes[5].

2. *Fiſh.* We'll ſure provide: thou ſhalt have my beſt

2 *By your furtherance I am cloath'd in ſteel*;] The line is ſo weak, I ſhould wiſh to read,

Now by your furtherance I am cloath'd in ſteel. STEEVENS.

3 *And ſpite of all the* rupture *of the ſea,*] We might read (with Dr. Sewel)

—ſpite of all the *rapture* of the ſea,—

That is,—notwithſtanding that the ſea hath *raviſh'd* ſo much from me. So afterwards:

"Who, looking for adventures in the world,
"Was by the rough ſeas *reft* of ſhips and men."

Again, in the *Life and Death of Lord Cromwell*, 1602:

"Till envious fortune and the ravenous ſea
"Did *rob*, diſrobe, and *ſpoil* us of our own."

But the old reading is ſufficiently intelligible. MALONE.

I am not ſure but that the old reading is the true one. We ſtill talk of the *breaking* of the ſea, and the *breakers*. What is the *rupture* of the ſea, but another word for the *breaking* of it? *Rupture* means any ſolution of continuity. STEEVENS.

4 *This jewel holds his* biding *on my arm*;] The old copy reads—his *building*. *Biding* was, I believe, the poet's word. MALONE.

Perhaps *gilding*; (which was formerly written *guilding.*) He is ſpeaking of ſome jewel of value, which in the ſhipwreck had adhered to his arm. Any ornament of enchaſed gold was anciently ſtyled a *jewel*. So in Markham's *Arcadia*, 1607:—"She gave him a *very fine jewel*, wherein was ſet a moſt rich diamond." Pericles means to ſell his bracelet, that with the price it brings he may purchaſe a horſe; and rejoices on finding that the brightneſs of the toy is undiminiſhed. STEEVENS.

5 —*a pair of* baſes.] i. e. armour for the legs. *Bas.* Fr. So, in *Hudibras*:

"Nor ſhall it e'er be ſaid, that wight,
"With gauntlet blue and *baſes* white,
"And round blunt truncheon," &c. STEEVENS.

Baſes, however, alſo ſignified the *houſings* of a horſe, and may have been uſed in that ſenſe here. So, in Fairfax's tranſlation of Taſſo's Godfrey of Bulloigne:

"And with his ſtreaming blood his *baſes* dide." MALONE.

gown

gown to make thee a pair; and I'll bring thee to the court myself.

Per. Then honour be but a goal to my will;
This day I'll rise, or else add ill to ill. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same. A publick Way, or Platform, leading to the Lists. A Pavilion by the side of it, for the reception of the King, Princess, Lords, &c.

Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, *Lords, and Attendants.*

Sim. Are the knights ready to begin the triumph[6]?

1. *Lord.* They are, my liege;
And stay your coming, to present themselves.

Sim. Return them, we are ready[7]; and our daughter here,
In honour of whose birth these triumphs are,
Sits here, like beauty's child, whom nature gat
For men to see, and seeing wonder at. [*Exit a Lord.*

Thai. It pleaseth you, my royal father, to express
My commendations great, whose merit's less.

Sim. It's fit it should be so; for princes are
A model, which heaven makes like to itself:
As jewels lose their glory, if neglected,
So princes their renowns, if not respected.
'Tis now your honour, daughter, to explain
The labour of each knight, in his device[8].

Thai.

[6] *Are the knights ready to begin the triumph?*] In *Gower*'s poem, and *Kynge Appolyn of Thyre*, 1510, certain gymnastick exercises only are performed before the Pentapolitan monarch, antecedent to the marriage of *Appollinus*, the Pericles of this play. The present tournament, however, as well as the dance in the next scene, seems to have been suggested by a passage of the former writer, who, describing the manner in which the wedding of Appollinus was celebrated, says,

"The *knightes* that be yonge and proude,
"Thei *juste* first, and after *daunce*."

A *triumph* formerly signified any magnificent shew or procession. See Vol II. p. 442, n. 4. MALONE.

[7] *Return them, we are ready*;] i. e. return them notice, that we are ready, &c. PERCY.

[8] *'Tis now your honour, daughter, to explain*
The labour of each knight, in his device.] The old copy reads — to

Thai. Which, to preſerve mine honour, I'll perform.

Enter a Knight; he paſſes over the ſtage, and his ſquire preſents his ſhield to the Princeſs.

Sim. Who is the firſt that doth prefer himſelf?

Thai. A knight of Sparta, my renowned father;
And the device he bears upon his ſhield
Is a black Ethiop reaching at the ſun;
The word, *Lux tua vita mihi* [9].

Sim. He loves you well, that holds his life of you.
[*The ſecond knight paſſes.*

Who is the ſecond, that preſents himſelf?

Thai. A prince of Macedon, my royal father;
And the device he bears upon his ſhield
Is an arm'd knight, that's conquer'd by a lady:
The motto thus, in Spaniſh, *Piu per dulçura que per fuerça* [1]. [*The third knight paſſes.*

Sim. And what's the third?

Thai. The third of Antioch; and his device,

to *entertain*, which cannot be right. Mr. Steevens ſuggeſted the emendation. MALONE.

The ſenſe would be clearer were we to ſubſtitute, both in this and the following inſtance, *office*. *Honour*, however, may mean her ſituation as *queen of the feaſt*, as ſhe is afterwards denominated.

The idea of this ſcene appears to have been caught from the Iliad, book iii. where Helen deſcribes the Grecian leaders to her father-in-law Priam. STEEVENS.

[9] *The* word, *Lux tua vita mihi.*] What we now call the *motto*, was ſometimes termed the *word* or *mot* by our old writers. *Le mot.* Fr. So, in Marſton's Satires, 1599:

" ——— Fabius' perpetual golden coat,
" Which might have *ſemper idem* for a *mot*."

Theſe latin mottos may perhaps be urged as a proof of the learning of Shakſpeare, or as an argument to ſhew that he was not the author of this play; but tournaments were ſo faſhionable and frequent an entertainment in the time of queen Elizabeth, that he might very eaſily have been furniſhed with theſe ſhreds of literature. MALONE.

[1] *—Piu per dulçura que per fuerça.*] That is; *more by ſweetneſs than by force.* The author ſhould have written *Mas* per dulçura, &c. *Più* in Italian ſignifies *more*; but, I believe, there is no ſuch Spaniſh word. MALONE.

A wreath

A wreath of chivalry: the word, *Me pompæ provexit apex*[2]. [*The fourth knight passes.*

Sim. What is the fourth[3]?

Thai. A burning torch[4], that's turned upside down;
The word, *Quod me alit, me extinguit.*

Sim. Which shews that beauty hath his power and will,
Which can as well inflame, as it can kill.
[*The fifth knight passes.*

Thai. The fifth, an hand environed with clouds;
Holding out gold, that's by the touch-stone try'd:
The motto thus, *Sic spectanda fides.*
[*The sixth knight passes.*

Sim. And what's the sixth and last, the which the knight himself
With such a graceful courtesy deliver'd?

Thai. He seems to be a stranger; but his present
Is a wither'd branch, that's only green at top;
The motto, *In hac spe vivo.*

Sim. A pretty moral;
From the dejected state wherein he is,
He hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish.

1. *Lord.* He had need mean better than his outward shew
Can any way speak in his just commend:
For, by his rusty outside, he appears

2 *Me pompæ provexit apex.*] All the old copies have *Me Pompey*, &c. Whether we should amend these words as follows——me pompæ provexit apex,——or correct them thus—me Pompei provexit apex, I confess my ignorance. A *wreath of chivalry*, in its common sense, might be the desert of many knights on many various occasions; so that its particular claim to honor on the present one is not very clearly ascertained. If the wreath declares of itself that it was once the ornament of *Pompey's* helm, perhaps here may be some allusion to those particular marks of distinction which he wore after his bloodless victory over the Cilician pirates:

"Et victis cedat *piratica laurea* Gallis." STEEVENS.

3 *What is the fourth?*] i. e. What is the fourth device. MALONE.

4 *A burning torch*, &c.] This device and motto may have been taken from Daniel's translation of *Paulus Jovius*, in 1585, in which they are found. Signat. H. 7. b. MALONE.

To

To have practis'd more the whipstock, than the lance[5].

2. *Lord.* He well may be a stranger, for he comes
To an honour'd triumph, strangely furnished.

3. *Lord.* And on set purpose let his armour rust
Until this day, to scour it in the dust.

Sim. Opinion's but a fool, that makes us scan
The outward habit by the inward man[6].
But stay, the knights are coming; we'll withdraw
Into the gallery. [*Exeunt.*

[*Great shouts; and all cry,* The mean knight.

SCENE III.

The same. A Hall of State.—A Banquet prepared.

Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, *Lords, Knights, and Attendants.*

Sim. Knights,
To say you are welcome, were superfluous.
To place upon the volume of your deeds[7],
As in a title-page, your worth in arms,
Were more than you expect, or more than's fit,
Since every worth in shew commends itself.
Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast:
You are princes, and my guests.

[5] —*the* whipstock —] i. e. the carter's whip. See note on *Twelfth Night*, Vol. IV. p. 34. STEEVENS.

[6] *The outward habit by the inward man.*] i. e. that makes us scan the inward man by the outward habit.

This kind of inversion was formerly very common. So, in *The Merchant of Venice:*

" —— that many may be meant
" By the fool multitude."

See the note on that passage in the Appendix, Vol. X. MALONE.

Why should we not read—

The *inward* habit by the *outward* man.

The words were accidentally misplaced. In the prose romance already quoted, the king says: " —the habyte maketh not the relygious man." STEEVENS.

In my copy this line is quoted in an old hand as Mr. Steevens reads. FARMER.

[7] To *place*, &c.] The quarto, 1600, reads—*I* place, and this corrupt reading was followed in that of 1619, and in the folio, 1664. The emendation is taken from the folio, 1685. MALONE.

Thai.

Thai. But you, my knight and guest;
To whom this wreath of victory I give,
And crown you king of this day's happiness.
Per. 'Tis more by fortune, lady, than my merit *.
Sim. Call it by what you will, the day is yours;
And here, I hope, is none that envies it.
In framing an artist [8], art hath thus decreed,
To make some good, but others to exceed;
And you're her labour'd scholar. Come, queen o'the feast,
(For, daughter, so you are [9],) here take your place:
Marshal the rest, as they deserve their grace.
Knights. We are honour'd much by good Simonides.
Sim. Your presence glads our days; honour we love,
For who hates honour, hates the gods above.
Marsh. Sir, yonder is your place.
Per. Some other is more fit.
1. *Knight.* Contend not, sir; for we are gentlemen,
That neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes,
Envy the great, nor do the low despise [1].
Per. You are right courteous knights.
Sim. Sit, sir, sit.
Per. By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,
These cates resist me, she not thought upon [2].

Thai.

* —*than* my *merit.*] Thus the original quarto, 1609. The second quarto has—*by* merit. MALONE.

[8] *In framing* an artist,—] We might better read — In framing artists —. MALONE.

[9] —*Come,* queen o' the feast,
(For, daughter, so you are,)] So, in *The Winter's Tale:*
" ——— present yourself,
" That *which you are, mistress o' the feast.*" STEEVENS.

[1] That *neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes,*
Envy *the great, nor* do *the low despise.*] This is the reading of the quarto, 1619. The first quarto reads:
" *Have* neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes,
" *Envies* the great, nor *shall* the low despise." MALONE.

[2] *By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,*
These cates resist me, she *not thought upon.*] All the copies read " —*he* not thought upon," and these lines are given to Simonides. In the old plays it is observable, that declarations of affection, whether disguised or open, are generally made by both the parties; if the lady

Thai. By Juno, that is queen of marriage,
All viands that I eat do ſeem unſavoury,
Wiſhing him my meat[3]: ſure he's a gallant gentleman.

Sim. He's but a country gentleman; he has
Done no more than other knights have done:
He has broken a ſtaff, or ſo; ſo let it paſs.

Thai. To me he ſeems like diamond to glaſs.

utters a tender ſentiment, a correſponding ſentiment is uſually given to her lover. Hence I conclude that the author wrote,

—*ſhe* not thought upon;

and that theſe lines belong to Pericles. If *he* be right, I would read,

" ——— he *now* thought upon."

The prince recollecting his preſent ſtate, and comparing it with that of Simonides, wonders that he can eat. In Gower, where this entertainment is particularly deſcribed, it is ſaid of *Appolinus*, the Pericles of the preſent play, that

" He ſette and caſt about his eie,
" And ſaw the lordes in eſtate,
" And with hym ſelfe were in debate
" Thynkende what he had lore;
" And ſuch a ſorowe he toke therefore,
" That he ſat ever ſtille and *thought*,
" *As he which of no meate rought.*"

So in *Kynge Appolyn of Thyre*, 1510: " — at the laſt he ſate him down at the table, and, *without etynge*, he behelde the noble company of lordes and grete eſtates.—Thus as he looked all about, a grete lorde that ſerved at the kynges table, ſayde unto the kynge, Certes ſyr, this man wolde gladly your honour, for he *dooth not ete*, but beholdeth hertely your noble magnyfycence, and is in poynt to weep."

The words *reſiſt me*, however, do not well correſpond with this idea. Perhaps they are corrupt. MALONE.

—*theſe cates* reſiſt *me*,——] i. e. go againſt my ſtomach. STEEVENS.

[3] *Wiſhing him my meat*:] I am afraid that a jingle is here intended between *meat* and *mate*. The two words were, I believe, in our author's time, generally, and are at this day in Warwickſhire, pronounced alike. The addreſs to *Juno* countenances this ſuppoſition. MALONE.

Surely the plain meaning is, that ſhe had rather have a huſband than a dinner; that ſhe wiſhes Pericles were in the place of the proviſions before her; regarding him (to borrow a phraſe from Romeo) as *the deareſt morſel of the earth*. So, in the *Two Noble Kinſmen*:

" ——— If thou couch
" But one night with her——
" Thou ſhalt remember nothing more, than what
" That *banquet* bids thee to." STEEVENS.

Per. Yon king's to me, like to my father's picture,
Which tells me, in that glory once he was;
Had princes ſit like ſtars about his throne,
And he the ſun, for them to reverence.
None that beheld him, but, like leſſer lights,
Did vail their crowns to his ſupremacy;
Where now his ſon's like a glow-worm in the night [4],
The which hath fire in darkneſs, none in light:
Whereby I ſee that time's the king of men,
For he's their parent, and he is their grave [5],
And gives them what he will, not what they crave.

Sim. What, are you merry, knights?

1. *Knight.* Who can be other in this royal preſence?

Sim. Here, with a cup that's ſtor'd unto the brim [6],
(As you do love, fill to your miſtreſs' lips,)
We drink this health to you.

4 *Where now his ſon's like a glow-worm in the night,*] The old copies read—Where now his *ſon*, &c.—But this is ſcarcely intelligible. The ſlight change that has been made, affords an eaſy ſenſe. *Where* is, I ſuppoſe, here, as in many other places, uſed for *whereas*.

The peculiar property of the glow-worm, on which the poet has here employed a line, he has in *Hamlet* happily deſcribed by a ſingle word:

"The glow-worm ſhews the matin to be near,
"And 'gins to pale his *uneffectual* fire." MALONE.

5 *For he's their parent, and he is their grave,*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"The earth, that's nature's *mother*, is her *tomb*;
"What is her burying *grave*, that is her *womb*."

Milton has the ſame thought:

"The womb of nature, and perhaps her grave."

In the text the ſecond quarto has been followed. The firſt reads:

He's *both* their parent and he is their grave. MALONE.

6 —*that's* ſtor'd *unto the brim,*] The quarto, 1609, reads—that's *ſtur'd* unto the brim. MALONE.

If *ſtirr'd* be the true reading, it muſt mean, that *dances* to the brim. But I rather think we ſhould read—*ſtor'd*, i. e. repleniſhed. So before in this play:

"Their tables were *ſtor'd* full."

Again:

"Were not this glorious caſket *ſtor'd* with ill."

Again:

"————— theſe our ſhips
"Are *ſtor'd* with corn—." STEEVENS.

Knights. We thank your grace.

Sim. Yet pauſe a while;
Yon knight doth ſit too melancholy,
As if the entertainment in our court
Had not a ſhew might countervail his worth.
Note it not you, Thaiſa?

Thai. What is it
To me, my father?

Sim. O, attend, my daughter;
Princes, in this, ſhould live like gods above,
Who freely give to every one that comes
To honour them: and princes, not doing ſo,
Are like to gnats, which make a ſound, but kill'd
Are wonder'd at[7].
Therefore to make his entrance more ſweet[8],
Here ſay, we drink this ſtanding bowl of wine to him.

Thai. Alas, my father, it befits not me
Unto a ſtranger knight to be ſo bold;
He may my proffer take for an offence,
Since men take women's gifts for impudence.

Sim. How! do as I bid you, or you'll move me elſe.

Thai. Now, by the gods, he could not pleaſe me better.
[*Aſide.*

Sim. And furthermore tell him, we deſire to know of him,
Of whence he is, his name and parentage[9].

Thai. The king my father, ſir, has drunk to you.

Per. I thank him.

Thai. Wiſhing it ſo much blood unto your life.

Per. I thank both him and you, and pledge him freely.

[7] *Are wonder'd at.*] i. e. when they are found to be ſuch ſmall inſignificant animals, after making ſo great a noiſe. PERCY.

[8] *Therefore to make his* entrance *more ſweet,*] *Entrance* was ſometimes uſed by our old poets as a word of three ſyllables. MALONE.

[9] *Of whence he is, his name and parentage.*] So, in the *Conf. Amant.*

"His doughter ——
"He bad to go on his meſſage,
"And fonde for to make him glade,
"And ſhe did as hir fader bade;
"And goth to him the ſofte paas,
"And aſketh whens and what he was,
"And praithe he ſhulde his thought leve." MALONE.

Thai.

Thai. And further he desires to know of you,
Of whence you are, your name and parentage.
Per. A gentleman of Tyre—(my name, Pericles;
My education being in arts and arms * ;)—
Who looking for adventures in the world,
Was by the rough seas reft of ships and men,
And, after shipwreck, driv'n upon this shore.
Thai. He thanks your grace; names himself Pericles,
A gentleman of Tyre, who only by
Misfortune of the seas has been bereft
Of ships and men, and cast upon this shore.
Sim. Now, by the gods, I pity his misfortune,
And will awake him from his melancholy.
Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,
And waste the time, which looks for other revels.
Even in your armours, as you are addrest [1],
Will very well become a soldier's dance.
I will not have excuse, with saying, this
Loud musick is too harsh [2] for ladies' heads;
Since they love men in arms, as well as beds.
[*The Knights dance.*
So, this was well ask'd; 'twas so well perform'd.

* —being *in arts and arms*;] The old copies have—*been*. I am responsible for the correction; and for the introduction of the words *has been* in the following speech. MALONE.

[1] *Even in your armours, as you are* addrest,] As you are accoutered, prepared for combat. So, in *K. Henry V.*

"To-morrow for the march are we *addrest*."

The word *very* in the next line was inserted by the editor of the folio. MALONE.

[2] *I will not have excuse, with saying,* this
Loud musick is too harsh ——] i. e. the loud noise made by the clashing of their armour.

The dance here introduced is thus described in an ancient *Dialogue against the Abuse of Dancing*, bl. let. no date:

"There is a daunce called Choria,
"Which joy doth testify;
"Another called Pyrricke
"Which warlike feats doth try;
"For men in armour gestures made,
"And leapt, that so they might,
"When need requires, be more prompt
"In publique weale to fight." MALONE.

Come, ſir; here's a lady that wants breathing too:
And I have often heard[1], you knights of Tyre
Are excellent in making ladies trip;
And that their meaſures are as excellent.

Per. In thoſe that practiſe them, they are, my lord.

Sim. O, that's as much, as you would be deny'd
[*The Knights and Ladies dance.*

Of your fair courteſy.—Unclaſp, unclaſp;
Thanks, gentlemen, to all; all have done well,
But you the beſt. [*to* Pericles.] Pages and lights, to conduct
Theſe knights unto their ſeveral lodgings: Your's, ſir,
We have given order to be next our own[2].

Per. I am at your grace's pleaſure.

Sim. Princes, it is too late to talk of love,
And that's the mark I know you level at:
Therefore each one betake him to his reſt;
To-morrow, all for ſpeeding do their beſt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE. IV.

Tyre. *A Room in the Governour's houſe.*

Enter HELICANUS, *and* ESCANES.

Hel. No, Eſcanes; know this of me,
Antiochus from inceſt liv'd not free;
For which, the moſt high gods not minding longer
To with-hold the vengeance that they had in ſtore,
Due to this heinous capital offence;
Even in the height and pride of all his glory,
When he was ſeated in a chariot
Of an ineſtimable value, and

[1] *And I have* often *heard,*] I have inſerted the word *often*, which was probably omitted by the careleſſneſs of the compoſitor. MALONE.

[2] —*to be next our own.*] So Gower:
" The kynge his chamberleyn let calle,
" And bad that he by all weye
" A chamber for this man purvei,
" *Whiche nigh his own chambre bee.*" MALONE.

[3] No, *Eſcanes,*—] I ſuſpect the author wrote—*Know*, Eſcanes, &c. MALONE.

His

His daughter with him,
A fire from heaven came, and ſhrivel'd up
Thoſe bodies[4], even to loathing; for they ſo ſtunk,
That all thoſe eyes ador'd them, ere their fall,
Scorn now their hand ſhould give them burial[5].

Eſca. 'Twas very ſtrange.

Hel. And yet but juſtice; for though
This king were great, his greatneſs was no guard
To bar heaven's ſhaft; but ſin had his reward.

Eſca. 'Tis very true.

Enter three Lords.

1. *Lord.* See, not a man in private conference,
Or council, has reſpect with him but he.

2. *Lord.* It ſhall no longer grieve, without reproof.

3. *Lord.* And curſt be he that will not ſecond it!

1. *Lord.* Follow me then: Lord Helicane, a word.

Hel. With me? and welcome: happy day, my lords.

1. *Lord.* Know, that our griefs are riſen to the top,
And now at length they overflow their banks.

Hel. Your griefs, for what? wrong not your prince you love.

1. *Lord.* Wrong not yourſelf then, noble Helicane;
But if the prince do live, let us ſalute him,
Or know what ground's made happy by his breath.
If in the world he live, we'll ſeek him out;
If in his grave he reſt, we'll find him there;
And be reſolv'd, he lives to govern us[6],
Or dead, gives cauſe to mourn his funeral,

4 *A fire from heaven came, and ſhrivel'd up Thoſe bodies,*] This circumſtance is mentioned by Gower:
" ——— they hym tolde,
" That for vengeance as God it wolde,
" Antiochus, as men maie witte,
" With thonder and lightnyng is forſmitte.
" His doughter hath the ſame chance,
" So ben thei both in o balance." MALONE.

5 *That all thoſe eyes ador'd them, ere their fall, Scorn now,* &c.] The expreſſion is elliptical:
That all thoſe eyes which *adored them,* &c. MALONE.

6 *And be* reſolv'd, *be lives to govern us,*] *Reſolv'd* is ſatisfied, freed from doubt. So, in a ſubſequent ſcene:
" *Reſolve* your angry father, if my tongue," &c. MALONE.

And leaves us[8] to our free election.

2. *Lord.* Whose death's, indeed, the strongest in our censure[9]:
And knowing this kingdom, if without a head[1],
(Like goodly buildings left without a roof[2],)
Soon will fall to ruin, your noble self,
That best know'st how to rule, and how to reign,
We thus submit unto,—our sovereign.

All. Live, noble Helicane!

Hel. Try honour's cause; forbear your suffrages:
If that you love prince Pericles, forbear.
Take I your wish, I leap into the seat,
Where's hourly trouble[3], for a minute's ease.

A twelve-

[8] *And* leaves *us*—] The quarto, 1609, reads—And *leave* us, which cannot be right. MALONE.

[9] *Whose death's indeed* the strongest in our censure:] i. e. the most probable in our opinion. *Censure* is thus used in *King Richard III*:

" To give your *censure* in this weighty business." STEEVENS.

The old copies read—Whose *death* indeed, &c. MALONE.

[1] *And knowing this kingdom*, if *without a head*,] They did not *know* that the kingdom had absolutely lost its governour; for in the very preceding line this lord observes that it was only more *probable* that he was dead, than living. I therefore read, with a very slight change,—*if* without a head. The old copy, for *if*, has—*is*. In the next line but one, by supplying the word *will*, which I suppose was omitted by the carelessness of the compositor, the sense and metre are both restored. The passage as it stands in the old copy, is not, by any mode of construction, reducible to grammar. MALONE.

[2] *(Like goodly buildings left without a roof,)*] The same thought occurs in *K. Henry IV.* Part II:

" ——— leaves his part-created cost
" A naked subject to the weeping clouds,
" And waste for churlish winter's tyranny." STEEVENS.

[3] *Take I your wish, I leap into the* seat,
Where's hourly trouble, &c.] The old copy reads—into the *seas*; and it must be acknowledged that a line in *Hamlet*,

" Or to take arms against a *sea* of *troubles*,"

as well as the rhyme, adds some support to this reading: yet I have no doubt that the poet wrote,

——— I leap into the *seat*,—

So, in *Macbeth*:

" ——— ——— I have no spur
" To prick the sides of mine intent, but only
" *Vaulting* ambition, which o'er-*leaps* itself," &c.

On

A twelvemonth longer, let me entreat you
To forbear the abſence of your king;
If in which time expir'd, he not return,
I ſhall with aged patience bear your yoke.
But if I cannot win you to this love,
Go ſearch like nobles, like noble ſubjects,
And in your ſearch, ſpend your adventurous worth;
Whom if you find, and win unto return,
You ſhall like diamonds ſit about his crown.

1. *Lord.* To wiſdom he's a fool that will not yield;
And, ſince lord Helicane enjoineth us,
We with our travels will endeavour — [4]

Hel. Then you love us, we you, and we'll claſp hands;
When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever ſtands.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Pentapolis. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter SIMONIDES, *reading a Letter* [5]; *the Knights meet him.*

1. *Knight.* Good morrow to the good Simonides.

Sim. Knights, from my daughter this I let you know,
That for this twelvemonth, ſhe will not undertake

On ſhip-board the pain and pleaſure may be in the proportion here ſtated; but the troubles of him who plunges *into the ſea* (unleſs he happens to be an expert ſwimmer) are ſeldom of an hour's duration. MALONE.

Where's hourly trouble, for a minute's eaſe.] So, in *K. Richard III.*

" And each hour's joy wreck'd with a week of teen." MALONE.

4 *We with our travels will endeavour,* —] I ſuppoſe the author intended an abrupt ſentence. Mr. Steevens would read — will endeavour *it.* MALONE.

5 In *The Hiſtorie of Kyng Appolyn of Thyre,* " two *kinges ſones* pay their court to the daughter of *Archyſtrates* (the Simonides of the preſent play). He ſends two rolls of paper to her, containing their names, &c. and deſires her to chooſe which ſhe will marry. She writes him a letter, (in anſwer,) of which Appolyn is the bearer,— that ſhe will have the man " whiche hath paſſed the daungerous undes and perylles of the ſea,—all other to refuſe." The ſame circumſtance is mentioned by Gower, who has introduced *three* ſuitors inſtead of *two,* in which our author has followed him. MALONE.

A married

A married life: her reaſon to herſelf
Is only known, which from her by no means
Can I get.

2. *Knight.* May we not get acceſs to her, my lord?

Sim. 'Faith, by no means; ſhe hath ſo ſtrictly ty'd her
To her chamber, that it is impoſſible.
One twelve moons more ſhe'll wear Diana's livery;
This by the eye of Cynthia hath ſhe vow'd[6],
And on her virgin honour will not break it.

3. *Knight.* Loth to bid farewell, we take our leaves.

[*Exeunt.*

Sim. So,
They're well diſpatch'd; now to my daughter's letter:
She tells me here, ſhe'll wed the ſtranger knight,
Or never more to view nor day nor light.
'Tis well, miſtreſs, your choice agrees with mine;
I like that well:—nay, how abſolute ſhe's in't,
Not minding whether I diſlike or no!
Well, I do commend her choice;
And will no longer have it be delay'd.
Soft, here he comes:—I muſt diſſemble it.

Enter PERICLES.

Per. All fortune to the good Simonides!

Sim. To you as much! Sir, I am beholding to you,
For your ſweet muſick this laſt night[7]: I do
Proteſt,

[6] *This by the eye of Cynthia hath ſhe vow'd,*] It were to be wiſhed that Simonides (who is repreſented as a blameleſs character) had hit on ſome leſs ſhameful expedient for the diſmiſſion of theſe wooers. Here he tells them as a ſolemn truth, what he knows to be a fiction of his own. STEEVENS.

[7] ——— ——— *Sir, I am beholding to you,*
For your ſweet muſick, this laſt night:] Here alſo our author has followed Gower:

" She, to doone hir faders heſt,
" Hir harpe fet, and in the feſte
" Upon a chaire, whiche thei ſette,
" Hir ſelfe next to this man ſhe ſette.
" With harpe both and eke with mouth
" To him ſhe did all that ſhe couth,
" To make him chere; and ever he ſigheth,
" And ſhe him aſketh howe him liketh.

" Madame,

Proteſt, my ears were never better fed
With ſuch delightful pleaſing harmony.
Per. It is your grace's pleaſure to commend;
Not my deſert.
Sim. Sir, you are muſick's maſter.
Per. The worſt of all her ſcholars, my good lord.
Sim. Let me aſk you one thing. What do you think
Of my daughter, ſir?
Per. A moſt virtuous princeſs.
Sim. And ſhe is fair too, is ſhe not?
Per. As a fair day in ſummer; wond'rous fair.
Sim. Sir, my daughter, thinks very well of you;
Ay, ſo well, that you muſt be her maſter,
And ſhe'll be your ſcholar; therefore look to it.
Per. I am unworthy to be her ſchool-maſter[8].
Sim. She thinks not ſo; peruſe this writing elſe.
Per. What's here!
A letter, that ſhe loves the knight of Tyre?
'Tis the king's ſubtilty, to have my life. [*Aſide.*
O, ſeek not to entrap, my gracious lord[9],
A ſtranger and diſtreſſed gentleman,
That never aim'd ſo high, to love your daughter,
But bent all offices to honour her.

" Madame, certes well, he ſaied;
" But if ye the meaſure plaied,
" Whiche, if you liſt, I ſhall you lere,
" It were a glad thing for to here.
" A leve, ſir, tho quod ſhe,
" Nowe take the harpe, and lete me ſee
" Of what meaſure that ye mene.—
" He taketh the harpe, and in his wiſe
" He tempreth, and of ſuch aſſize
" Synginge he harpeth forth withall,
" That as a voice celeſtial
" Hem thought it ſowned in her ere,
" As though that it an angell were." MALONE.

8 —to be *her ſchool-maſter.*] Thus the quarto, 1619. The firſt copy reads—*for* her ſchoolmaſter. MALONE.

9 —my *gracious lord,*] Old Copies—*me.* I am anſwerable for the correction. MALONE.

Sim.

Sim. Thou haſt bewitch'd my daughter, and thou art
A villain.

Per. By the gods, I have not;
Never did thought of mine levy offence;
Nor never did my actions yet commence
A deed might gain her love, or your diſpleaſure.

Sim. Traitor, thou lieſt.

Per. Traitor!

Sim. Ay, traitor.

Per. Even in his throat, (unleſs it be the king *,)
That calls me traitor, I return the lie.

Sim. Now, by the gods, I do applaud his courage.
[*Aſide.*

Per. My actions are as noble as my thoughts,
That never reliſh'd of a baſe deſcent [8].
I came unto your court, for honour's cauſe,
And not to be a rebel to her ſtate;
And he that otherwiſe accounts of me,
This ſword ſhall prove, he's honour's enemy.

Sim. No!—
Here comes my daughter, ſhe can witneſs it [9].

Enter THAISA.

Per. Then, as you are as virtuous as fair,
Reſolve your angry father, if my tongue
Did e'er ſolicit, or my hand ſubſcribe
To any ſyllable that made love to you.

* —the *king*,] Thus the quarto, 1609. The ſecond copy has—*a* king. MALONE.

8 *That never* reliſh'd *of a baſe deſcent.*] So, in *Hamlet:*

"That has no *reliſh* of ſalvation in it."

Again, in *Macbeth:*

"So well thy words become thee as thy wounds:
"They *ſmack* of *honour* both." MALONE.

9 No! *here comes my daughter, ſhe can witneſs it.*] Thus all the copies. Simonides, I think, means to ſay—Not *a rebel to our ſtate!* —*Here comes my daughter: ſhe can prove, thou art one.* Perhaps, however, the author wrote—*Now*, Here comes, &c.—In *Othello* we find nearly the ſame words:

"Here comes the lady, let her witneſs it." MALONE.

Thai.

Thai. Why, sir, say if you had,
Who takes offence at that would make me glad?
Sim. Yea, mistress, are you so peremptory?—
I am glad of it with all my heart. [*Aside.*] I'll tame you;
I'll bring you in subjection. Will you,
Not having my consent, bestow your love
And your affections upon a stranger?
(Who, for aught I know, may be, nor can I think
The contrary, as great in blood as I myself.) [*Aside.*
Therefore, hear you, mistress; either frame your will
To mine — and you, sir, hear you, either be
Rul'd by me, or I'll make you — man and wife:
Nay, come; your hands and lips must seal it too:
And being join'd, I'll thus your hopes destroy;—
And for a further grief,—God give you joy!—
What, are you both pleas'd?
Thai. Yes, if you love me, sir.
Per. Even as my life, my blood that fosters it[1].
Sim. What, are you both agreed?
Both. Yes, if it please your majesty.
Sim. It pleaseth me so well, that I'll see you wed;
And then, with what haste you can, get you to bed.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Now sleep yslaked hath the rout;
No din but snores[2], the house about,
Made

[1] *Even as my life, my blood that fosters it.*] Even as my life loves my blood that supports it.—The quarto, 1619, and the subsequent copies, read

" Even as my life, *or* blood that fosters it.

The reading of the text is found in the first quarto. MALONE.

[2] *Now sleep yslaked hath the* rout;
No din but snores, &c.] The quarto, 1609, and the subsequent copies, read:

No din but snores *about the house.*

As Gower's speeches are all in rhyme, it is clear that the old copy is here corrupt. It first occured to me that the author might have written,

Now

Made louder by the o'er-fed breaſt[3]
Of this moſt pompous marriage feaſt.
The cat, with eyne of burning coal,
Now couches from the mouſe's hole[4];
And crickets ſing at the oven's mouth,
As the blither for their drouth[5].
Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,
Where, by the loſs of maidenhead,
A babe is moulded:—Be attent[6],
And time that is ſo briefly ſpent,

Now ſleep yſlaked hath the *rouſe*—

i. e. the carouſal. But the mere tranſpoſition of the latter part of the ſecond line, renders any further change unneceſſary. *Rout* is likewiſe uſed by Gower for a *company* in the tale of *Appolinus*, the *Pericles* of the preſent play:

" Upon a tyme with a *route*
" This lord to play goeth hym out."

Again:

" It fell a daie thei riden oute,
" The kinge and queene and all the *route*." MALONE.

3 *No din but ſnores, the houſe about,*
Made louder by the o'er-fed breaſt—] So Virgil, ſpeaking of Rhamnes, who was killed in the midnight expedition of Niſus and Euryalus:

Rhamneten aggreditur, qui forte tapetibus altis
Extructus, *toto proſtabat pectore ſomnum*. STEEVENS.

The quarto 1619, the folios, and Mr. Rowe, all read, o'er *fee beaſt*. The true reading has been recovered from the firſt quarto. MALONE.

4 —from *the mouſe's hole*;] May perhaps mean—*at ſome little diſtance from* the mouſe's hole. I believe, however, we ought to read —*'fore* the mouſe's hole. MALONE.

5 *And crickets ſing at the oven's mouth,*
As *the blither for their drouth*:] So in *Cymbeline*:

" The *crickets ſing*, and man's o'er-labour'd ſenſe
" Repairs itſelf by reſt."

The old copy has—*Are* the blither, &c. The emendation was ſuggeſted by Mr. Steevens. Perhaps we ought to read—

And crickets, *ſinging* at the oven's mouth,
Are the blither for their drought." MALONE.

6 *Be* attent,] This adjective is again uſed in *Hamlet*. See Vol. IX. p. 207, n. 1. MALONE.

With

With your fine fancies quaintly eche[7];
What's dumb in shew, I'll plain with speech.

Dumb shew.

Enter Pericles *and* Simonides *at one door, with Attendants; a Messenger meets them, kneels, and gives* Pericles *a letter.* Pericles *shews it to* Simonides; *the Lords kneel to the former*[8]. *Then enter* Thaisa *with child, and* Lychorida. Simonides *shews his daughter the letter; she rejoices: she and* Pericles *take leave of her father, and depart.—Then* Simonides, *&c. retire.*

Gow. By many a dearn and painful perch[9],
Of Pericles the careful search,
By the four opposing coignes[1],
Which the world together joins,

Is

[7] *With your fine fancies quaintly* eche;] i. e. eke out. So, in the Chorus to *King Henry V.* (first folio):

"——— still be kind,
"And *eche* out our performance with your mind."

Again, in *The Merchant of Venice*, quarto, 1600 (Heyes's edition):

"——— 'tis to peeze the time,
"To *ech* it, and to draw it out in length." MALONE.

[8] —*the Lords kneel to the former.*] The lords kneel to Pericles, because they are now, for the first time, informed by this letter, that he is king of Tyre—"No man," says Gower in his *Conf. Amant.*

"——— knew the soth cas,
"But he hym selfe; what man he was."

By the death of Antiochus and his daughter, Pericles has also succeeded to the throne of Antioch, in consequence of having rightly interpreted the riddle proposed to him. MALONE.

[9] *By many a dearn and painful perch,*] *Dearn* is *direful, dismal.* See Skinner's *Etymol.* in v. *Dere.* The word is used by Spenser, B. ii. c. i. st. 35.—B. iii. c. i. st. 14. The construction is somewhat involved. *The careful search of Pericles is made by many a dearn and painful perch,—by the four opposing coignes, which join the world together;—with all due diligence, &c.* MALONE.

Dearn signifies *lonely, solitary.* See note on *King Lear*, Vol. VIII. p. 612, n. 5. A *perch* is a measure of five yards and a half. STEEV.

[1] *By the four opposing* coignes.] By the four opposite *corner-stones* that unite and bind together the great fabrick of the world. The word is again used by Shakspeare in *Macbeth*:

"——— No

Is made, with all due diligence,
That horſe, and ſail, and high expence,
Can ſtead the queſt. At laſt from Tyre
(Fame anſwering the moſt ſtrong inquire [2],)
To the court of king Simonides
Are letters brought; the tenour theſe:
Antiochus and his daughter's dead;
The men of Tyrus, on the head
Of Helicanus would ſet on
The crown of Tyre, but he will none:
The mutiny he there haſtes t'oppreſs;
Says to them, if king Pericles
Come not home in twice ſix moons,
He, obedient to their dooms,
Will take the crown. The ſum of this,
Brought hither to Pentapolis,
Y-raviſhed the regions round [3],
And every one with claps 'gan ſound,

" Our

" ——————— No jutty, frieze,
" Buttreſs, or *coigne*, of vantage, but this bird
" Hath made his pendant bed and procreant cradle."

In the paſſage before us, the author ſeems to have conſidered the world as a ſtupendous edifice, artificially conſtructed. To ſeek a man in every *corner* of the *globe*, is ſtill common language.

All the ancient copies read,

By the four oppoſing *crignes*—

but there is no ſuch Engliſh word. For the ingenious emendation inſerted in the text, which is produced by the change of a ſingle letter, the reader is indebted to Mr. Tyrwhitt. MALONE.

[2] *(Fame anſwering the moſt* ſtrong *inquire,)*] The old copy reads—the moſt *ſtrange* inquire; but it ſurely was not ſtrange, that Pericles' ſubjects ſhould be ſolicitous to know what was become of him. We ſhould certainly read—the moſt *ſtrong* inquire;—this earneſt, anxious inquiry. The ſame miſtake has happened in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, folio, 1623:

" Whoſe weakneſs married to thy *ſtranger* ſtate—"

inſtead of *ſtronger*. The ſame miſtake has alſo happened in other places. MALONE.

[3] Y-raviſhed *the regions round*,] From the falſe print of the firſt edition, *Iraniſhed*, the ſubſequent editors formed a ſtill more abſurd reading:

Irony ſhed the regions round,—.

Mr.

Our heir apparent is a king:
Who dream'd, who thought of such a thing?"
Brief, he must hence depart to Tyre:
His queen with child makes her desire
(Which who shall cross?) along to go;
(Omit we all their dole and woe:)
Lychorida, her nurse, she takes,
And so to sea. Their vessel shakes
On Neptune's billow; half the flood
Hath their keel cut[4]; but fortune's mood[5]
Varies again: the grizzled north
Disgorges such a tempest forth,
That, as a duck for life that dives,
So up and down the poor ship drives.
The lady shrieks, and well-a-near
Doth fall in travail with her fear:

Mr. Steevens's ingenious emendation, to which I have paid due attention by inserting it in the text, is strongly confirmed by the following passage in Gower *de Confessione Amantis:*

" This tale after the kynge it had
" *Pentapolin all oversprad,*
" *There was no joye for to seche,*
" For every man it had in speche,
" And saiden all of one accorde,
" *A worthy kynge shall ben our lorde.*
" That thought us first an he avines,
" Is shape us nowe to great gladnes.
" *Thus goth the tydinge over all.*" MALONE.

4 ——— *half the flood*
Hath their keel cut;] They have made half their voyage with a favourable wind. So Gower:

" When thei were in the sea *amid,*
" Out of the *north* thei see a cloude;
" The storm arose, the wyndes loude
" Thei blewen many a dredeful blaste,
" The welken was all over-caste." MALONE.

5 —— *half the flood*
Hath their keel cut; but fortune's mood,] The old copy reads—but fortune *mov'd.* MALONE.

Mov'd could never be designed as a rhime to *flood.* I suppose we should read—but fortune's *mood,* i. e. disposition. So, in *Othello:*

" ——————— whose eyes,
" Albeit unused to the melting *mood,*—".

Again, in *All's Well that Ends Well:*

" —muddied in *fortune's mood.*" STEEVENS.

And what enſues in this fell ſtorm[6],
Shall, for itſelf, itſelf perform.
I nill relate[7]; action may
Conveniently the reſt convey;
Which might not what by me is told[8].
In your imagination hold
This ſtage, the ſhip, upon whoſe deck
The ſea-toſs'd Pericles appears to ſpeak[9]. [*Exit.*

SCENE I.

Enter PERICLES, *on a ſhip at ſea.*

Per. Thou God of this great vaſt, rebuke theſe ſurges[1],
Which waſh both heaven and hell; and thou, that haſt
Upon

6 —*in this* fell *ſtorm,*] This is the reading of the earlieſt quarto. The folios and the modern editions have—*ſelf* ſtorm. MALONE.

7 *I nill relate*;] The *further* conſequences of this ſtorm I ſhall not deſcribe. MALONE.

8 *Which might not what by me is told.*] i. e. which might not *conveniently convey* what by me is told, &c. What enſues may conveniently be exhibited in action; but action could not well have diſplayed all the events that I have now related. MALONE.

9 *In your imagination hold*
This ſtage, the ſhip, upon whoſe deck
The ſea-toſt Pericles appears to ſpeak.] It is clear from theſe lines, that when the play was originally performed, no attempt was made to exhibit either a ſea or a ſhip. The enſuing ſcene and ſome others muſt have ſuffered conſiderably in the repreſentation, from the poverty of the ſtage-apparatus in the time of our author.—The old copy has—*ſeas toſt.* Mr. Rowe made the correction. MALONE.

1 *Thou God of this great vaſt,* rebuke *theſe* ſurges,] The expreſſion is borrowed from the ſacred writings: "The *waters* ſtood above the mountains;—at thy *rebuke* they fled; at the voice of thy thunder they haſted away." It ſhould be remembered, that Pericles is here ſuppoſed to ſpeak from the deck of his ſhip. *Lychorida,* on whom he calls, in order to obtain ſome intelligence of his queen, is ſuppoſed to be beneath, in the cabin.—This great *vaſt,* is, this *wide expanſe.* See Vol. IV. p. 122, n. 4.

This ſpeech is exhibited in ſo ſtrange a form in the original, and all the ſubſequent editions, that I ſhall lay it before the reader, that he may be enabled to judge in what a corrupted ſtate this play has hitherto appeared, and be induced to treat the editor's imperfect attempts to reſtore it to integrity, with the more indulgence.

"The

Upon the winds command, bind them in braſs,
Having call'd them from the deep! O ſtill[2]
Thy deaf'ning dreadful thunders; gently quench
Thy nimble ſulphurous flaſhes!—O how, Lychorida,
How does my queen?—Thou ſtorm, venomouſly
Wilt thou ſpit all thyſelf[3]?—The ſeaman's whiſtle
Is as a whiſper in the ears of death[4],

" The God of this great vaſt, rebuke theſe ſurges,
" Which waſh both heaven and hell; and thou that haſt
" Upon the windes commaund, bind them in braſſe;
" Having call'd them from the deepe, ô ſtill
" Thy deafning dreadful thunders, gently quench
" Thy nimble ſulphirous flaſhes: ô How Lychorida!
" How does my queene? then ſtorm venomouſly,
" Wilt thou ſpeat all thyſelf? the ſea-man's whiſtle
" Is as a whiſper in the eares of death,
" Unheard Lychorida? Lucina oh!
" Divineſt patrioneſs and my wife gentle
" To thoſe that cry by night, convey thy deitie
" Aboard our dauncing boat, make ſwift the pangues
" Of my queenes travayles? now Lychorida." MALONE.

2 *Having call'd them from the deep! O ſtill*—] Perhaps a word was omitted at the preſs. We might read—

Having call'd them from th' *enchafed* deep,—. MALONE.

3 —Thou *ſtorm, venomouſly*
Wilt thou ſpit all thyſelf?] All the copies read —*then* ſtorm, &c. which cannot be right, becauſe it renders the paſſage nonſenſe. The ſlight change that I have made, affords an eaſy ſenſe. MALONE.

I would read,

—— *Thou* ſtorm'ſt *venomouſly*;
Wilt thou ſpit all thyſelf?

Venomouſly is maliciouſly. Shakſpeare has ſomewhat of the ſame expreſſion in one of his hiſtorical plays:

" The watery kingdom, whoſe ambitious head
" *Spits* in the face of heaven—."

Chapman likewiſe, in his verſion of the Iliad, ſays of the ſea, that ſhe

" —*ſpits* every way her foam." STEEVENS.

4 *Is as a whiſper in the ears of death*,] In another place the poet ſuppoſes *death* to be awakened by the turbulence of the ſtorm:

" — And in the viſitation of the winds,
" Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
" Curling their monſtrous heads, and hanging them
" With *deaf'ning* clamours in the ſlippery clouds,
" That, with the hurly, *death itſelf awakes*."
King Henry IV. Part II. MALONE.

Unheard.—Lychorida!—Lucina, O
Divineſt patroneſs, and midwife [5], gentle
To thoſe that cry by night, convey thy deity
Aboard our dancing boat; make ſwift the pangs
Of my queen's travails!—Now, Lychorida—

Enter LYCHORIDA.

Lyc. Here is a thing too young for ſuch a place,
Who, if it had conceit [6], would die, as I
Am like to do: take in your arms this piece
Of your dead queen.

Per. How! how, Lychorida!

Lyc. Patience, good ſir; do not aſſiſt the ſtorm [7].
Here's all that is left living of your queen,—
A little daughter; for the ſake of it,
Be manly, and take comfort.

Per. O you gods!
Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,
And ſnatch them ſtraight away? We, here below,
Recal not what we give, and therein may

[5] *Divineſt patroneſs, and* midwife, &c.] The quarto, 1609, and the ſubſequent copies, read — and *my wife*. Mr. Steevens's happy emendation, which I have inſerted in the text, is ſo clearly right, that it requires neither ſupport nor illuſtration. If it wanted the latter, Horace would furniſh it:

Montium cuſtos nemorumque virgo,
Quæ laborantes utero puellas
Ter vocata audis, adimiſque leto,
Diva triformis.

Again, in the *Andria* of Terence:

Juno *Lucina*, fer opem; ſerva me, obſecro! MALONE.

[6] *Who, if it had* conceit,—] If it had *thought*. So, in *King Richard III.*:

"There's ſome *conceit* or other likes him well,
"When that he bids good-morrow with ſuch ſpirit."

MALONE.

[7] *Patience, good ſir; do not* aſſiſt the ſtorm,] Our author uſes the ſame expreſſion, on the ſame occaſion, in *the Tempeſt*:

"You mar our labour;—keep your cabins; *you do aſſiſt the ſtorm*."

MALONE.

Uſe

Uſe honour with you [8].
Lyc. Patience, good ſir,
Even for this charge.
Per. Now, mild may be thy life!
For a more bluſt'rous birth had never babe:
Quiet and gentle thy conditions [9]!
For thou art the rudelieſt welcom'd * to this world,
That e'er was prince's child. Happy what follows!
Thou haſt as chiding a nativity [1],
As fire, air, water, earth, and heaven can make,
To herald thee from the womb [2]:

[8] *Uſe honour with you.*] The meaning is ſufficiently clear.—*In this particular you might learn from us a more honourable conduct.* But the expreſſion is ſo harſh, that I ſuſpect the paſſage to be corrupt. MALONE.

To *uſe*, in ancient language, ſignifies to put out to *uſance* or *uſury*. The ſenſe of this paſſage may therefore be—our honour will *fetch* as much as yours, if placed out on terms of advantage. If valued, our honour is worth as much as yours. STEEVENS.

[9] *Quiet and gentle thy* conditions!] *Conditions* anciently meant *qualities*; diſpoſitions of mind. "The late earl of Eſſex (ſays Sir Walter Raleigh) told queen Elizabeth that her *conditions* were as crooked as her carcaſe;—but it coſt him his head." See alſo Vol. V. p. 600, n. 3. MALONE.

* —welcom'd—] Old Copy—*welcome*. For this correction I am anſwerable. MALONE.

[1] —*as* chiding *a nativity*,] i. e. as noiſy a one. So, in the *Midſummer-Night's Dream*, Hippolita, ſpeaking of the clamour of the hounds:

"———never did I hear
"Such gallant *chiding*." STEEVENS.

See Vol. VIII. p. 164, n. 1. MALONE.

[2] *To* herald *thee from the womb:*] The old copy reads—To *harold* thee from the womb. For the emendation now made, the reader is indebted to Mr. Steevens. So, in *Macbeth:*

"—only to *herald* thee into his preſence,
"Not to pay thee."

This word is in many ancient books written *harold*, and *harauld*. So, in Ives's SELECT PAPERS *relative to Engliſh Antiquities*, quarto, 1773, p. 130: "—and before them kings of armes, *harolds*, and purſuyvaunts."

Again, in *The Mirrour for Magiſtrates*, 1610:

"Truth is no harauld, nor no ſophiſt, ſure."

See alſo Cowel's *Interpreter*, in v. Herald, Heralt, or *Harold*; which puts Mr. Steevens's emendation beyond a doubt. MALONE.

Even at the firſt, thy loſs is more than can
Thy portage quit [3], with all thou canſt find here.—
Now the good gods throw their beſt eyes upon it!

Enter two Sailors.

1. *Sail.* What courage, ſir? God ſave you.

Per. Courage enough: I do not fear the flaw [4];
It hath done to me the worſt [5]. Yet, for the love
Of this poor infant, this freſh-new ſea-farer [6],
I would, it would be quiet.

1. *Sail.* Slack the bolins there [7]; thou wilt not, wilt thou? Blow and ſplit thyſelf.

3 —*thy loſs is more than can*

Thy portage quit,] i. e. thou haſt already loſt more (by the death of thy mother) than thy ſafe arrival at the port of life can counterbalance, with all to boot that we can give thee. *Portage* is uſed for gate or entrance in one of Shakſpeare's hiſtorical plays. STEEVENS.

Portage is uſed in *King Henry V.* where it ſignifies an open ſpace:

"Let it [*the eye*] pry through the *portage* of the head."

Portage is an old word ſignifying a toll or impoſt, but it will not commodiouſly apply to the preſent paſſage. Perhaps, however, Pericles means to ſay, you have loſt more than the *payment* made to me by your birth, together with all that you may hereafter acquire, can countervail. MALONE.

4 —*I do not fear the* flaw;] The blaſt. See Vol. IX. p. 394, n. 4. MALONE.

5 *It hath done to me the worſt.*] So, in the *Conf. Amant.*

"———————a wife!
"My joye, my luſt, and my deſyre,
"My welth, and my recoverire!
"Why ſhall I live, and thou ſhalt die?
"*Ha, thou fortune, I thee defie;*
"*Now haſt thou do to me thy werſt:*
"A herte! why ne wilt thou berſt?" MALONE.

6 —*this* freſh-new *ſea-farer,*] We meet a ſimilar compound-epithet in *K. Richard III.*

"Your *fire-new* ſtamp of honour is ſcarce current." MALONE.

7 *Slack the* bolins *there*;] *Bowlines* are ropes by which the ſails of a ſhip are governed, when the wind is unfavourable. They are ſlackened when it is high. This term occurs again in the *Two Noble Kinſmen*:

"———————the wind is fair;
"Top the *bowling*. STEEVENS.

2. *Sail.*

2. *Sail.* But sea-room [8], and the brine and cloudy billow kiſs the moon, I care not [9].

1. *Sail.* Sir, your queen muſt over-board; the sea works high, the wind is loud, and will not lie till the ſhip be clear'd of the dead.

Per. That's your ſuperſtition.

1. *Sail.* Pardon us, ſir; with us at ſea it hath been ſtill obſerved; and we are ſtrong in eaſtern [1]. Therefore briefly yield her; for ſhe muſt over-board ſtraight [2].

Per. As you think meet.—Moſt wretched queen!

Lyc. Here ſhe lies, ſir.

Per. A terrible child-bed haſt thou had, my dear;
No light, no fire: the unfriendly elements
Forgot thee utterly; nor have I time
To give thee hallow'd to thy grave [3], but ſtraight

8 1. *Sail.* —— *Blow and ſpilt thyſelf.*
2. *Sail. But ſea-room,* &c.] So, in the *Tempeſt*:
" *Blow* till thou *burſt thy wind*, if *room enough.*" MALONE.

9 —*and the brine and cloudy billow kiſs the moon, I care not.*] So, in *The Winter's Tale*: " Now the *ſhip* boring the *moon* with her main-maſt."—*And* is uſed here, as in many other places, for *if*, or *though*. MALONE.

1 —*and we are ſtrong in eaſtern.*] I have no doubt that this paſſage is corrupt, but know not how to amend it. MALONE.

The word *eaſterne* is ſurely a corruption. The ſailor is labouring to juſtify his ſuperſtitious notion, and having told Pericles that it was founded on repeated obſervation, might add, —— and we are ſtrong in *credence*. i. e. our faith or belief in this matter is ſtrong. So our author, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:
" Sith yet there is a *credence* in my heart,"—.
Again, in another of his plays:
" ———— —— love and wiſdom,
" Approv'd ſo to your majeſty, may plead
" For ample *credence*."
In *King Richard II.* we meet with a parallel phraſe:
" *Strong* as a tower *in hope*."
The number of letters in each word exactly correſponds; and the groſs errors which have been already detected in this play, are ſufficient to authorize the moſt daring attempts at emendation. STEEVENS.

2 —*for ſhe muſt over-board ſtraight.*] Theſe words are in the old copy, by an evident miſtake, given to *Pericles*. MALONE.

3 *To give thee hallow'd to thy grave,*] The old ſhepherd in *The Winter's Tale* expreſſes the ſame apprehenſion concerning the want of ſepulchral rites, and that he ſhall be buried,
" —where no prieſt ſhovels-in duſt." MALONE.

Muſt caſt thee, ſcarcely coffin'd, in the ooze[4];
Where, for a monument upon thy bones,
The air-remaining lamps[5], the belching whale[6],

4 *Muſt caſt thee, ſcarcely coffin'd, in* the ooze;] The defect both of metre and ſenſe ſhews that this line, as it appears in the old copy, is corrupted. It reads:

Muſt caſt thee, ſcarcely coffin'd, in *oare*. MALONE.

I believe we ſhould read, with that violence which a copy ſo much corrupted will ſometimes force upon us,

Muſt caſt thee, ſcarcely coffin'd, in *the ooze*,
Where, &c.

Shakſpeare, in the *Tempeſt*, has the ſame word on the ſame occaſion:

" My ſon i' *the ooze* is bedded." STEEVENS.

Again, *ibidem*:

" ——— ——— ——— I wiſh
" My ſelf were mudded in that *oozy* bed,
" Where my ſon lies."

Again, in Shakſpeare's *Lover's Complaint*:

" Of folded ſchedules had ſhe many a one,
" Which ſhe perus'd, ſigh'd, tore, and gave the *flood*,
" Bidding them find their *ſepulchres in mud*." MALONE.

5 *The* air-*remaining lamps*,—] Thus all the copies. *Air-remaining*, if it be right, muſt mean *air-hung*, ſuſpended for ever in the air. So (as Mr. Steevens obſerves to me) in Shakſpeare's 21ſt *Sonnet*:

" — *thoſe* gold *candles fix'd in heaven's air*."

In *K. Richard II. right-drawn* ſword is uſed for a ſword drawn in a juſt cauſe; and in *Macbeth* we meet with *air drawn* dagger Perhaps, however, the author wrote—*aye*-remaining. Thus, in *Othello*:

" Witneſs, you *ever*-burning lights above,"—.

Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:

" To feed for *aye her lamp*, and flames of love." MALONE.

The propriety of the emendation ſuggeſted by Mr. Malone, will be increaſed, if we recur to our author's leading thought, which is founded on the cuſtoms obſerved in the pomp of ancient ſepulture. Within old monuments and receptacles for the dead, perpetual (i. e. *aye-remaining*) lamps were ſuppoſed to be lighted up. Thus Pope in his *Eloiſa*:

" Ah hopeleſs, *laſting* flames, like thoſe that burn
" To light the dead, and warm th' unfruitful urn!"

I would, however, read,

And aye-remaining lamps, &c.

Inſtead *of a monument erected above thy bones*, AND *perpetual lamps to burn near them, the ſpouting whale ſhall oppreſs thee with his weight, and the maſs of waters ſhall roll with low heavy murmur over thy head*. STEEVENS.

6 — *the* belching whale,] So, in *Troilus and Creſſida*.

" ——— like ſcaled ſculls
" Before the *belching whale*." MALONE.

And

And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse,
Lying with simple shells. O, Lychorida,
Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink and paper[7],
My casket and my jewels; and bid Nicander
Bring me the satin coffer[8]: lay the babe
Upon the pillow; hie thee, whiles I say
A priestly farewel to her: suddenly, woman. [*Exit* Lyc.

2. *Sail.* Sir, we have a chest beneath the hatches, caulk'd and bitumed ready.

Per. I thank thee. Mariner, say what coast is this?

2. *Sail.* We are near Tharsus.

Per. Thither, gentle mariner,
Alter thy course for Tyre[9]. When canst thou reach it?

2. *Sail.* By break of day, if the wind cease.

Per. O, make for Tharsus.
There will I visit Cleon, for the babe
Cannot hold out to Tyrus: there I'll leave it
At careful nursing. Go thy ways, good mariner;
I'll bring the body presently. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Ephesus. *A Room in* Cerimon's *House.*

Enter CERIMON, *a Servant, and some persons who have been shipwrecked.*

Cer. Philemon, ho!

7 — *ink and* paper,] This is the reading of the second quarto. The first has *taper.* MALONE.

8 *Bring me the satin* coffer:] The old copies have—*coffin.* It seems somewhat extraordinary that Pericles should have carried a coffin to sea with him. We ought, I think, to read, as I have printed, *coffer.* MALONE.

Satin coffer is most probably the true reading. In a subsequent scene, this *coffin* is so called:

"Madam, this letter and some certain jewels
"Lay with you in your *coffer.*

Our ancient *coffers* were often adorned on the inside with such costly materials. A relation of mine has a trunk which formerly belonged to Katharine Howard when queen, and it is lined throughout with rose-coloured *satin,* most elaborately quilted. STEEVENS.

9 *Alter thy course for Tyre:*] Change thy course, which is now *for Tyre,* and go to *Tharsus.* MALONE.

Enter

Enter PHILEMON.

Phil. Doth my lord call?

Cer. Get fire and meat for these poor men;
It has been a turbulent and stormy night.

Ser. I have been in many; but such a night as this,
Till now, I ne'er endur'd[1].

Cer. Your master will be dead ere you return;
There's nothing can be minister'd to nature,
That can recover him. Give this to the 'pothecary[2],
And tell me how it works.

[*Exeunt* PHILEMON, Servant, *and those who have been ship-wrecked.*

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* Good morrow.

2. *Gent.* Good morrow to your lordship.

Cer. Gentlemen, why do you stir so early?

1. *Gent.* Sir, our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea,

[1] *I have been in many; but such a night as this,*
Till now, I ne'er endur'd.] So, in *Macbeth*:

"Threescore and ten I can remember well,
"Within the volume of which time I have seen
"Hours dreadful, and things strange; but this sore night
"Hath trifled former knowings."

Again, in *K. Lear*:

"——Since I was man,
"Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
"Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
"Remember to have heard."

Again, in *Julius Cæsar*:

"I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
"Have riv'd the knotty oaks, and I have seen
"The ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam,
"To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds;
"But never till to-night, never till now,
"Did I go through a tempest dropping fire." MALONE.

[2] *Give this to the 'pothecary,*] The recipe which Cerimon sends to the apothecary, we must suppose, is intended either for the poor men already mentioned, or for some of his other patients.—The preceding words shew that it cannot be designed for the master of the servant introduced here. MALONE.

Shook

Shook, as the earth did quake [3];
The very principals did ſeem to rend,
And all to topple [4]: pure ſurpriſe and fear
Made me to quit the houſe.

2. *Gent.* That is the cauſe we trouble you ſo early;
'Tis not our huſbandry [5].

Cer. O, you ſay well.

1. *Gent.* But I much marvel that your lordſhip, having
Rich tire about you [6], ſhould at theſe early hours
Shake

3 *Shook, as the earth did quake;*] So, in *Macbeth:*

" ——— the obſcure bird
" Clamour'd the live-long night: ſome ſay, *the earth*
" *Was feverous, and did ſhake.*"

Again, in *Coriolanus:*

" ——— as if the world
" Was feverous, and did tremble." MALONE.

4 *The very* principals *did ſeem to rend,*

And all to topple;] The *principals* are the ſtrongeſt rafters in the roof of a building. The ſecond quarto, which is followed by the modern copies, reads corruptly—*principles.* If the ſpeaker had been apprehenſive of a general diſſolution of nature, (which we muſt underſtand, if we read *principles,*) he did not need to leave his houſe: he would have been in as much danger without, as within.

All to is an augmentative often uſed by our ancient writers. It occurs frequently in the *Confeſſio Amantis.* The word *topple,* which means *tumble,* is again uſed by Shakſpeare in *Macbeth,* and applied to buildings:

" Though caſtles *topple* on their warders' heads."

Again, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I:

" Shakes the whole beldame earth, and *topples* down
" Steeples and moſs-grown towers." MALONE.

5 *'Tis not our* huſbandry.] *Huſbandry* here ſignifies economical prudence. So, in *K. Henry V:*

" For our bad neighbours make us *early ſtirrers,*
" Which is both healthful and good *huſbandry.*"

See alſo Vol. IX. p. 215, n. 6. MALONE.

6 Rich tire *about you,* &c.] Thus the quarto, 1609; but the ſenſe of the paſſage is not ſufficiently clear. The gentlemen roſe early, becauſe they were but in lodgings which ſtood expoſed near the ſea. They wonder, however, to find lord Cerimon ſtirring, becauſe he had *rich tire about him*; meaning perhaps a bed more richly and comfortably furniſhed, where he could have ſlept warm and ſecure in defiance of the tempeſt. The reaſoning of theſe gentlemen ſhould rather have led

them

Shake off the golden ſlumber of repoſe.
It is moſt ſtrange,
Nature ſhould be ſo converſant with pain,
Being thereto not compell'd.

Cer. I held it ever,
Virtue and cunning [7] were endowments greater
Than nobleneſs and riches: careleſs heirs
May the two latter darken and expend;
But immortality attends the former,
Making a man a god. 'Tis known I ever
Have ſtudied phyſick; through which ſecret art,
By turning o'er authorities, I have
(Together with my practice) made familiar
To me and to my aid, the bleſt infuſions
That dwell in vegetives, in metals, ſtones [8];
And I can ſpeak of the diſturbances
That nature works, and of her cures; which doth give me
A more content in courſe of true delight
Than to be thirſty after tottering honour,
Or tie my pleaſure up in ſilken bags,
To pleaſe the fool and death [9].

2. *Gent.* Your honour has through Epheſus pour'd forth

them to ſay—*ſuch towers* about you; i. e. a houſe or caſtle that could ſafely reſiſt the aſſaults of weather. They left their manſion becauſe they were no longer ſecure if they remained in it, and naturally wonder why he ſhould have quitted his, who had no ſuch apparent reaſon for deſerting it and riſing early. STEEVENS.

[7] *Virtue and* cunning—] *Cunning* means here *knowledge*. See Vol. IX. p. 532, n. 9. MALONE.

[8] —— *the bleſt infuſions*
That dwell in vegetives, in metals, ſtones;] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies
"In plants, herbs, ſtones, and their true qualities."

STEEVENS.

[9] *To pleaſe the fool and death.*] The *Fool* and *Death* were principal perſonages in the old Moralities. They are mentioned by our author in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

"—— merely thou art *death's fool*;
"For him thou labour'ſt by thy flight to ſhun,
"And yet run'ſt toward him ſtill." MALONE.

Your

Your charity, and hundreds call themſelves
Your creatures, who by you have been reſtor'd:
And not your knowledge, your perſonal pain, but even
Your purſe, ſtill open, hath built lord Cerimon
Such ſtrong renown, as time ſhall never—

Enter two Servants, with a Cheſt.

1. *Ser.* So; lift there.
Cer. What's that?
Ser. Sir,
Even now did the ſea toſs up upon our ſhore
This cheſt; 'tis of ſome wreck.
Cer. Set it down; let us
Look upon it.
2. *Gent.* 'Tis like a coffin, ſir.
Cer. Whate'er it be,
'Tis wondrous heavy. Wrench it open ſtraight;
If the ſea's ſtomach be o'er-charg'd with gold,
It is a good conſtraint of fortune, it
Belches upon us[1].
2. *Gent.* It is ſo, my lord.
Cer. How cloſe 'tis caulk'd and bittum'd[2]! Did the ſea
Caſt it up?
1. *Ser.* I never ſaw ſo huge a billow, ſir,
As toſs'd it upon ſhore.
Cer. Wrench it open:
Soft!—it ſmells moſt ſweetly in my ſenſe.
2. *Gent.* A delicate odour.

[1] *It is a good conſtraint of fortune,*
It belches *upon us.*] This ſingular expreſſion is again applied by our author to the ſea, in *the Tempeſt:*
" You are three men of ſin, whom deſtiny
" (That hath to inſtrument this lower world,
" And what is in't,) the never-ſurfeited *ſea*
" Hath cauſed to *belch up!*"

[2] *How cloſe 'tis caulk'd and* bittum'd!] *Bottom'd*, which is the reading of all the copies, is evidently a corruption. We had before—
" Sir, we have a cheſt beneath the hatches, caulk'd and *bittumed* ready." MALONE.

Cer.

Cer. As ever hit my noſtril; ſo,—up with it.
O, you moſt potent gods! what's here? a corſe!

1. *Gent.* Moſt ſtrange!

Cer. Shrowded in cloth of ſtate:
Balm'd and entreaſur'd with full bags of ſpices!
A paſſport too! Apollo, perfect me
In the characters [3]! [*unfolds a ſcroll.*

Here I give to underſtand, [reads.
(If e'er this coffin drive a-land,)
I, king Pericles, *have loſt*
This queen, worth all her mundane [4] *coſt.*
Who finds her, give her burying;
She was the daughter of a king [5]:
Beſides this treaſure for a fee,
The gods requite his charity!

If thou liv'ſt, Pericles, thou haſt a heart,
That even cracks for woe [6].—This chanc'd to-night.

2. *Gent.* Moſt likely, ſir.

Cer. Nay, certainly to-night;
For look, how freſh ſhe looks!—They were too rough,
That threw her in the ſea. Make a fire within;
Fetch hither all my boxes in my cloſet.
Death may uſurp on nature many hours,

3 — *Apollo, perfect me*
In the characters!] Cerimon, having made phyſick his peculiar ſtudy, would naturally, in any emergency, invoke Apollo. On the preſent occaſion, however, he addreſſes him as the patron of learning. MALONE.

4 — mundane —] i. e. worldly. MALONE.

5 *Who finds her, give her burying;*
She was the daughter of a king:] The author had, perhaps, the ſacred writings in his thoughts: "Go ſee now this curſed woman, and *bury her*; *for ſhe is a king's daughter.*" 2 Kings, ix. 36. MALONE.

6 — *thou haſt a* heart,
That even cracks *for woe.*] So in *Hamlet*:
"Now *cracks* a noble *heart.*"
Even is the reading of the ſecond quarto. The firſt has *ever.* MALONE.

And yet the fire of life kindle again
The o'er-preſſed ſpirits. I have heard[7]
Of an Egyptian, that had nine hours lien dead[8],
Who was by good appliance recovered.

Enter a Servant, with boxes, napkins, and fire.

Well ſaid, well ſaid; the fire and cloths[9].—
The rough and woeful muſick that we have,
Cauſe it to ſound, 'beſeech you[1].
The vial once more;—How thou ſtir'ſt, thou block?—
The muſick there[2].—I pray you, give her air;—
Gentlemen,

7 —*I* have *heard*—] For the inſertion of the word *have*, which both the metre and ſenſe require, I am reſponſible. MALONE.

8 ——*nine hours* lien *dead*,] So, in the lxviiith Pſalm:

" —though ye have *lien* among the pots,"—. STEEVENS.

9 Well ſaid, well ſaid; *the fire and cloths.*] So, on a ſimilar occaſion, in *Othello*, Act V. ſc. i.

" ——O, a chair, a chair!—
" ——*O, that's well ſaid*; the chair;—
" Some good man bear him carefully from hence." MALONE.

1 *The rough and woeful muſick that we have,*
Cauſe it to ſound, 'beſeech you.] Paulina in like manner in *The Winter's Tale*, when ſhe pretends to bring Hermione to life, orders muſick to be played, to awake her from her trance. So alſo the phyſician in *King Lear*, when the king is about to awake from the ſleep he had fallen into, after his frenzy:

" Pleaſe you draw near;—*Louder the muſick there!*" MALONE.

2 *The* vial *once more*;—*how thou ſtir'ſt, thou block?*—
The muſick there.] The firſt quarto reads—the *viol* once more. The ſecond and the ſubſequent editions—the *vial*. If the firſt be right, Cerimon muſt be ſuppoſed to repeat his orders that they ſhould again ſound their *rough and woeful muſick*. So, in *Twelfth Night*:

" That *ſtrain again!*"——

The word *viol* has occured before in this play in the ſenſe of *violin*. I think, however, the reading of the ſecond quarto is right. Cerimon, in order to revive the queen, firſt commands loud muſick to be played, and then a ſecond time adminiſters ſome cordial to her, which we may ſuppoſe had been before adminiſtered to her when his ſervants entered with the napkins, &c. See *Conf. Amant.* p. 180:

" —this worthie kinges wife
" Honeſtlie thei token oute,
" And maden fyres all aboute;
" Thei leied hir on a couche ſofte,
" And with a ſhete warmed ofte

" Hir

Gentlemen, this queen will live: Nature awakes;
A warmth breathes out of her[1]; she hath not been
Entranc'd above five hours. See, how she 'gins
To blow into life's flower again!

1. *Gent.* The heavens,
Through you, increase our wonder, and set up
Your fame for ever.

Cer. She is alive; behold,
Her eye-lids, cases to those heavenly jewels[2]
Which Pericles hath lost,
Begin to part their fringes of bright gold[3];
The diamonds of a most praised water
Do appear, to make the world twice rich. Live,
And make us weep to hear your fate, fair creature,
Rare as you seem to be! [*She moves.*

"Hir colde breste began to heate,
"Hir herte also to slacke and beate.
"This maister hath hir every joynte
"With certein oyle and balsam anoynte,
"*And put a licour in hir mouthe,*
"Whiche is to few clerkes couthe."

Little weight is to be laid on the spelling of the first quarto, for *vial* was formerly spelt *viol*. In the quarto edition of *K. Richard II.* 1615:

"Edward's seven sons, whereof thyself art one,
"Were seven *viols* of his sacred blood."

Again, in the folio, 1623, *ibid*:

"One *viol* full of Edward's sacred blood."

Again, in *The tragical History of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

"She poured forth into the *vyoll* of the fryer
"Water ———." MALONE.

[1] *A warmth* breathes *out of her*;] The old copies read—a warmth *breath* out of her. The correction was suggested by Mr. Steevens. The second quarto, and the modern editions, read unintelligibly,

Nature awakes a *warm breath* out of her. MALONE.

[2] —cases *to those heavenly jewels*—] The same expression occurs in *The Winter's Tale*:

"—they seem'd almost, with staring on one another, to tear *the cases* of their eyes." MALONE.

[3] *Her* eye-*lids*——
Begin to part their fringes *of bright gold*;] So, in *The Tempest*:

"The *fringed curtains* of thine *eye* advance,
"And say, what thou see'st yond." MALONE.

Thai.

Thai. O dear Diana,
Where am I? Where's my lord? What world is this[4]?
2. *Gent.* Is not this ſtrange?
1. *Gent.* Moſt rare.
Cer. Huſh, my gentle neighbours; lend me your hands:
To the next chamber bear her[5]. Get linen; now
This matter muſt be look'd to, for her relapſe
Is mortal. Come, come, and Eſculapius guide us!

[*Exeunt, carrying* Thaiſa *away.*

SCENE III.

Tharſus. *A Room in* Cleon's *Houſe.*

Enter PERICLES, CLEON, DIONYZA, LYCHORIDA, *and* MARINA.

Per. Moſt honour'd Cleon, I muſt needs be gone;
My twelve months are expir'd, and Tyrus ſtands
In a litigious peace. You, and your lady,
Take from my heart all thankfulneſs! The gods
Make up the reſt upon you!
Cle. Your ſhakes of fortune, though they haunt you mortally[6],

Yet

4 *What world is this?*] So, in the *Conf. Amant.*
" And firſt hir eien up ſhe caſte,
" And whan ſhe more of ſtrength caught,
" Hir armes both forth ſhe ſtraughte;
" Helde up hir honde, and pitiouſlie
" She ſpake, and ſaid, *where am I?*
" *Where is my lorde? What worlde is this?*
" As ſhe that wote not howe it is." MALONE.

5 *Huſh, my* gentle *neighbours;*—
To the next chamber bear her.] So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II.
" I pray you, take me up, and *bear me hence*
" *Into another chamber: ſoftly*, pray;
" Let there be no noiſe made, *my gentle friends*,
" Unleſs ſome dull and favourable hand
" Will whiſper muſick to my wearied ſpirit." MALONE.

6 —*though they* haunt *you mortally,*] Thus the firſt quarto. The folios and the modern editions read—*hate.* MALONE.
Your ſhakes *of fortune, though they* haunt *you mortally,*
Yet glance full wond'ringly *on us.*] I think we ſhould read:

Yet glance full wond'ringly on us.

Dion. O, your ſweet queen!

That the ſtrict fates had pleas'd you had brought her hither,

To have bleſt mine eyes with her!

Per. We cannot but

Obey the powers above us. Could I rage

And roar, as doth the ſea ſhe lies in, yet

The end muſt be as 'tis. My gentle babe,

Marina, (whom, for ſhe was born at ſea,

I have nam'd ſo,) here I charge your charity

Withal, leaving her the infant of your care;

Beſeeching you to give her princely training,

That ſhe may be manner'd as ſhe is born[7].

Cle. Fear not, my lord; but think,

Your grace[8], that fed my country with your corn,

(For which the people's prayers ſtill fall upon you,)

Muſt in your child be thought on. If neglection

Your *ſhafts* of fortune, though they *hurt* (or *hunt* or *hit*) you mortally,

Yet glance full *wand*'ringly, &c.

Thus Tully in one of his Familiar Epiſtles: "—omnibus *telis fortunæ* propoſita ſit vita noſtra." Again, Shakſpeare in his *Othello*:

"The ſhot of accident or *dart* of *chance*—."

Again, in *Hamlet*:

"The ſlings and *arrows* of outrageous *fortune*."

Again, in the *Merry Wives of Windſor*: "I am glad, though you have ta'en a ſpecial ſtand to ſtrike at me, that your *arrow* hath *glanced*."

The ſenſe of the paſſage ſhould ſeem to be as follows. All the malice of fortune is not confined to yourſelf. Though her arrows ſtrike deeply at you, yet wandering from their mark, they ſometimes glance on us; as at preſent, when the uncertain ſtate of Tyre deprives us of your company at Tharſus. STEEVENS.

[7] *That ſhe may be* manner'd *as ſhe is born.*] So, in *Cymbeline*:

"————and he is one,

"The trueſt *manner'd*, ſuch a holy witch,

"That he enchants ſocieties to him." MALONE.

[8] *Fear not, my lord; but* think,

Your grace,—] Such is the reading of the ancient copies. I ſuſpect the poet wrote,

Fear not, my lord, but *that*

Your grace, &c. MALONE.

Should

Should therein make me vile [9], the common body,
By you reliev'd, would force me to my duty:
But if to that my nature need a spur [1],
The gods revenge it upon me and mine,
To the end of generation!

Per. I believe you;
Your honour and your goodness teach me to it [2],
Without your vows. Till she be married, madam,
By bright Diana, whom we honour all,
Unsisster'd shall this heir of mine remain,
Though I shew will in't [3]. So I take my leave
Good madam, make me blessed in your care
In bringing up my child.

Dion. I have one myself,
Who shall not be more dear to my respect,
Than yours, my lord.

Per. Madam, my thanks and prayers.

9 ——— ——— *if* neglection
Should therein make me vile,] The modern editions have *neglect*. But the reading of the old copy is right. The word is used by Shakspeare in *Troilus and Cressida*:
" And this *neglection* of degree it is,
" That by a pace goes backward." MALONE.

1 —*my nature need a* spur,] So, in *Macbeth*:
" ——— I have no spur
" To prick the sides of my intent,—." STEEVENS.

2 *Your honour and your goodness* teach *me to it,*] Perhaps our author wrote—*witch* me to't. So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. II:
" To fit and *witch* me as Ascanius did."
Again, in another play:
" I'll *witch* sweet ladies with my words and look."
Again, more appositely, in Spenser's *Faerie Queen*:
" ——— pleasing charms,
" With which weak men thou *witchest to attend.*" STEEVENS.

3 *Though I shew* will *in't.*] The meaning may be—*Though I appear wilful and perverse by such conduct.* We might read—Though I shew *ill* in't. MALONE.

Unsister'd shall this babe of mine remain,
Though I shew will in't:] i. e. till she be married, I swear by Diana, (though I may shew [*will*, i. e.] obstinacy in keeping such an oath) this heir of mine shall have *none who can call her sister*; i. e. I will not marry and so have a chance of other children, before she is disposed of.—*Obstinacy* was anciently called *wilfulness*. STEEVENS.

Cle. We'll bring your grace even to the edge o' the shore;
Then give you up to the mask'd Neptune[4], and
The gentlest winds of heaven.

Per. I will embrace your offer.—Come, dearest madam.—
O, no tears, Lychorida, no tears:
Look to your little mistress, on whose grace
You may depend hereafter.—Come, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Ephesus. *A Room in* Cerimon's *House.*

Enter CERIMON *and* THAISA.

Cer. Madam, this letter, and some certain jewels,
Lay with you in your coffer: which are now *
At your command. Know you the character?

Thai. It is my lord's. That I was shipp'd at sea,
I well remember, even on my yearning time[5];
But whether there delivered or no,
By the holy gods, I cannot rightly say;
But since king Pericles, my wedded lord,
I ne'er shall see again, a vestal livery
Will I take me to, and never more have joy.

[4] —mask'd *Neptune,*] i. e. insidious waves, that wear a treacherous smile:

"Subdola fallacis ridet clementia ponti. *Lucretius.*

STEEVENS.

So, in *The Merchant of Venice:*

"——the *guiled* shore
"To a most dangerous sea." MALONE.

* —*which are* now—] For the insertion of the word *now* I am accountable. MALONE.

[5] *I well remember, even on my* yearning *time*;] The quarto, 1619, and the folio, 1664, which was probably printed from it, both read *eaning.* The first quarto reads *learning.* The editor of the second quarto seems to have corrected many of the faults in the old copy, without any consideration of the original corrupted reading. MALONE.

Read—*yearning* time. So, in *King Henry V:*

"——for Falstaff he is dead,
"And we must *yearn* therefore."

Rowe would read—*eaning,* a term applicable only to sheep when they *produce their young.* STEEVENS.

Cer.

Cer. Madam, if this you purpoſe as you ſpeak,
Diana's temple is not diſtant far,
Where you may 'bide, until your date expire[6].
Moreover, if you pleaſe, a niece of mine
Shall there attend you.

Thai. My recompence is thanks, that's all;
Yet my good will is great, though the gift ſmall.

[*Exeunt.*

A C T IV.

Enter GOWER[7].

Gow. Imagine Pericles arriv'd at Tyre,
Welcom'd, and ſettled to his own deſire.
His woeful queen we leave at Epheſus,
Unto Diana there a votareſs[8].

[6] *Where you may 'bide, until your* date expire.] Until you die. So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

" The *date is out* of ſuch prolixity."

The expreſſion of the text is again uſed by our author in *The Rape of Lucrece:*

" An *expir'd date*, cancell'd, ere well begun."

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

" ——— and *expire* the term
" Of a deſpiſed life." MALONE.

[7] *Enter Gower.*] This chorus, and the two following ſcenes, have hitherto been printed as part of the third act. In the original edition of this play, the whole appears in an unbroken ſeries. The editor of the folio in 1664, firſt made the diviſion of acts, (which has been ſince followed,) without much propriety. The poet ſeems to have intended that each act ſhould begin with a chorus. On this principle the preſent diviſion is made. Gower, however, interpoſing eight times, a chorus is neceſſarily introduced in the middle of this and the enſuing act. MALONE.

[8] *His woeful queen we leave at Epheſus,*
Unto Diana there a votareſs.] Epheſus is a rhime ſo ill correſponding with votareſs, that I ſuſpect our author wrote Epheſe or Epheſs; as he often contracts his proper names to ſuit his metre. Thus Pont for Pontus, Mede for Media, Comagene for Comagena, Sicils for Sicilies, &c. Gower, in the ſtory on which this play is founded, has *Dionyze* for Dionyza, and *Tharſe* for Tharſus. STEEVENS.

The old copies read—*there's* a votareſs. I am anſwerable for the correction. MALONE.

Now to Marina bend your mind,
Whom our faſt-growing ſcene muſt find[9]
At Tharſus, and by Cleon train'd
In muſick, letters[1]; who hath gain'd
Of education all the grace,
Which makes her both the heart and place
Of general wonder[2]. But alack!
That monſter envy, oft the wreck

Of

[9] *Whom our* faſt-growing ſcene *muſt find*—] The ſame expreſſion occurs in the chorus to *The Winter's Tale*:

" ——— your patience this allowing,
" I turn my glaſs, and give my *ſcene* ſuch *growing*,
" As you had ſlept between." MALONE.

[1] *In muſick, letters*;] The old copy reads, I think corruptly,—In *muſicks* letters. The correſponding paſſage in Gower's *Conf. Amant.* confirms the emendation now made:

" My doughter *Thaiſe* by your leve
" I thynke ſhall with you be leve
" As for a tyme: and thus I prai,
" That ſhe be kepte by all waie,
" And whan ſhe hath of age more
" That ſhe be ſet to *bokes lore*," &c.

Again:

" ——— ſhe dwelleth
" In Tharſe, as the Cronike telleth;
" She was well kept, ſhe was well loked,
" *She was well taught, ſhe was well boked*;
" So well ſhe ſped hir in hir youth,
" That ſhe of every wyſedome couth."— MALONE.

[2] *Which makes* her *both the* heart *and place*
Of general wonder.] The old copies read—
Which makes *high* both the *art* and place, &c.
The emendation was made by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

Which makes her *both the* heart *and place*
Of general wonder.] Such an education as rendered her the *center* and *ſituation* of general wonder. We ſtill uſe the *heart* of oak for the central part of it, and the *heart* of the land in much ſuch another ſenſe. Shakſpeare in *Coriolanus* ſays, that one of his ladies is—" the *ſpire* and *top* of praiſe." STEEVENS.

So, in *Twelfth Night*:

" I will on with my ſpeech in your praiſe, and then ſhew you the *heart* of my meſſage." Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" — the very *heart* of loſs."

Again,

Of earned praise[3], Marina's life
Seeks to take off, by treason's knife.
And in this kind hath our Cleon
One daughter, and a wench full grown[4],
Even ripe for marriage fight[5]; this maid
Hight Philoten: and it is said
For certain in our story, she
Would ever with Marina be:
Be't when she weav'd the sleided silk[6],
With fingers, long, small, white as milk;

Or

Again, in the *Rape of Lucreece*:

"On her bare breast, the *heart* of all her land."

Place here signifies *residence*. So, in *A Lover's Complaint*:

"Love lack'd a dwelling, and made him her *place*."

In this sense it was that Shakspeare, when he purchased his house at Stratford, called it *The New Place*. MALONE.

3 ——*oft the wreck*

Of earned *praise*,] Praise that has been well deserved. The same expression is found in the following lines, which our author has imitated in his *Romeo and Juliet*:

"How durst thou once attempt to touch the honour of his name?

"Whose deadly foes do yeld him dew and *earned praise*."

Tragical Hystorie of Romeus and Juliet, 1562.

So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

"If we have unearned luck,——." MALONE.

4 *And in this kind hath our Cleon*

One daughter, and a wench full grown,] The old copy reads—

And in this kind our Cleon hath

One daughter, and a full grown wench.

The rhyme shews evidently that it is corrupt. For the present regulation the reader is indebted to Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

5 *Even ripe for marriage* fight;] The first quarto reads,

Even *right* for marriage *fight*.

The quarto, 1619, and all the subsequent editions, have

Even *ripe* for marriage *fight*.

Sight was clearly misprinted for *fight*. We had before in this play *Cupid's wars*. Dr. Percy would read—for marriage *rites*. MALONE.

Read—*fight*; i. e. the combats of Venus; or *night*, which needs no explanation. STEEVENS.

6 *Be't when* she *weav'd the* sleided *silk*,] The old copies read—

Be it when *they* weav'd, &c.

But the context shews that *she* was the author's word. To have praised even the hands of Philoten would have been inconsistent with

Or when she would with sharp neeld wound [7]
The cambrick, which she made more sound
By hurting it; or when to the lute
She sung, and made the night-bird mute,
That still records with moan [8]; or when
She would with rich and constant pen

Vail

the general scheme of the present chorus. In all the other members of this sentence we find Marina alone mentioned:

Or when *she* would, &c.
——— or when to the lute
She sung, &c.

The weaver's *sley* or *slay* is explained in Vol. X. p. 353, n. 5. MALONE.

Sleided silk is untwisted silk, prepared to be used in the weaver's *sley* or *slay*. PERCY.

[7] *Or when she would with sharp* neeld *wound*—] All the copies read, with sharp *needle* wound; but the metre shews that we ought to read *neeld*. In a subsequent passage, in the first quarto, the word is abbreviated:

"—— and with her *neele* composes—."

So, in Stanyhurst's *Virgil*, 1582:

"——— on *neeld*-wrought carpets."

See also Vol. IV. p. 556, n. 3. MALONE.

[8] —*or when to the lute*
She sung, and made the night-bird *mute*,
That still records with moan;] The first quarto reads:

—— the *night-bed* mute,
That still records with moan.

for which in all the subsequent editions we find—

—— and made the night-bed mute,
That still records *within one*.

There can, I think, be no doubt, that the author wrote—night-*bird*. Shakspeare has frequent allusions, in his works, to the *nightingale*. So, in his 101st *Sonnet*:

"As Philomel in summer's front doth sing,
"And stops his pipe in growth of riper days,
"Not that the summer is less pleasant now
"Than when her *mournful hymns* did hush the *night*," &c.

Again, in his *Rape of Lucrece*, 1594:

"And for, poor bird, *thou sing'st not in the day*,
"As shaming anie eye should thee behold,"—.

So Milton, *Par. Lost*, B. IV.

"—— These to their nests
"Were slunk; all but the wakeful nightingale;
"She all night long her amorous descant sung."

To

Vail to her miſtreſs Dian [9]; ſtill
This Philoten contends in ſkill
With abſolute Marina [1]: ſo
The dove of Paphos might with the crow
Vie feathers white [2]. Marina gets
All praiſes, which are paid as debts,

To *record* anciently ſignified to *ſing*. So, in Sir Philip Sydney's *Ourania*, by N. B. 1606:

"*Recording* ſongs unto the Deitie—."

See Vol. I. p. 180, n. 5.—"A bird (I am informed) is ſaid to *record*, when he ſings at firſt low to himſelf, before he becomes maſter of his ſong and ventures to ſing out. The word is in conſtant uſe with Bird-fanciers at this day." MALONE.

9 —*with rich and conſtant pen*

Vail *to her miſtreſs Dian*;] To *vail* is to bow, to do homage. The author ſeems to mean—*When ſhe would compoſe* ſupplicatory hymns to Diana, or verſes expreſſive of her gratitude to Dionyza.

We might indeed read—*Hail* to her miſtreſs Dian; i. e. ſalute her in verſe. STEEVENS.

I ſtrongly ſuſpect that *vail* is a miſ-print. We might read:

Wail to her miſtreſs Dian.

i. e. compoſe elegies on the death of her mother, of which ſhe had been apprized by her nurſe, Lychorida.

That *Dian*, i. e. Diana, is the true reading, may, I think, be inferred from a paſſage in *The Merchant of Venice*; which may at the ſame time perhaps afford the beſt comment on that before us:

"Come, ho, and wake *Diana* with a hymn;
"With ſweeteſt touches pierce your *miſtreſs'* ear,
"And draw her home with muſick."

Again, in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream*:

"To be a barren ſiſter all your life,
"Chanting *faint hymns* to the cold fruitleſs *moon*."

MALONE.

1 —*with* abſolute *Marina*:] i. e. highly accompliſhed, perfect. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"————— at ſea
"He is an *abſolute* maſter."

Again, in Green's *Tu Quoque*, 1614:

"—— from an *abſolute* and moſt complete gentleman, to a moſt abſurd, ridiculous, and fond lover." MALONE.

2 Vie *feathers white*.] See note on *The Taming of the Shrew*, Vol. III. p. 290, n. 8. STEEVENS.

And

And not as given. This ſo darks
In Philoten all graceful marks [3],
That Cleon's wife, with envy rare [4],
A preſent murderer does prepare
For good Marina, that her daughter
Might ſtand peerleſs by this ſlaughter.
The ſooner her vile thoughts to ſtead,
Lychorida, our nurſe, is dead;
And curſed Dionyza hath
The pregnant inſtrument of wrath [5]
Preſt for this blow [6]. The unborn event
I do commend to your content:
Only I carried winged time [7]
Poſt on the lame feet of my rhime;
Which never could I ſo convey,
Unleſs your thoughts went on my way.—

3 — *This ſo* darks
In Philoten all graceful marks,] So, in *Coriolanus*:
" ——— ——— and their blaze
" Shall *darken* him for ever."
Again, *ibidem*:
" — You are *darken'd* in this action, ſir,
" Even by your own." MALONE.

4 — *with* envy *rare,*] *Envy* is frequently uſed by our ancient writers, in the ſenſe of *malice*. See Vol. VII. p. 338, n. 6. It is, however, I believe, here uſed in its common acceptation. MALONE.

5 The *pregnant* inſtrument of wrath—] *Pregnant* is *ready*. So, in *Hamlet*:
" And crook the *pregnant* hinges of the knee,"—. MALONE.

6 Preſt *for this blow*.] Preſt is *ready*; *pret*, Fr. So, in *the Tragicall Hiſtorie of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:
" I will, God lendyng lyfe, on Wenſday next be *preſt*
" To wayte on him and you—."
See Vol. III. p. 10, n. 8. MALONE.

7 *Only I carried* winged time —] So, in the chorus to *The Winter's Tale*:
" I ———— ———
" Now take upon me, in the name of *time*,
" To uſe my *wings*."
Again, in *K. Henry V*:
" Thus with imagin'd *wing* our ſwift ſcene flies,
" In motion of no leſs celerity
" Than that of thought." MALONE.

Dyonyza

Dionyza does appear,
With Leonine, a murderer. [*Exit.*

SCENE I.

Tharsus. *An open place near the sea-shore.*

Enter DIONYZA, *and* LEONINE.

Dion. Thy oath remember; thou hast sworn to do it[8]:
'Tis but a blow, which never shall be known.
Thou canst not do a thing in the world so soon,
To yield thee so much profit. Let not conscience
Which is but cold, inflame love in thy bosom[9],

[8] *Thy oath remember; thou hast sworn to do it:*] Here, I think, may be traced the rudiments of the scene in which lady Macbeth instigates her husband to murder Duncan:

" ——— I have given suck, and know
" How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me;
" I would, while it was smiling in my face,
" Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
" And dash'd the brains out, *had I but so sworn*
" *As you have done to this.*" MALONE.

[9] — *inflame love in thy bosom,*] The first quarto reads—" Let not conscience which is but cold, *in flaming thy love* bosome, enflame too nicelie, nor let pitie," &c. The subsequent impressions afford no assistance. Some words seem to have been lost. The sentiment originally expressed, probably was this.—Let not conscience, which is but a cold monitor, deter you from executing what you have promised; nor let the beauty of Marina enkindle the flame of love in your bosom; —nor be softened by pity, which even I, a woman, have cast off.—I am by no means satisfied with the regulation that I have made, but it affords a glimmering of sense. Nearly the same expression occurred before:

——— That have *inflam'd desire in my breast*—.

I suspect, the words *enflame too nicely* were written in the margin, the author not having determined which of the two expressions to adopt; and that by mistake they were transcribed as part of the text. The metre, which might be more commodiously regulated, if these words were omitted, in some measure supports this conjecture:

Nor let pity, which ev'n women have cast off,
Melt thee, but be a soldier to thy purpose. MALONE.

We might read,

——— inflame thy lov*ing* bosom:

With Mr. Malone's alteration, however, the words will bear the following sense: Let not conscience, which in itself is of a cold nature, have power to raise the flame of love in you, raise it even to folly.—*Nicely*, in ancient language, signifies *foolishly*. *Niais*. Fr. STEEVENS.

Inflame

Inflame too nicely; nor let pity, which
Even women have caſt off, melt thee, but be
A ſoldier to thy purpoſe.

Leon. I'll do't; but yet ſhe is a goodly creature.

Dion. The fitter then the gods ſhould have her [1]. Here
She comes weeping for her old miſtreſs' death.
Thou art reſolv'd?

Leon. I am reſolv'd [2].

[1] —— *but yet ſhe is a goodly creature.*
Dion. *The fitter then the gods ſhould have her.*] So, in *King Richard III.*

" O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous.—
" The fitter for the king of Heaven." STEEVENS.

[2] *Here ſhe comes weeping for her* old *miſtreſs' death.*
Thou art reſolv'd?
Leon. *I am reſolv'd.*] This paſſage in the old copies ſtands thus:

Here ſhe comes weeping for her only miſtreſs death.
Thou art reſolv'd?

If regulated thus,

Here ſhe comes weeping for her only miſtreſs.—
Death.—Thou art reſolv'd?

it reminds us of one in *K. John:*

K. John. " Doſt thou underſtand me?—
" Thou art his keeper.
Hub. " And I'll keep him ſo,
" That he ſhall not offend your majeſty.
K. John. " *Death.*
Hub. " My lord?
K. John. " A *grave.*
Hub. " *He ſhall not live.*"

The ſimilitude may, however, be only imaginary, for the poet might have meant to ſay no more than—" Here ſhe comes weeping for the death of her only miſtreſs." Dr. Percy, ſuppoſes the words —*only miſtreſs* to be corrupt, and would read—her *old nurſe's* death. " As Marina had been trained in muſick, letters, &c. and had gained all the graces of education, Lychorida (he obſerves) could not have been her *only miſtreſs.*" But I think the latter word right. Her nurſe was in one ſenſe her miſtreſs; Marina, from her infancy to the age of fourteen, having been under the care of Lychorida.

Her only (or her *old*) *miſtreſs' death*, (not " *miſtreſſes* death,") was the language of Shakſpeare's time, So, in *The Merchant of Venice:*

" With ſweeteſt touches pierce your *miſtreſs' ear*," &c. MALONE.

Enter

Enter MARINA, *with a baſket of flowers.*

Mar. No, I will rob Tellus of her weed,
To ſtrew thy green with flowers [3]: the yellows, blues,
The purple violets, and marigolds,
Shall, as a carpet, hang upon thy grave,
While ſummer days do laſt [4]. Ah me! poor maid,
Born in a tempeſt, when my mother dy'd,
This world to me is like a laſting ſtorm*,
Whirring me from my friends [5].

Dion.

3 *No, I will rob Tellus of her weed,*
To ſtrew thy green *with flowers:*] Thus the quartos. In the folio *grave* was ſubſtituted for *green*. By the *green*, as Lord Charlemont ſuggeſts to me, was meant "the green turf with which the grave of Lychorida was covered." So, in Taſſo's *Godfrey of Bulloigne*, tranſlated by Fairfax, 1600:

"My aſhes cold ſhall, buried on this *green*,
"Enjoy that good this body ne'er poſſeſt."

Weed in old language meant garment. MALONE.

The proſe romance, already quoted, ſays "that always as ſhe came homeward, ſhe went and waſhed the tombe of her nouryce, and kept it contynually fayre and clene." STEEVENS.

4 *Shall, as a carpet, hang upon thy* grave,
While ſummer days do laſt.] So, in *Cymbeline*:

"——————— with *faireſt flowers*,
"*While ſummer laſts*, and I live here, Fidele,
"I'll ſweeten thy ſad *grave*. Thou ſhalt not lack
"The flower that's like thy face, pale primroſe, nor
"The azur'd hare-bell, like thy veins, no nor
"The leaf of eglantine, whom not to ſlander
"Out-ſweeten'd not thy breath."

Mr. Steevens would read—Shall as a *chaplet*, &c. The word *hang*, it muſt be owned, favours this correction, but the flowers ſtrew'd *on the green-ſward*, may with more propriety be compared to a carpet than a wreath. MALONE.

* —like *a laſting ſtorm*,] Thus the quarto, 1619. In the firſt copy the word *like* is omitted. MALONE.

5 Whirring *me from my friends*.] Thus the earlieſt copy; I think, rightly. The ſecond quarto, and all the ſubſequent impreſſions, read —*Hurrying* me from my friends. *Whirring* or *whirrying* had formerly the ſame meaning. A bird that flies with a quick motion, accompanied with noiſe, is ſtill ſaid to *whirr* away. Thus Pope:

"Now from the brake the *whirring* pheaſant ſprings."

The verb to *whirry* is uſed in the ancient ballad entitled *Robin Goodfellow*. *Reliques of Ancient Eng. Poet.* Vol. III. p. 203:

"More

Dion. How now, Marina! why do you keep alone[6]?
How chance my daughter is not with you[7]? Do not
Consume your blood with sorrowing[8]: you have
A nurse of me *. Lord! how your favour's chang'd
With this unprofitable woe!
Come, give me your flowers: ere the sea mar it,
Walk with Leonine; the air is quick there[9],
And it pierces and sharpens the stomach. Come,
Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her.

Mar. No, I pray you;

"More swift than wind away I go,
"O'er hedge and lands,
"Through pools and ponds,
"I *whirry*, laughing, ho ho ho." MALONE.

The two last lines uttered by Marina, very strongly resemble a passage in Homer's *Iliad*, b. 19. l. 377:

τὼς δ' αὐ ἐθέλουσας ἄελλαι
πόντου ἐπ' ἰχθυόεντα ΦΙΛΩΝ ΑΠΑΝΕΥΘΕ ΦΕΡΟΥΣΙΝ.

STEEVENS.

[6] *How now*, Marina! *why do you keep alone?*] Thus the earliest copy. So, in *Macbeth*:

"*How now*, my lord! *why do you keep alone?*"

The second quarto reads

——— why do you *weep* alone? MALONE.

[7] *How chance my daughter is not with you?*] So, in *King Henry IV. P. II.*: "How chance thou art not with the prince, thy brother?" MALONE.

[8] *Consume your blood with sorrowing:*] So, in *K. Henry VI. P. II.* "— *blood-consuming sighs.*" See also Vol. IX. p. 379, n. 2. MALONE.

* —*you have*
A nurse of me.] Thus the quarto, 1619. The first copy reads—Have you a nurse of me? The poet probably wrote—

——Have you *not*
A nurse of me? MALONE.

[9] —*ere the sea mar it,*
Walk with Leonine; the air is quick there,] Some words must, I think, have been omitted. Probably the author wrote:

——— ere the sea mar it,
Walk *on the shore* with Leonine, the air
Is quick there. MALONE.

—*ere the sea mar it*, &c.] i. e. ere the sea mar your walk upon the shore by the coming in of the tide, walk there with Leonine. We see plainly by the circumstance of the pirates, that Marina, when seized upon, was walking on the sea-shore; and Shakspeare was not likely to reflect that there is little or no tide in the Mediterranean. CHARLEMONT.

I'll

I'll not bereave you of your servant.

Dion. Come, come;
I love the king your father, and yourself,
With more than foreign heart[1]. We every day
Expect him here: when he shall come, and find
Our paragon to all reports[2], thus blasted,
He will repent the breadth of his great voyage;
Blame both my lord and me, that we have ta'en
No care to your best courses. Go, I pray you;
Walk, and be cheerful once again; reserve
That excellent complexion, which did steal
The eyes of young and old[3]. Care not for me;
I can go home alone.

Mar. Well, I will go;
But yet I have no desire to it[4].

Dion. Come, come, I know 'tis good for you.
Walk half an hour, Leonine, at the least;
Remember what I have said.

Leon. I warrant you, madam.

Dion. I'll leave you, my sweet lady, for a while;
Pray you, walk softly, do not heat your blood:
What! I must have care of you.

Mar. My thanks, sweet madam.— [*Exit* Dionyza.

1 *With more than foreign heart.*] With the same warmth of affection as if I was your country-woman. MALONE.

2 *Our paragon to all reports,*] Our fair charge, whose beauty was once *equal to* all that fame said of it. So, in *Othello*:

" ——— He hath atchiev'd a maid,
" *That paragons description and wild fame.*" MALONE.

3 ——— reserve
That excellent complexion, *which did* steal
The eyes *of young and old.*] So, in Shakspeare's 20th *Sonnet*:

" A man in *hue* all hues in his controlling,
" Which *steals* men's *eyes*, and women's souls amazeth."

Again, in his *Lover's Complaint*:

" Thus did he in the general bosom reign
" *Of young and old.*

To *reserve* is here, *to guard*; to *preserve* carefully. So, in Shakspeare's 32d *Sonnet*:

" *Reserve* them, for my love, not for their rhymes." MALONE.

4 *Well, I will go;*
But yet I have no desire to it.] So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

" I have no mind of feasting forth to-night;
" But I will go." STEEVENS.

Is this wind weſterly that blows?

Leon. South-weſt.

Mar. When I was born, the wind was north.

Leon. Was't ſo?

Mar. My father, as nurſe ſaid, did never fear,
But cry'd, *good ſeamen*, to the ſailors, galling
His kingly hands with hauling of the ropes *;
And, claſping to the maſt, endur'd a ſea
That almoſt burſt the deck [5].

Leon. When was this?

Mar. When I was born.
Never was waves nor wind more violent;
And from the ladder-tackle waſhes off
A canvas-climber [6]: *ha*, ſays one, *wilt out?*
And with a dropping induſtry they ſkip
From ſtem to ſtern [7]: the boat-ſwain whiſtles, and
The maſter calls, and trebles their confuſion [8].

Leon. Come, ſay your prayers.

Mar. What mean you?

Leon. If you require a little ſpace for prayer,
I grant it: pray; but be not tedious,
For the gods are quick of ear, and I am ſworn

* *His kingly hand* with *hauling* of *the ropes*;] For the inſertion of the words *with* and *of* I am reſponſible. MALONE.

[5] *That almoſt* burſt *the deck.*] *Burſt* is frequently uſed by our author in an active ſenſe. See Vol. V. p. 369, n. 9. MALONE.

[6] *And from the ladder-tackle waſhes off*
A canvas-climber:] A ſhip-boy. So, in *King Henry V:*
" ——————— and in them behold
" Upon the *hempen-tackle* ſhip-boys *climbing.*"
I ſuſpect that a line, preceding theſe two, has been loſt, which perhaps might have been of this import:
" *O'er the good ſhip the foaming billow breaks,*
" And from the ladder-tackle," &c. MALONE.

[7] *From* ſtem *to ſtern:*] The old copies read—From *ſtern* to *ſtern.* But we certainly ought to read—From *ſtem* to ſtern. So Dryden:
" Orontes' barque, even in the hero's view,
" *From ſtem to ſtern* by waves was overborne."
A haſty tranſcriber, or negligent compoſitor, might eaſily have miſtaken the letter *m* and put *rn*, in its place. MALONE.

[8] — *and trebles their confuſion.*] So, in *K. Henry V:*
" Hear the ſhrill *whiſtle*, which doth order give
" To ſounds *confus'd.*" MALONE.

To

To do my work with haſte.

Mar. Why, will you kill me[9]?

Leon. To ſatisfy my lady.

Mar. Why, would ſhe have me kill'd?
Now, as I can remember, by my troth,
I never did her hurt in all my life;
I never ſpake bad word, nor did ill turn
To any living creature: believe me, la,
I never kill'd a mouſe, nor hurt a fly:
I trod upon a worm againſt my will,
But I wept for it[1]. How have I offended,
Wherein my death might yield her any profit,
Or my life imply her any danger?

Leon. My commiſſion
Is not to reaſon of the deed, but do it.

Mar. You will not do't for all the world, I hope.
You are well-favour'd, and your looks foreſhew
You have a gentle heart. I ſaw you lately,
When you caught hurt in parting two that fought:

9 Leon. *Come, ſay your prayers.*
Mar. *What mean you?*
Leon. *If you require a little ſpace for prayer,*
I grant it: pray; but be not tedious, &c.
Mar. *Why, will you kill me?*] So, in *Othello:*
Oth. "Have you pray'd to-night, Deſdemona?—
"If you bethink yourſelf of any crime
"Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,
"Solicit for it ſtraight.
Deſ. "Alas, my lord, what do you mean by that?
Oth. "Well, do it, and be brief.—
Deſ. "Talk you of killing," &c. STEEVENS.

This circumſtance is likewiſe found in the *Geſta Romanorum.* "Peto, domine, ſays Tharſia, (the Marina of this play,) ut ſi nulla ſpes eſt mihi, permittas me deum teſtare. Villicus ait, teſtate; et Deus ipſe ſcit quod coactus te interficio. Illa vero cum eſſet poſita in oratione, venerunt pyratæ," &c. MALONE.

1 *I trod upon a worm againſt my will,*
But I wept for it.] Fenton has tranſplanted this image into his *Mariamne:*
"——— when I was a child,
"I kill'd a linnet, but indeed I wept;
"Heaven viſits not for that." STEEVENS.

Good ſooth, it ſhew'd well in you; do ſo now:
Your lady ſeeks my life; come you between,
And ſave poor me, the weaker.

Leon. I am ſworn,
And will diſpatch.

Enter Pirates, whilſt Marina *is ſtruggling.*

1. *Pir.* Hold, villain! [Leonine *runs away.*

2. *Pir.* A prize! a prize!

3. *Pir.* Half-part, mates, half-part. Come, let's have her aboard ſuddenly.

[*Exeunt Pirates with* Marina.

SCENE II.

The ſame. Enter LEONINE.

Leon. Theſe roguing thieves ſerve the great pirate, Valdes[2];
And they have ſeiz'd Marina. Let her go:
There's no hope ſhe'll return. I'll ſwear ſhe's dead,
And thrown into the ſea.—But I'll ſee further;
Perhaps they will but pleaſe themſelves upon her,
Not carry her aboard. If ſhe remain,
Whom they have raviſh'd, muſt by me be ſlain. [*Exit.*

[2] *Theſe roguing thieves ſerve the great pirate,* Valdes;] The Spaniſh armada, I believe, furniſhed our author with this name. Don Pedro de *Valdes* was an admiral in that fleet, and had the command of the great galleon of Andaluſia. His ſhip being diſabled, he was taken by Sir Francis Drake, on the twenty-ſecond of July, 1588, and ſent to Dartmouth. This play therefore, we may conclude, was not written till after that period.—The making one of this Spaniard's anceſtors a pirate, was probably reliſhed by the audience in thoſe days.

MALONE.

We ſhould probably read — Theſe *roving* thieves. The idea of roguery is neceſſarily implied in the word *thieves*. MASON.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Mitylene. *A Room in a Brothel.*

Enter PANDAR, BAWD, *and* BOULT.

Pan. Boult.

Boult. Sir.

Pan. Search the market narrowly; Mitylene is full of gallants. We loſt too much money this mart by being too wenchleſs.

Bawd. We were never ſo much out of creatures. We have but poor three, and they can do no more than they can do; and with continual action * are even as good as rotten.

Pan. Therefore let's have freſh ones, whate'er we pay for them. If there be not a conſcience to be uſed in every trade, we ſhall never proſper[3].

Bawd. Thou ſay'ſt true: 'tis not our bringing up of poor baſtards[4], as I think, I have brought up ſome eleven—

Boult. Ay, to eleven, and brought them down again[5].

* — *and with continual action*—] Old Copies—and *they* with, &c. The word *they* was evidently repeated by the careleſsneſs of the compoſitor. MALONE.

[3] *Therefore let's have freſh ones, whate'er we pay for them. If there be not a conſcience to be uſed in every trade, we ſhall never proſper.*] The ſentiments incident to vicious profeſſions ſuffer little change within a century and a half. This ſpeech is much the ſame as that of *Mrs. Cole* in the *Minor*: "Tip him an old trader! Mercy on us, where do you expect to go when you die, Mr. Loader?" STEEVENS.

[4] *Thou ſay'ſt true; 'tis not our bringing up of poor baſtards,*] There ſeems to be ſomething wanting. Perhaps—*that will do*—or ſome ſuch words. The author, however, might have intended an imperfect ſentence. MALONE.

[5] Ay, to *eleven, and brought them down again.*] I have brought up (i. e. educated) ſays the bawd, ſome eleven. Yes, (anſwers Boult) to eleven, (i. e. as far as eleven years of age) and then brought them down again. The latter clauſe of the ſentence requires no explanation. STEEVENS.

The modern copies read, *I too* eleven. The true reading, which is found in the quarto, 1609, was pointed out by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

But ſhall I ſearch the market?

Bawd. What elſe, man? The ſtuff we have, a ſtrong wind will blow it to pieces, they are ſo pitifully ſodden.

Pan. Thou ſay'ſt true; they're too unwholeſome o' conſcience[5]. The poor Tranſilvanian is dead, that lay with the little baggage.

Boult. Ay, ſhe quickly poop'd him[6]; ſhe made him roaſt-meat for worms:—but I'll go ſearch the market.

[*Exit* Boult.

Pan. Three or four thouſand chequins were as pretty a proportion to live quietly, and ſo give over.

Bawd. Why, to give over, I pray you? Is it a ſhame to get when we are old?

Pan. O, our credit comes not in like the commodity; nor the commodity wages not with the danger[7]: therefore, if in our youths we could pick up ſome pretty eſtate, 'twere not amiſs to keep our door hatch'd[8]. Beſides, the ſore terms we ſtand upon with the gods, will be ſtrong with us for giving over.

Bawd.

[5] *Thou ſay'ſt true*; they're too *unwholeſome o' conſcience.*] The old copies read—*there's two* unwholeſome o' conſcience. The preceding dialogue ſhews that they are erroneous. The complaint had not been made of *two*, but of *all the ſtuff* they had. According to the preſent regulation, the pandar merely aſſents to what his wife had ſaid. The words *two* and *too* are perpetually confounded in the old copies. MALONE.

[6] *Ay, ſhe quickly* poop'd *him*;] The following paſſage in *The Devil's Charter*, a tragedy, 1607, will ſufficiently explain this ſingular term:

" ——— foul Amazonian trulls,
" Whoſe lanterns are ſtill lighted in their *poops*." MALONE.

[7] —*the commodity* wages *not with the danger*:] i. e. is not equal to it.

" ——his taints and honours
" *Wag'd* equal with him." *Ant. and Cleop.* STEEVENS.

Again, more appoſitely, in *Othello*:

" To wake and *wage* a *danger* profitleſs." MALONE.

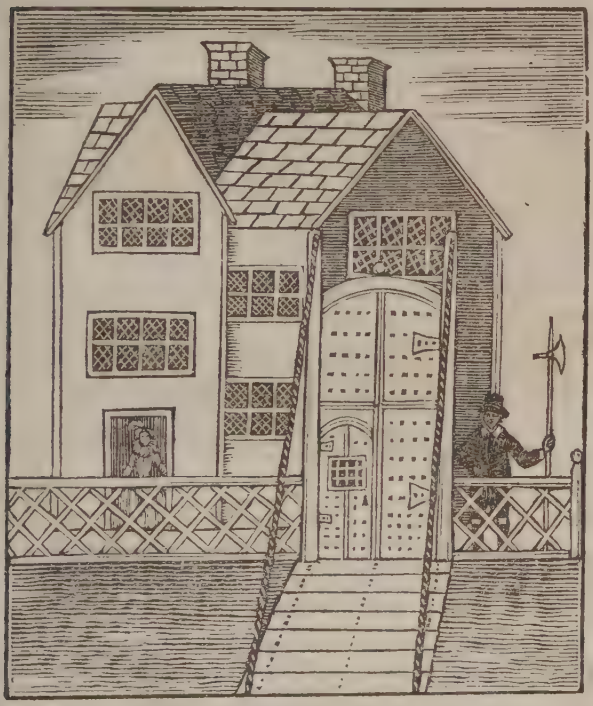
[8] — *to keep our door hatch'd.*] The doors or hatches of brothels, in the time of our author, ſeem to have had ſome diſtinguiſhing mark. So, in *Cupid's Whirligig*, 1607: " Set ſome *picks* upon your *hatch*, and, I pray, profeſs to keep a *bawdy-houſe*."

Prefixed

Bawd. Come, other ſorts offend as well as we[9].

Pand. As well as we! ay, and better to; we offend worſe. Neither is our profeſſion any trade; it's no calling:—but here comes Boult.

Prefixed to an old pamphlet entitled *Hollands Leaguer*, 4to. 1632. is a repreſentation of a celebrated brothel on the Bank-ſide near the Globe playhouſe, from which the annexed cut has been made. We have here the *batch* exactly delineated. The man with the pole-ax, was called the *Ruffian*. MALONE.



9 *Come, other* ſorts *offend as well as we.*] From her huſband's anſwer, I ſuſpect the poet wrote—Other *trades*, &c. MALONE.

Enter the Pirates, *and* BOULT *dragging in* MARINA.

Boult. Come your ways. [*to* Marina.]—My maſters, you ſay ſhe's a virgin?

1. *Pir.* O ſir, we doubt it not.

Boult. Maſter, I have gone thorough [1] for this piece, you ſee: if you like her, ſo; if not, I have loſt my earneſt.

Bawd. Boult, has ſhe any qualities?

Boult. She has a good face, ſpeaks well, and has excellent good cloaths; there's no further neceſſity of qualities can make her be refuſed.

Bawd. What's her price, Boult?

Boult. I cannot be bated one doit of a thouſand pieces [2].

Pan. Well, follow me, my maſters; you ſhall have your money preſently. Wife, take her in; inſtruct her what ſhe has to do, that ſhe may not be raw in her entertainment [3]. [*Exeunt* Pandar *and* Pirates.

Bawd. Boult, take you the marks of her; the colour of her hair, complexion, height, age*, with warrant of her virginity; and cry, *He that will give moſt, ſhall have her firſt* [4]. Such a maiden-head were no cheap thing, if men were as they have been. Get this done as I command you.

Boult. Performance ſhall follow. [*Exit.*

Mar. Alack, that Leonine was ſo ſlack, ſo ſlow!

[1] —I *have* gone thorough—] i. e. I have bid a high price for her, *gone far* in my attempt to purchaſe her. STEEVENS.

[2] *I cannot be bated one doit of a thouſand pieces.*] This ſpeech ſhould ſeem to ſuit the *Pirate*. However, it may belong to *Boult*. I cannot *get them to bate me* one doit of a thouſand pieces. MALONE.

[3] —*that ſhe may not be* raw *in her entertainment.*] Unripe, unſkilful. So, in *Hamlet*:—"and yet but *raw* neither, in reſpect of his quick ſail." MALONE.

* —*age*—] So the quarto, 1619. The firſt copy has—*her* age. MALONE.

4 —*and cry*, He that will give moſt, ſhall have her firſt.] The prices of firſt and ſecondary proſtitution are exactly ſettled in the old proſe romance already quoted: "Go thou, and make a crye through the cyte, that of all men that ſhall inhabyte with her carnally, the firſt ſhall gyve me a pounde of golde, and after that echone a peny of golde." STEEVENS.

(He

(He ſhould have ſtruck, not ſpoke;) or that theſe pirates,
(Not enough barbarous) had not o'er-board thrown me,
For to ſeek my mother[5]!

Bawd. Why lament you, pretty one?

Mar. That I am pretty.

Bawd. Come, the gods have done their part in you.

Mar. I accuſe them not.

Bawd. You are lit into my hands, where you are like to live[6].

Mar. The more my fault,
To 'ſcape his hands, where I was like to die.

Bawd. Ay, and you ſhall live in pleaſure.

Mar. No.

Bawd. Yes, indeed, ſhall you, and taſte gentlemen of all faſhions. You ſhall fare well; you ſhall have the difference of all complexions. What! do you ſtop your ears?

Mar. Are you a woman?

Bawd. What would you have me be, an I be not a woman?

Mar. An honeſt woman, or not a woman.

Bawd. Marry, whip thee, goſling: I think I ſhall have ſomething to do with you. Come, you are a young fooliſh ſapling, and muſt be bow'd as I would have you.

5 — *or that theſe pirates*
(Not enough barbarous) had not o'er-board thrown me,
For to ſeek my mother!] Thus the old copy, but I ſuſpect the ſecond *not* was inadvertently repeated by the compoſitor. Marina, I think, means to ſay, Alas, how unlucky it was, that Leonine was ſo ſlack in his office; or, he having omitted to kill me, *how fortunate would it have been for me,* if thoſe pirates *had* thrown me into the ſea to ſeek my mother.

However, the original reading may ſtand, though with ſome harſhneſs of conſtruction. Alas, how unfortunate it was, that Leonine was ſo merciful to me, or that theſe pirates *had not* thrown me into the ſea to ſeek my mother.

If the ſecond *not* was intended by the author, he ſhould rather have written—*did* not o'er-board *throw* me, &c. MALONE.

6 *You are lit into my hands, where you are like to live.*] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

——— Be of good cheer;
You have fallen into a princely hand; fear nothing. MALONE.

Mar. The gods defend me!

Bawd. If it pleaſe the gods to defend you by men, then men muſt comfort you, men muſt feed you, men muſt ſtir you up.—Boult's return'd.

Enter BOULT.

Now, ſir, haſt thou cry'd her through the market?

Boult. I have cry'd her almoſt to the number of her hairs; I have drawn her picture with my voice [8].

Bawd. And I pr'ythee tell me, how doſt thou find the inclination of the people, eſpecially of the younger ſort?

Boult. 'Faith, they liſten'd to me, as they would have hearken'd to their father's teſtament. There was a Spaniard's mouth ſo water'd, that he went to bed to her very deſcription *.

Bawd. We ſhall have him here to-morrow with his beſt ruff on.

Boult. To-night, to-night. But, miſtreſs, do you know the French knight, that cowers i'the hams [9]?

Bawd. Who? monſieur Veroles?

[8] *Now, ſir, haſt thou cry'd her through the market?*
— I have drawn her picture with my voice.] So, in *The Wife for a Month*, Evanthe ſays,

" I'd rather thou had'ſt deliver'd me to pirates,
" Betray'd me to uncurable diſeaſes,
" Hung up her picture in a market-place,
" And ſold her to vile bawds!"

And we are told in a note on this paſſage, that it was formerly the cuſtom at Naples to hang up the pictures of celebrated courtezans in the publick parts of the town, to ſerve as directions where they lived. Had not Fletcher the ſtory of Marina in his mind, when he wrote the above lines? MASON.

The Wife for a Month was one of Fletcher's lateſt plays. It was firſt exhibited in May, 1624. MALONE.

* *— a Spaniard's mouth ſo water'd*, that *he went*, &c.] Thus the quarto, 1619. The firſt copy reads—a Spaniard's mouth water'd, *and* he went, &c. MALONE.

[9] *— that cowers i' the hams?*] To *cower* is to ſink by bending the hams. So, in *King Henry VI.* P. II.

" The ſplitting rocks *cow'r'd* in the ſinking ſands."

Again, in *Gammer Gurton's Needle:*

" They *cow'r* ſo o'er the coles, their eies be bler'd with ſmooke."

STEEVENS.

Boult.

Boult. Ay, he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and ſwore he would ſee her to-morrow [1].

Bawd. Well, well; as for him, he brought his diſeaſe hither: here he does but repair it [2]. I know, he will come in our ſhadow, to ſcatter his crowns in the ſun [3].

Boult.

[1] —*he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and ſwore he would ſee her to-morrow.*] If there were no other proof of Shakſpeare's hand in this piece, this admirable ſtroke of humour would furniſh deciſive evidence of it. MALONE.

[2] —*here he does but* repair *it.*] To *repair* here means to *renovate.* So, in *Cymbeline:*

" O, diſloyal thing!
" That ſhould'ſt *repair* my youth,—."

Again, in *All's Well that ends Well:*

" ——— It much *repairs* me
" To talk of your good father." MALONE.

[3] —*to ſcatter his crowns in the ſun.*] There is here perhaps ſome alluſion to the *lues venerea,* though the words *French crowns* in their literal acceptation were certainly alſo in Boult's thoughts. It occurs frequently in our author's plays. So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure:*

" *Lucio.* A *French crown* more.
" *Gent.* Thou art always figuring *diſeaſes* in me." MALONE.

—*I know, he will come in our ſhadow, to ſcatter his crowns in the ſun.*] This paſſage, as the words which compoſe it are arranged at preſent, is to me unintelligible. I would correct and read: " I know he will come in, to ſcatter his crowns in the ſhadow *of* our ſun." I ſuppoſe the bawd means to call Marina the *ſun* of her houſe. So, in *King Richard III:*

" Witneſs my *ſun,* now in the ſhade of death."

There is indeed a proverbial phraſe alluded to in *Hamlet,* and introduced in *King Lear:* " — out of heaven's benediction into the warm *ſun.*" But I cannot adapt it to this paſſage. Let the reader try. STEEVENS.

" To go out of heaven's benediction into the warm ſun," was a proverbial phraſe, ſignifying, " to go from good to worſe," and therefore can not poſſibly throw any light upon the paſſage before us. MALONE.

Boult had ſaid before, that he had proclaimed the beauty of Marina, and drawn her picture with his voice. He ſays in the next ſpeech th t with ſuch a ſign as Marina, they ſhould draw every traveller to their houſe, conſidering Marina, or rather the picture he had drawn of her, as the ſign to diſtinguiſh the houſe, which the bawd on account of her beauty calls the ſun: and the meaning of the paſſage is merely this: " —that the French knight will ſeek the ſhade or ſhelter of their houſe,

Boult. Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we ſhould lodge them with this ſign[4].

Bawd. Pray you, come hither a while. You have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me; you muſt ſeem to do that fearfully, which you commit willingly; to deſpiſe profit, where you have moſt gain. To weep that you live as you do, makes pity in your lovers: Seldom, but that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a mere profit[5].

Mar. I underſtand you not.

Boult. O, take her home, miſtreſs, take her home: theſe bluſhes of her's muſt be quench'd with ſome preſent practice.

Bawd. Thou ſay'ſt true, i'faith, ſo they muſt: for your bride goes to that with ſhame, which is her way to go with warrant[6].

Boult. 'Faith, ſome do, and ſome do not. But, miſtreſs, if I have bargain'd for the joint,—

Bawd. Thou may'ſt cut a morſel off the ſpit.

houſe, to ſcatter his money there." But if we make a ſlight alteration, and read—*on* our ſhadow, it will then be capable of another interpretation. *On our ſhadow*, may mean, *on our repreſentation or deſcription of Marina*, and the *ſun* may mean the real ſign of the houſe. For there is a paſſage in Fletcher's *Cuſtom of the Country*, which gives reaſon to imagine that the ſun was, in former times, the uſual ſign of a brothel. When Sulpitia aſks, what is become of the Dane? Jacques replies, "What, goldy locks? he lies at the ſign of the *ſun*, to be new-breeched." MASON.

[4] —*we ſhould lodge them with this ſign.*] If a traveller from every part of the globe were to aſſemble in Mitylene, they would all reſort to this houſe, while we had ſuch a ſign to it as this virgin. This, I think, is the meaning. A ſimilar eulogy is pronounced on Imogen in *Cymbeline*: "She's a good *ſign*, but I have ſeen ſmall reflection of her wit." Perhaps there is ſome alluſion to the conſtellation *Virgo*. MALONE.

[5] —*a* mere *profit.*] i. e. an abſolute, a certain profit. See Vol. VII. p. 89, n. 9. MALONE.

[6] —*for your bride goes to that with ſhame, which is her way to go with warrant.*] You ſay true; for even a bride, who has the ſanction of the law to *warrant* her proceeding, will not ſurrender her perſon without ſome conſtraint. *Which is her way to go with warrant*, means only—*to which ſhe is entitled to go.* MALONE.

Boult. I may ſo.

Bawd. Who ſhould deny it? Come, young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

Boult. Ay, by my faith, they ſhall not be changed yet.

Bawd. Boult, ſpend thou that in the town: report what a ſojourner we have; you'll loſe nothing by cuſtom. When nature framed this piece, ſhe meant thee a good turn[7]; therefore ſay, what a paragon ſhe is, and thou haſt the harveſt out of thine own report.

Boult. I warrant you, miſtreſs, thunder ſhall not ſo awake the beds of eels[8], as my giving out her beauty ſtir up the lewdly-inclined. I'll bring home ſome to-night.

Bawd. Come your ways; follow me.

Mar. If fires be hot, knives ſharp, or waters deep[9],
Untied I ſtill my virgin knot will keep[1].
Diana, aid my purpoſe!

Bawd. What have we to do with Diana? Pray you, will you go with us? [*Exeunt.*

7 *When nature framed this piece, ſhe meant thee a good turn;*] A ſimilar ſentiment occurs in *King Lear:*

" That eyeleſs head of thine was firſt fram'd fleſh,
" To raiſe my fortunes." STEEVENS.

8 —*thunder ſhall not ſo awake the beds of eels,*] Among the effects aſcribed by the vulgar to a thunder-ſtorm, is that of making fiſh more eaſy to be taken. STEEVENS.

Marſton in his *Scourge of Villanie*, Sat. 7. has the ſame alluſion:

" They are nought but eels, that never will appear
" Till that tempeſtuous winds, or thunder, tear
" Their ſlimy beds." MALONE.

9 *If fires be hot, knives ſharp, or waters deep,*] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

" ——If knife, drugs, ſerpents, have
" Edge, ſting, or operation, I am ſafe." STEEVENS.

Again, more appoſitely, in *Othello:*

" ——If there be cords, or *knives*,
" Poiſon, or *fire*, or *ſuffocating ſtreams*,
" I'll not endure it." MALONE.

1 *Untied I ſtill my* virgin knot *will keep.*] We have the ſame claſſical alluſion in *The Tempeſt:*

" If thou doſt break her *virgin knot*," &c. MALONE.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Tharſus. *A Room in* Cleon's *Houſe.*

Enter CLEON, *and* DIONYZA.

Dion. Why, are you fooliſh? Can it be undone?
Cle. O Dionyza, ſuch a piece of ſlaughter
The ſun and moon ne'er look'd upon!
Dion. I think you'll turn a child again.
Cle. Were I chief lord of all this ſpacious world,
I'd give it to undo the deed. O lady,
Much leſs in blood than virtue, yet a princeſs
To equal any ſingle crown o'the earth,
I' the juſtice of compare! O villain Leonine,
Whom thou haſt poiſon'd too!
If thou hadſt drunk to him, it had been a kindneſs
Becoming well thy face[2]: What canſt thou ſay,
When noble Pericles ſhall demand his child[3]?
Dion. That ſhe is dead. Nurſes are not the fates,
To foſter it, nor ever to preſerve[4].

[2] *If thou hadſt drunk to him, it had been a kindneſs*
Becoming well thy face:] i. e. hadſt thou poiſoned thyſelf by pledging him, it would have been an action well becoming thy gratitude to him, as well as thy audacity or confidence. *Face*, in the *Alchemiſt* is a name beſtowed on the moſt plauſible and bold of his male cheats. Perhaps, however, we ſhould read *fact* inſtead of *face*. STEEVENS.

[3] —*What canſt thou ſay,*
When noble Pericles ſhall demand his child?] So, in the ancient romance already quoted: "—tell me now, what rekenynge we ſhall gyve hym of his doughter," &c. STEEVENS.
So alſo in the *Geſta Romanorum:* "Quem [Appollonium] cum vidiſſet Strangulio, perrexit rabido curſu, dixitque uxori ſuæ Dyoniſidi, "Dixiſti Appollonium naufragum eſſe mortuum. Ecce, venit ad repetendam filiam. Ecce, quid dicturi ſumus pro filiâ?" MALONE.

[4] *Nurſes are not the fates,*
To foſter it, nor ever to preſerve.] So King John, on receiving the account of Arthur's death:

"We cannot hold mortality's ſtrong hand:
"Why do you bend ſuch ſolemn brows on me?
"Think you, I bear *the ſhears of deſtiny?*
"Have I commandment on the pulſe of life?" MALONE.

She

She died at night[5]; I'll say so. Who can cross it[6]?
Unless you play the impious innocent[7],
And for an honest attribute, cry out,
She died by foul play.

Cle. O, go to. Well, well,
Of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods
Do like this worst.

Dion. Be one of those, that think
The petty wrens of Tharsus will fly hence,
And open this to Pericles. I do shame
To think, of what a noble strain you are,
And of how coward a spirit[8].

Cle.

5 *She died* at night;] I suppose Dionyza means to say that she died suddenly; was found dead in the morning. The words are from Gower:

"She saith, that Thayse *sodeynly*
"*By night* is dead." STEEVENS.

6 *I'll say so. Who can cross it?*] So, in *Macbeth*:

Macb. "Will it not be receiv'd,
"When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two
"Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,
"That they have done't?
Lady M. "*Who dares receive it other,*
"As we shall make our grief and clamour roar
"Upon his death?" MALONE.

7 *Unless you play the* impious *innocent,*] The folios and the modern editions have omitted the word *impious*, which is necessary to the metre, and is found in the first quarto. She calls him, an *impious* simpleton, because such a discovery would touch the life of one of his own family, his wife.

An *innocent* was formerly a common appellation for an ideot. See p. 446, n. 6. MALONE.

8 ——*I do shame*
To think, of what a noble strain you are,
And of how coward a spirit.] Lady Macbeth urges the same argument to persuade her husband to commit the murder of Duncan, that Dionyza here uses to induce Cleon to conceal that of Marina:

"—— —— art thou *afraid*
"To be the same in thine own act and valour,
"As thou art in desire? Would'st thou have that
"Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
"And live a *coward* in thine own esteem?
"Letting *I dare not* wait upon *I would*,
"Like the poor cat i'the adage?"

Again,

Cle. To such proceeding
Who ever but his approbation added,
Though not his pre-consent [9], he did not flow
From honourable courses.

Dion. Be it so then:
Yet none does know, but you, how she came dead,
Nor none can know, Leonine being gone.
She did disdain my child, and stood between
Her and her fortunes: none would look on her,
But cast their gazes on Marina's face;
Whilst ours was blurted at [1], and held a malkin,
Not worth the time of day [2]. It pierc'd me thorough;
And

Again, after the murder, she exclaims:

"My hands are of your colour, but *I shame*
"*To wear a heart so white.*" MALONE.

9 *Though not his* pre-*consent,*] The first quarto reads—*prince* consent. The second quarto, which has been followed by the modern editions, has—*whole* consent. In the second edition, the editor or printer seems to have corrected what was apparently erroneous in the first, by substituting something that would afford sense, without paying any regard to the corrupted reading, which often leads to the discovery of the true. For the emendation inserted in the text the reader is indebted to Mr. Steevens. A passage in *King John* bears no very distant resemblance to the present:

"——If thou didst but consent
"To this most cruel act, do but despair,
"And, if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread
"That ever spider twisted from her womb,
"Will serve to strangle thee." MALONE.

1 *Whilst ours was* blurted *at,*] Thus the quarto, 1609. All the subsequent copies have—*blurred* at.

This contemptuous expression frequently occurs in our ancient dramas. So, in *K. Edward III.* 1596:

"This day hath set derision on the French,
"And all the world will *blurt* and scorn at us." MALONE.

She did disdain my child, and stood between
Her and her fortunes: none would look on her,
But cast their gazes on Marina's face;
Whilst ours was blurted at,] The usurping Duke in *As You Like It* gives the same reasons for his cruelty to Rosalind:

"——— ——— she robs thee of thy name;
"And thou wilt show more bright, and seem more virtuous,
"When she is gone." STEEVENS.

2 ——*a* malkin,
Not worth the time of day.] A *malkin* is a coarse wench. A kitchen-

And though you call my courſe unnatural [3],
You not your child well loving, yet I find,
It greets me, as an enterprize of kindneſs,
Perform'd to your ſole daughter [4].

Cle. Heavens forgive it!

Dion. And as for Pericles,
What ſhould he ſay? We wept after her hearſe,
And yet we mourn: her monument
Is almoſt finiſh'd, and her epitaphs
In glittering golden characters expreſs
A general praiſe to her, and care in us
At whoſe expence 'tis done.

Cle. Thou art like the harpy,
Which, to betray, doſt, with thine angel's face,
Seize with thine eagle's talons [5].

Dion.

kitchen-*malkin* is mentioned in *Coriolanus*. *Not worth the time of day* is, not worth a *good day* or *good morrow*; undeſerving the moſt common and uſual ſalutation. STEEVENS.

See Vol. VII. p. 193, n. 4. MALONE.

3 *And though you call* my courſe *unnatural*,] So, in *Julius Cæſar*:

" Our *courſe* will ſeem too *bloody*, Caius Caſſius,
" To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs." MALONE

4 *It* greets *me, as an enterprize of kindneſs,*
Perform'd to your ſole daughter.] Perhaps *it greets me*, may mean, *it pleaſes me*; c'eſt a mon gré. If *greet* be uſed in its ordinary ſenſe of *ſaluting* or *meeting with congratulation*, it is ſurely a very harſh phraſe. There is however a paſſage in *K. Henry VIII.* which ſeems to ſupport the reading of the text in its ordinary ſignification:

" ——'Would I had no being,
" If this *ſalute* my blood a jot." MALONE.

5 *Thou art like the harpy,*
Which, to betray, doſt, with thine angel's face,
Seize with thine eagle's talons.] There is an awkwardneſs of conſtruction in this paſſage, that leads me to think it corrupt. The ſenſe deſigned ſeems to have been—*Thou reſembleſt in thy conduct the harpy, which allures with the face of an angel, that it may ſeize with the talons of an eagle.*—Might we read:

Thou art like the harpy,
Which, to betray, doſt *wear* thine angel's face;
Seize with thine eagle's talons.

Which is here, as in many other places, for *who*.

Mr.

Dion. You are like one, that ſuperſtitiouſly
Doth ſwear to the gods, that winter kills the flies[6];
But yet I know you'll do as I adviſe. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Gower, *before the Monument of* Marina *at* Tharſus.

Gow. Thus time we waſte, and longeſt leagues make ſhort;
Sail ſeas in cockles[7], have, and wiſh but for't;
Making (to take your imagination)
From bourn to bourn[8], region to region.

By

Mr. Steevens thinks a line was omitted at the preſs, which, he ſuppoſes, might have been of this import:

Thou art like the harpy,
Which, to betray, doſt with thine angel's face
Hang out fair ſhows of love, that thou may'ſt ſurer
Seize with thine eagle's talons.

In *K. Henry VIII.* we meet with a ſimilar alluſion:

"Ye have *angels' faces*, but Heaven knows your *hearts.*"

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

"O ſerpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face!"

Again, in *King John:*

"Raſh, inconſiderate, fiery voluntaries,
"*With ladies' faces, and fierce dragons' ſpleens.*" MALONE.

6 *Doth ſwear to the gods, that winter kills the flies;*] You reſemble him, who is angry with heaven, becauſe it does not control the common courſe of nature. Marina, like the flies in winter, was fated to periſh; yet you lament and wonder at her death, as an extraordinary occurrence. MALONE.

Perhaps the meaning is, "You are one of thoſe, who ſuperſtitiouſly appeal to the Gods on every trifling and natural event. But whatever be the meaning, *ſwear to the Gods*, is a very awkward expreſſion.

A paſſage ſomewhat ſimilar occurs in *The Fair Maid of the Inn*; where Albert ſays,

"——— Here we ſtudy
"The kitchen arts, to ſharpen appetite,
"Dull'd with abundance; and *diſpute* with *heaven*,
"If that the leaſt puff of the rough north wind
"Blaſt our vine's burden." MASON.

7 *Sail ſeas in* cockles,] We are told by Reginald Scott in his *Diſcovery of Witchcraft*, 1584, that "it was believed that witches could *ſail* in an eggſhell, a *cockle* or muſcle-ſhell, through and under tempeſtuous ſeas." This popular idea was probably in our author's thoughts. MALONE.

8 Making *(to* take your *imagination)*
From bourn to bourn,] *Making*, if that be the true reading, muſt be

By you being pardon'd, we commit no crime,
To uſe one language, in each ſeveral clime,
Where our ſcenes ſeem to live. I do beſeech you,
To learn of me, who ſtand i'the gaps, to teach you
The ſtages of our ſtory [9]. Pericles
Is now again thwarting the wayward ſeas [1],
(Attended

be underſtood to mean—*proceeding in our courſe*, from bourn to bourn, &c. It is ſtill ſaid at ſea—*the ſhip* makes *much way*. I ſuſpect, however, that the paſſage is corrupt. All the copies have—*our* imagination, which is manifeſtly wrong. Perhaps the author wrote—to *taſk* your imagination. MALONE.

Making (to take your imagination)

From bourn to bourn, &c.] i. e. travelling (with the hope of engaging your attention) from one part of the world to another; i. e. we hope to intereſt you by the variety of our ſcene, and the different countries through which we purſue our ſtory. STEEVENS.

9 —*who ſtand* i' the gaps, *to teach you*
The ſtages of our ſtory.] So, in the chorus to the *Winter's Tale*:

" ——————I ſlide
" O'er ſixteen years, and leave the growth untry'd
" Of that wide *gap*."

The earlieſt quarto reads—*with* gaps; that in 1619—*in* gaps. The reading that I have ſubſtituted, is nearer that of the old copy. MALONE.

To learn of me who ſtand with *gaps*—] I ſhould rather read—*i'the* gaps. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" That I may ſleep out this great *gap* of time
" My Antony's away."

I would likewiſe tranſpoſe and correct the followiug lines thus:

" ——————I do beſeech ye
To learn of me, who ſtand *i'the* gaps to teach ye,
The ſtages of our ſtory. Pericles
Is now again thwarting the wayward ſeas,
Attended on by many a lord and knight,
To ſee his daughter, all his *life's* delight.
Old Eſcanes, whom Helicanus late
Advanc'd in time to great and high eſtate,
Is left to govern. Bear it you in mind,
Old Helicanus goes along behind.
Well-ſailing ſhips and bounteous winds have brought
This king to Tharſus: think *his* pilot *wrought*
So with his ſteerage, *and* your thoughts ſhall groan
To fetch, &c. STEEVENS.

1 —thwarting *the wayward* ſeas,] So, in *K. Henry V*:

" —— and

(Attended on by many a lord and knight,)
To see his daughter, all his life's delight.
Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late [2]
Advanc'd in time to great and high estate,
Is left to govern. Bear you it in mind,
Old Helicanus goes along behind.
Well-sailing ships, and bounteous winds, have brought
This king to Tharsus, (think his pilot thought [3];
So with his steerage shall your thoughts grow on,)
To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone [4].

" ——— and there being seen,
" Heave him away upon your winged thoughts,
" *Athwart the seas.*"

The wayward, &c. is the reading of the second quarto. The first has—*thy*. In the next line but one, the old copies read—all his *lives* delight. MALONE.

[2] *Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late*, &c.] In the old copies these lines are strangely misplaced:

Old Helicanus goes along behind
Is left to governe it, you beare in mind.
Old Escanes whom Helicanus late
Advancde in time to great and hie estate.
Well sailing ships and bounteous winds have broght
This king to Tharsus, &c.

The transposition suggested by Mr. Steevens renders the whole passage perfectly clear. MALONE.

[3] ——— *(think* his *pilot thought*;
So with his steerage shall your thoughts grow on,)
To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone.] The old copies read:

—— think *this* pilot thought,
So with his steerage shall your thoughts *groan*, &c.

but they are surely corrupt. I read—think *his* pilot thought; suppose that your imagination is his pilot. So, in *K. Henry V.*:

" —'Tis your *thoughts*, that now must deck our kings,
" *Carry them here and there*; jumping o'er times."

Again, *ibidem*:

" Heave him away *upon your winged thoughts*
" *Athwart the seas.*"

In the next line the versification is defective by one word being printed instead of two. By reading *grow on* instead of *groan*, the sense and metre are both restored. So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (fol. 1623): " —— and so *grow on* to a point." See Vol. II. p. 452, n. 8. We might read *go on*; but the other appears to be more likely to have been the author's word. MALONE.

[4] — *who first is gone.*] Who has left Tharsus before her father's arrival there. MALONE.

Like

Like motes and ſhadows ſee them move a while;
Your ears unto your eyes I'll reconcile.

Dumb ſhow.

Enter at one door, Pericles *with his train*; Cleon *and* Dionyza *at the other.* Cleon *ſhews* Pericles *the tomb of* Marina; *whereat* Pericles *makes lamentation, puts on ſackcloth, and in a mighty paſſion departs. Then* Cleon *and* Dionyza *retire.*

Gow. See how belief may ſuffer by foul ſhow!
This borrow'd paſſion ſtands for true old woe[5];
And Pericles, in ſorrow all devour'd,
With ſighs ſhot through, and biggeſt tears o'er-ſhower'd,
Leaves Tharſus, and again embarks. He ſwears
Never to waſh his face, nor cut his hairs;
He puts on ſackcloth, and to ſea. He bears
A tempeſt, which his mortal veſſel tears,
And yet he rides it out. Now pleaſe you wit[6]
The epitaph is for Marina writ
By wicked Dionyza.

[*Reads the inſcription on* Marina's *monument.*

The faireſt, ſweeteſt, and beſt *, *lies here,*
Who withe'r'd in her ſpring of year,

5 —*for true old woe*;] So, in *K. Henry V:*

" ——————— Sit and ſee,
" Minding *true* things by what their mockeries be."

MALONE.

—*for true* old *woe*;] i. e. for ſuch tears as were ſhed, when the world being in its infancy, diſſimulation was unknown. All poetical writers are willing to perſuade themſelves that ſincerity expired with the firſt ages. Perhaps, however, we ought to read—true-told woe.

STEEVENS.

6 —*Now pleaſe you* wit—] Now be pleaſed to *know*. So, in Gower:

" In whiche the lorde hath to him writte
" That he would underſtonde and *witte*,"—.

The editor of the ſecond quarto, (which has been copied by all the other editions,) probably not underſtanding the paſſage, altered it thus:

——— Now *take we our way*
To the epitaph for Marina writ by *Dionyſia*. MALONE.

* —ſweeteſt *and beſt*,] *Sweeteſt* is here uſed as a monoſyllable. So *higheſt*, in *The Tempeſt*: " *Higheſt* queen of ſtate," &c. MALONE.

She was of Tyrus, the king's daughter,
On whom foul death hath made this ſlaughter;
Marina was ſhe call'd; and at her birth,
Thetis, being proud, ſwallow'd ſome part o'the earth[7]:
Therefore the earth, fearing to be o'erflow'd,
Hath Thetis' birth-child on the heavens beſtow'd:
Wherefore ſhe does (and ſwears ſhe'll never ſtint[8],)
Make raging battery upon ſhores of flint.

No vizor does become black villainy,
So well as ſoft and tender flattery.
Let Pericles believe his daughter's dead,
And bear his courſes to be ordered
By lady fortune; while our ſcene muſt play[9]
His daughter's woe and heavy well-a-day,

In

7 *Thetis, being proud, ſwallow'd* ſome part o' th' earth:] The modern editions by a ſtrange blunder, read, *That is*, being proud, &c.

I formerly thought that by the words *ſome part of the earth* was meant *Thaiſa*, the mother of Marina. So Romeo calls his beloved Juliet, when he ſuppoſes her dead, *the deareſt morſel of the earth*. But I am now convinced that I was miſtaken. "The inſcription (Mr. Maſon juſtly obſerves) alludes to the violent ſtorm which accompanied the birth of Marina, at which time the ſea proudly o'er-ſwelling its bounds, ſwallowed, as is uſual in ſuch hurricanes, ſome part of the earth. The poet aſcribes the ſwelling of the ſea to the pride which Thetis felt at the birth of Marina in her element, and ſuppoſes that the earth, being afraid to be over-flowed, beſtowed this *birth-child* of Thetis on the heavens; and that Thetis in revenge makes raging battery againſt the ſhores.

"The line, *Therefore the earth fearing to be o'er-flow'd*, proves beyond doubt that the words, *ſome part of the earth*, cannot mean the *body* of *Thaiſa*, but a *portion of the continent*."

Our poet has many alluſions in his works to the depredations made by the ſea on the land. So, in his 64th Sonnet:

"When I have ſeen the hungry ocean gain
"Advantage on the kingdom of the ſhore,
"And the firm ſoil win of the watry main,
"Increaſing ſtore with loſs, and loſs with ſtore;" &c.

We have, I think, a ſimilar deſcription in *K. Lear* and *K. Henry IV.* P. II. MALONE.

8 —*and ſwears ſhe'll never* ſtint,] She'll never *ceaſe*. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"It *ſtinted*, and ſaid, ay." MALONE.

9 —*while our* ſcene *muſt play*—] The old copies have,
While our *ſteare* muſt play—.

For

In her unholy ſervice. Patience then,
And think you now are all in Mitylene. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Mitylene. *A Street before the Brothel.*

Enter, from the Brothel, two Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* Did you ever hear the like?

2. *Gent.* No, nor never ſhall do in ſuch a place as this, ſhe being once gone.

1. *Gent.* But to have divinity preach'd there! did you ever dream of ſuch a thing?

2. *Gent.* No, no. Come, I am for no more bawdy-houſes: ſhall we go hear the veſtals ſing?

1. *Gent.* I'll do any thing now that is virtuous, but I am out of the road of rutting, for ever. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

The ſame. A Room in the Brothel.

Enter Pandar, Bawd, *and* Boult.

Pand. Well, I had rather than twice the worth of her, ſhe had ne'er come here.

Bawd. Fie, fie upon her; ſhe is able to freeze the god Priapus, and undo a whole generation. We muſt either get her raviſh'd, or be rid of her. When ſhe ſhould do for clients her fitment, and do me the kindneſs of our

For the emendation I am reſponſible. So, in *As You Like It*:

" This wide and univerſal theatre
" Preſents more woeful pageants than the *ſcene*
" Wherein we *play* in."

Again, in *The Winter's Tale*:

" ——as if
" The *ſcene* you *play*, were mine."

It ſhould be remembered that *ſcene* was formerly ſpelt *ſceane*; ſo there is only a change of two letters, which in the writing of the early part of the laſt century were eaſily confounded. Mr. Steevens would read—which our *tears* muſt play. The paſſages above quoted appear to me in favour of the other emendation. MALONE.

profeſſion, ſhe has me her quirks, her reaſons, her maſter-reaſons, her prayers, her knees; that ſhe would make a puritan of the devil, if he ſhould cheapen a kiſs of her.

Boult. 'Faith, I muſt raviſh her, or ſhe'll diſfurniſh us of all our cavaliers, and make all our ſwearers prieſts.

Pan. Now, the pox upon her green-ſickneſs for me!

Bawd. 'Faith, there's no way to be rid on't, but by the way to the pox. Here comes the lord Lyſimachus, diſguis'd[1].

Boult. We ſhould have both lord and lown, if the peeviſh baggage would but give way to cuſtomers.

Enter LYSIMACHUS.

Lyſ. How now? How a dozen of virginities[2]?

Bawd. Now, the gods to-bleſs your honour[3]!

Boult. I am glad to ſee your honour in good health.

Lyſ. You may ſo; 'tis the better for you that your reſorters ſtand upon ſound legs. How now, wholeſome iniquity[4]? Have you that a man may deal withal, and defy the ſurgeon?

[1] — *Here comes the lord Lyſimachus*, diſguis'd.] So, in the ancient proſe romance already quoted: "Than anone as Anthygoras prynce of the cyte it wyſte, went and he *dyſguyſed* himſelfe, and went to the bordell whereas Tarcye was," &c. STEEVENS.

So alſo in the *Geſta Romanorum*: "Cum lenone antecedente et tuba, tertia die cum ſymphonia ducitur [Tharſia] ad lupanar. Sed *Athenagoras princeps* primus ingreditur *velato corpore*. Tharſia autem videns eum projecit ſe ad pedes ejus, et ait, &c." No mention is made in the *Conf. Amant.* of this interview between Athenagoras (the Lyſimachus of our play) and the daughter of Appolinus. So that this circumſtance muſt have been taken either from *Kyng Appolyn of Thyre*, or ſome other tranſlation of *Geſta Romanorum*. MALONE.

[2] *How now?* how *a dozen of virginities?*] For what price may a dozen of virginities be had? So, in *King Henry IV.* P. II.

"*How* a ſcore of ewes now?" MALONE.

[3] *Now the gods* to-bleſs *your honour!*] This uſe of *to* in compoſition with verbs (as Mr. Tyrwhitt obſerves) is very common in Gower and Chaucer. See Vol. I. p. 284, n. 2. STEEVENS.

[4] — *wholeſome* iniquity?] Thus the quarto, 1609. The ſecond quarto and the modern editions read—*impunity*. MALONE.

Bawd.

Bawd. We have here one, sir, if she would—but there never came her like in Mitylene.

Lys. If she'd do the deeds of darkness, thou would'st say.

Bawd. Your honour knows what 'tis to say, well enough.

Lys. Well; call forth, call forth.

Boult. For flesh and blood, sir, white and red, you shall see a rose; and she were a rose indeed, if she had but—

Lys. What, pr'ythee?

Boult. O, sir, I can be modest.

Lys. That dignifies the renown of a bawd, no less than it gives a good report to a number to be chaste[5].

Enter MARINA.

Bawd. Here comes that which grows to the stalk;—never pluck'd yet, I can assure you. Is she not a fair creature?

Lys. 'Faith, she would serve after a long voyage at sea. Well, there's for you;—leave us.

Bawd. I beseech your honour, give me leave: a word, and I'll have done presently.

Lys. I beseech you, do.

Bawd. First, I would have you note, this is an honourable man. [*to* Marina, *whom she takes aside.*

Mar. I desire to find him so, that I may worthily note him.

5 *That* dignifies *the renown of a bawd, no less than it gives a good report to a number to be chaste.*] This is the reading of the quarto, 1619. The first quarto has—That *dignities*, &c. Perhaps the poet wrote—That *dignity is* the renown, &c. The word *number* is, I believe, a misprint; but I know not how to rectify it. MALONE.

The meaning of the passage should seem to be this: "The mask of modesty is no less successfully worn by procuresses than by wantons. It palliates grossness of profession in the former, while it exempts a multitude of the latter from suspicion of being what they are. 'Tis politick for each to assume the appearance of this quality, though neither of them in reality possess it." STEEVENS.

Bawd. Next, he's the governour of this country, and a man whom I am bound to.

Mar. If he govern the country, you are bound to him indeed; but how honourable he is in that, I know not.

Bawd. 'Pray you, without any more virginal fencing [6], will you use him kindly? He will line your apron with gold.

Mar. What he will do graciously, I will thankfully receive.

Lys. Have you done?

Bawd. My lord, she's not paced yet [7]; you must take some pains to work her to your manage. Come, we will leave his honour and her together [8].

[*Exeunt* Bawd, Pandar, *and* Boult.

Lys. Go thy ways.—Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade?

Mar. What trade, sir?

Lys. What I cannot name but I shall offend [9].

Mar. I cannot be offended with my trade. Please you to name it.

Lys. How long have you been of this profession?

Mar. Ever since I can remember.

Lys. Did you go to it so young? Were you a gamester at five, or at seven [1]?

Mar.

[6] — *without any more* virginal *fencing*,] This uncommon adjective occurs again in *Coriolanus*:

" — the *virginal* palms of your daughters—." MALONE.

[7] *My lord, she's not* paced *yet*;] She has not yet learned her *paces*. MALONE.

[8] *Come, we will leave his honour and her together.*] The first quarto adds—*Go thy ways.* These words, which denote both authority and impatience, I think, belong to Lysimachus. He had before expressed his desire to be left alone with Marina: "—Well, there's for you;—*leave us.*" MALONE.

[9] What *I cannot name but I shall offend.*] The old copies read:

Why I cannot name, &c. MALONE.

I read—*What* I cannot, &c. So, in *Measure for Measure*:

" *What* but to speak of would offend again." STEEVENS.

[1] *Were you a* gamester *at five, or at seven?*] A *gamester* was formerly

Mar. Earlier too, sir, if now I be one.

Lys. Why, the house you dwell in proclaims you to be a creature of sale.

Mar. Do you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into it? I hear say, you are of honourable parts, and are the governour of this place.

Lys. Why, hath your principal made known unto you, who I am?

Mar. Who is my principal?

Lys. Why, your herb-woman; she that sets seeds and roots of shame and iniquity. O, you have heard something of my power, and so stand aloof* for more serious wooing. But I protest to thee, pretty one, my authority shall not see thee, or else, look friendly upon thee. Come, bring me to some private place. Come, come.

Mar. If you were born to honour, shew it now[2];
If put upon you, make the judgment good,
That thought you worthy of it.

Lys. How's this? how's this?—Some more;—be sage[3].

Mar. For me,
That am a maid, though most ungentle fortune

formerly used to signify a *wanton*. So, in *All's Well that Ends Well:*

"——— She's impudent, my lord,
"And was a common *gamester* to the camp." MALONE.

* —*and so stand* aloof—] Old Copies—*aloft*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[2] *If you were born to honour, shew it now*;] In the *Gesta Romanorum*, Tharsia (the Marina of the present play) preserves her chastity by the recital of her story: "Miserere me propter Deum, et per Deum te adjuro, ne me violes. Resiste libidini tuæ, et audi casus infelicitatis meæ, et unde sim diligenter considera. Cui cum universos casus suos exposuisset, princeps confusus et pietate plenus, ait ei,—Habeo et ego filiam tibi similem, de qua similes casus metuo.' Hæc dicens, dedit ei viginti aureos, dicens, ecce habes amplius pro virginitate quam impositus est. Dic advenientibus sicut mihi dixisti, et liberaberis."

The affecting circumstance which is here said to have struck the mind of Athenagoras, (the danger to which his own daughter was liable,) was probably omitted in the translation. It hardly, otherwise, would have escaped our author. MALONE.

[3] *Some more*;—*be sage.*] Lysimachus says this with a sneer.—*Proceed with your fine moral discourse.* MALONE.

Have

Have plac'd me in this ſtie, where, ſince I came,
Diſeaſes have been ſold dearer than phyſick,
O that the gods would ſet me free from this
Unhallow'd place, though they did change me to
The meaneſt bird that flies i'the purer air.

Lyſ. I did not think thou could'ſt have ſpoke ſo well;
Ne'er dream'd thou could'ſt.
Had I brought hither a corrupted mind,
Thy ſpeech had alter'd it. Hold, here's gold for thee:
Perſéver in that clear way thou goeſt[4], and
The gods ſtrengthen thee!

Mar. The good gods preſerve you!

Lyſ. For me, be you thoughten
That I came with no ill intent; for to me
The very doors and windows ſavour vilely.
Fare thee well. Thou art a piece of virtue[5], and
I doubt not but thy training hath been noble.
Hold; here's more gold for thee.
A curſe upon him, die he like a thief,
That robs thee of thy goodneſs!
If thou doſt hear from me, it ſhall be for thy good.

[*As* Lyſimachus *is putting up his purſe*, Boult *enters*.

Boult. I beſeech your honour, one piece for me.

Lyſ. Avaunt, thou damned door-keeper!
Your houſe, but for this virgin that doth prop it,
Would ſink, and overwhelm you. Away. [*Exit.*

Boult. How's this? We muſt take another courſe with

[4] *Perſéver in that* clear *way thou goeſt,*] Continue in your preſent virtuous diſpoſition. So, in *The Two Noble Kinſmen*, 1634:

"——for the ſake
"Of *clear* virginity, be advocate
"For us and our diſtreſſes."

See alſo Vol. VIII. p. 61, n. 9. MALONE.

[5] —*a piece of virtue,*] This expreſſion occurs in the *Tempeſt*:

"——thy mother was
"*A piece of virtue*——." STEEVENS.

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"Let not the *piece of virtue*, which is ſet
"Betwixt us,—."

Octavia is the perſon alluded to. MALONE.

you.

you. If your peeviſh chaſtity, which is not worth a breakfaſt in the cheapeſt country under the cope[6], ſhall undo a whole houſhold, let me be gelded like a ſpaniel. Come your ways.

Mar. Whither would you have me?

Boult. I muſt have your maidenhead taken off, or the common hangman ſhall execute it. Come your way. We'll have no more gentlemen driven away. Come your ways, I ſay.

Re-enter Bawd.

Bawd. How now! what's the matter?

Boult. Worſe and worſe, miſtreſs; ſhe has here ſpoken holy words to the lord Lyſimachus.

Bawd. O abominable!

Boult. She makes our profeſſion as it were to ſtink afore the face of the gods[7].

Bawd. Marry, hang her up for ever!

Boult. The nobleman would have dealt with her like a nobleman, and ſhe ſent him away as cold as a ſnow-ball; ſaying his prayers too.

Bawd. Boult, take her away; uſe her at thy pleaſure: crack the glaſs of her virginity, and make the reſt malleable[8].

Boult. And if ſhe were a thornier piece of ground than ſhe is, ſhe ſhall be plough'd.

Mar. Hark, hark, you gods!

Bawd. She conjures: away with her. 'Would ſhe had never come within my doors! Marry hang you! She's

6 — *under the* cope,] i. e. under the *cope* or *covering* of heaven. The word is thus uſed in *Cymbeline*. STEEVENS.

7 *She makes our profeſſion as it were to* ſtink *afore the face of the gods.*] So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*, the Duke ſays to the Bawd:

"Can'ſt thou believe, thy living is a life,
"So *ſtinkingly* depending?
"*Clown.* Indeed, it does ſtink in ſome ſort, ſir."—

STEEVENS.

8 — *crack the glaſs of her virginity, and make the reſt malleable.*] So, in *Geſta Romanorum*: "Altera die, adhuc eam virginem audiens, iratus (leno) vocans villicum puellarum, *dixit*, duc eam ad te, et *frange nodum virginitatis ejus.*" MALONE.

born to undo us. Will you not go the way of women-kind? Marry come up, my dish of chastity with rosemary and bays[9]! [*Exit* Bawd.

Boult. Come, mistress; come your way with me.

Mar. Whither wilt thou have me?

Boult. To take from you the jewel you hold so dear.

Mar. Pr'ythee, tell me one thing first.

Boult. Come now, your one thing[1]?

Mar. What canst thou wish thine enemy to be?

Boult. Why, I could wish him to be my master, or rather, my mistress.

Mar. Neither of these are yet so bad as thou art *,
Since they do better thee in their command.
Thou hold'st a place, for which the pained'st fiend
Of hell would not in reputation change:
Thou art the damn'd door-keeper to every coystrel,
That comes enquiring for his tib[2];
To the cholerick fisting of every rogue
Thy ear is liable; thy food is such,
As hath been belch'd on by infected lungs.

Boult. What would you have me do? go to the wars, would you? where a man may serve seven years for the loss of a leg, and have not money enough in the end to buy him a wooden one?

Mar. Do any thing but this thou doest. Empty

9 — *my dish of chastity* with rosemary and bays!] Anciently many dishes were served up with this garniture, during the season of Christmas. The bawd means to call her a piece of ostentatious virtue. STEEVENS.

1 Mar. *Pr'ythee, tell me* one thing *first.*
Boult. *Come now, your* one thing?] So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II.
" *P. Hen.* Shall I tell thee *one thing*, Poins?
" *Poins.* Go to, I stand the push of your *one thing*." MALONE.

* *Neither of these are* yet *so bad as thou art,*] The word *yet* was inserted by Mr. Rowe for the sake of the metre. MALONE.

2 — *to ev'ry* coystrel,
That comes enquiring for his tib;] To every mean fellow that comes to enquire for a girl. *Tib* is, I think, a contraction of *Tabitha.* It was formerly a cant name for a strumpet. See p. 394, n. 3. MALONE.

— *coystrel*, i. e. paltry fellow. See Vol. IV. p. 10, n. 4. STEEVENS.

Old

Old receptacles, or common ſewers of filth;
Serve by indenture to the common hangman;
Any of theſe ways are better yet than this*;
For what thou profeſſeſt, a baboon, could he ſpeak,
Would own a name too dear[3]. That the gods
Would ſafely deliver me from this place!
Here, here's gold for thee.
If that thy maſter would gain by me,
Proclaim that I can ſing, weave, ſew, and dance,
With other virtues, which I'll keep from boaſt;
And will undertake all theſe to teach.
I doubt not but this populous city will
Yield many ſcholars[4].

Boult. But can you teach all this you ſpeak of?

Mar. Prove that I cannot, take me home again,
And proſtitute me to the baſeſt groom
That doth frequent your houſe.

Boult. Well, I will ſee what I can do for thee: if I can place thee, I will.

Mar. But, amongſt honeſt women?

Boult. 'Faith, my acquaintance lies little amongſt them. But ſince my maſter and miſtreſs have bought you, there's no going but by their conſent: therefore I will make them acquainted with your purpoſe, and I doubt not but I ſhall find them tractable enough. Come, I'll do for thee what I can; come your ways. [*Exeunt.*

**Any of theſe ways are* better yet *than this*;] The old copies read:
Any of theſe ways are *yet better* than this.
For this ſlight tranſpoſition I am accountable. MALONE.

3 *For what thou profeſſeſt, a* baboon, *could he ſpeak,*
Would own a name too dear.] i. e. a baboon would think his tribe diſhonoured by ſuch a profeſſion. Thus ſays Iago, "Ere I would drown myſelf, &c. I would change my humanity with a *baboon*." STEEVENS.

4 *I doubt not but this populous city will*
Yield many ſcholars.] The ſcheme by which Marina effects her releaſe from the brothel, the poet adopted from the *Confeſſio Amantis*. MALONE.

ACT

ACT V.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Marina thus the brothel ſcapes, and chances
Into an honeſt houſe, our ſtory ſays.
She ſings like one immortal, and ſhe dances
As goddeſs-like to her admired lays [5]:
Deep clerks ſhe dumbs [6]; and with her needle compoſes [7]
Nature's own ſhape, of bud, bird, branch, or berry;
That even her art ſiſters the natural roſes [8];
Her inkle, ſilk, twin with the rubied cherry [9]:
That

5 —*and ſhe dances*
As goddeſs-like *to her admired lays:*] This compound epithet (which is not common) is again uſed by our author in *Cymbeline:*
" ——— and undergoes,
" More *goddeſs-like* than wife-like, ſuch aſſaults,
" As would take in ſome virtue." MALONE.

6 *Deep clerks ſhe dumbs*;] So, in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream:*
" Where I have come, great *clerks* have purpoſed
" To greet me with premeditated welcomes;
" Where I have ſeen them ſhiver and look pale,
" Make periods in the midſt of ſentences,
" Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears,
" And, in concluſion, dumbly have broke off,
" Not paying me a welcome."
Theſe paſſages are compared only on account of the ſimilarity of expreſſion, the ſentiments being very different.—Theſeus confounds thoſe who addreſs him, by his ſuperior dignity; Marina ſilences the learned perſons with whom ſhe converſes, by her literary ſuperiority. MALONE.

7 —*and with her* needle compoſes—] *Needle* for *needle*. So, in the tranſlation of *Lucan's Pharſalia*, by Sir A. Gorges, 1614:
" ——like pricking *needls*, or poipts of ſwords." MALONE.

8 *That even her art* ſiſters *the natural roſes*;] I have not met with this verb in any other writer. It is again uſed by our author in *A Lover's Complaint*, 1609:
" From off a hill, whoſe concave womb re-worded
" A plaintful ſtory from a *ſiſt'ring* vale,"—. MALONE.

9 *Her inkle, ſilk,* twin *with the rubied cherry:*] *Inkle* is a ſpecies of tape. It is mentioned in *Love's Labour's Loſt*, and in the *Winter's Tale*. All the copies read, I think corruptly,—*twins* with the rubied cherry.

That pupils lacks she none of noble race,
Who pour their bounty on her; and her gain
She gives the curſed bawd. Here we her place[1];
And to her father turn our thoughts again,
Where we left him on the ſea. We there him loſt[2]:
Where, driven before the winds, he is arriv'd
Here where his daughter dwells; and on this coaſt
Suppoſe him now at anchor. The city ſtriv'd
God Neptune's annual feaſt to keep[3]: from whence
Lyſimachus our Tyrian ſhip eſpies,
His banners ſable, trim'd with rich expence;
And to him in his barge with fervour hies[4].
In your ſuppoſing once more put your ſight;
Of heavy Pericles think this the bark[5]:

Where,

cherry. The word which I have ſubſtituted, is uſed by Shakſpeare in *Othello*:

" ——though he had *twinn'd* with me,
" Both at a birth,——."

Again, in *Coriolanus*:

" Who *twin* as it were in love." MALONE.

Again, more appoſitely, in the *Two Noble Kinſmen*, by Fletcher:

" Her *twinning cherries* ſhall their ſweetneſs fall
" Upon thy taſteful lips." STEEVENS.

1 —Here *we her place*;] So, the firſt quarto. The other copies read,—*Leave* we her place. MALONE.

2 *Where we left him on the ſea. We there him* loſt:] The firſt quarto reads—We there him *left*. The editor of that in 1619, finding the paſſage corrupt, altered it entirely. He reads:

Where we left him *at ſea tumbled and toſt*—

The correſponding rhyme, *coaſt*, ſhews that *left*, in the firſt edition, was only a miſprint for *loſt*. MALONE.

3 —*The city* ſtriv'd
God Neptune's annual feaſt to keep:] The citizens *vied* with each other in celebrating the feaſt of Neptune. This harſh expreſſion was forced upon the author by the rhyme. MALONE.

4 *And to him in his barge with* fervour *hies*.] This is one of the few paſſages in this play, in which the errour of the firſt copy is corrected in the ſecond. The eldeſt quarto reads unintelligibly—

——with *former* hies. MALONE.

5 *In your* ſuppoſing *once more put your* ſight;
Of heavy Pericles think this the *bark*:] Once more put your ſight under the guidance of your imagination. *Suppoſe* you *ſee* what we cannot

Where, what is done in action, more, if might [6],
Shall be discover'd; please you, sit, and hark. [*Exit.*

cannot exhibit to you; think this stage, on which I stand, the bark of the melancholy Pericles. So before:

" In your imagination hold
" This stage, the ship, upon whose deck
" The sea-tost'd Pericles appears to speak."

Again, in *K. Henry V*:

" —— *Behold*
" In the quick forge and working-house of *thought*."

Again, *ibidem*:

" —— your *eyes* advance
" After your *thoughts*."

Again, *ibidem*:

" Work, work your *thoughts*, and therein *see* a siege."

Again, *ibidem*:

" Play with your *fancies*, and *in them behold*
" Upon the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing," &c.

Again, in *K. Richard III.*

" —— all will come to nought;
" When such bad dealing must be *seen* in *thought*."

The quarto, 1609, reads:

Of heavy Pericles think this *his* bark;

and such also is the reading of the copy printed in 1619. The folio reads—*On* heavy Pericles, &c. If this be right, the passage should be regulated differently:

And to him in his barge with fervour hies,
In your supposing.—Once more put your sight
On heavy Pericles; &c.

You must now aid me with your imagination, and suppose Lysimachus hastening in his barge to go on board the Tyrian ship. Once more behold the melancholy Pericles, &c. But the former is, in my opinion, the true reading. To exhort the audience merely to behold Pericles, was very unnecessary; as in the ensuing scene, he would of course be represented to them. Gower's principal office in these choruses is, to persuade the spectators, not to use, but to disbelieve, their eyes. MALONE.

[6] *Where, what is done in action, more,* if *might,*] *Where all that may be displayed in action, shall be exhibited*; *and more should be shown, if our stage would permit.* The poet seems to be aware of the difficulty of representing the ensuing scene. *More,* if *might*—is the reading of the first quarto. The modern copies read, unintelligibly,—*more* of *might.* MALONE.

SCENE

SCENE I.

On board Pericles' *ship, off* Mitylene. *A close Pavilion on deck, with a curtain before it*; Pericles *within it, reclined on a couch. A barge lying beside the* Tyrian *vessel.*

Enter two Sailors, one belonging to the Tyrian *vessel, the other to the barge; to them* HELICANUS.

Tyr. Sail. Where is the lord Helicanus? He can resolve you. [*To the Sailor of* Mitylene.]—O, here he is. Sir, there is a barge put off from Mitylene, and in it is Lysimachus the governour, who craves to come aboard. What is your will?

Hel. That he have his. Call up some gentlemen.

Tyr. Sail. Ho, gentlemen! my lord calls.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* Doth your lordship call?

Hel. Gentlemen, there is some of worth would come aboard; I pray, greet them fairly *.

[*The Gentlemen and the two Sailors descend, and go on board the barge.*

Enter, from thence, LYSIMACHUS *and* Lords; *the* Tyrian *Gentlemen, and the two Sailors.*

Tyr. Sail. Sir,
This is the man that can, in aught you would,
Resolve you.

Lys. Hail, reverend sir! The gods preserve you!

Hel. And you, sir, to out-live the age I am,
And die as I would do.

Lys. You wish me well.
Being on shore, honouring of Neptune's triumphs,
Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us,
I made to it, to know of whence you are.

Hel. First, what is your place?

Lys. I am
The governour of this place you lie before.

Hel. Sir, our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king;

* —*greet* them *fairly.*] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1609, has —greet *him* fairly. MALONE.

A man, who for this three months hath not ſpoken
To any one, nor taken ſuſtenance,
But to prorogue his grief[7].
Lyſ. Upon what ground is his diſtemperature?
Hel. Sir, it would be too tedious to repeat*;
But the main grief of all ſprings from the loſs
Of a beloved daughter and a wife.
Lyſ. May we not ſee him?
Hel. You may, but bootleſs
Is your ſight; he will not ſpeak to any.
Lyſ. Yet let me obtain my wiſh.
Hel. Behold him, ſir: [Pericles *diſcovered*[8].] this was a goodly perſon,
Till the diſaſter, that, one mortal night,
Drove him to this[9].

7 *But to* prorogue *his grief.*] To lengthen or *prolong* his grief. The modern editions read unneceſſarily,

But to *prolong* his grief.

Prorogued is uſed by our author in *Romeo and Juliet* for *delayed*:

"My life were better ended by their hate,
"Than death *prorogued*, wanting of thy love." MALONE.

* Sir, *it would be*, &c.] For the inſertion of the ſupplemental word (*Sir*) here and in the next ſpeech but one, as well as in the firſt addreſs of Helicanus to Lyſimachus, I am accountable. MALONE.

8 *Pericles diſcovered.*] Few of the ſtage-directions that have been given in this and the preceding acts, are found in the old copy. In the original repreſentation of this play, Pericles was probably placed in the back part of the ſtage, concealed by a curtain, which was here drawn open. The antient narratives repreſent him as remaining in the cabin of his ſhip. Thus, in the *Confeſſio Amantis* it is ſaid,

"But for all that, thoûgh hem be lothe,
"He [Athenagoras, the governour of Mitylene,] fonde the ladder, and *downe* he *goeth*,
"And to him ſpake."———

So, alſo in *K. Appolyn of Thyre*, 1510: "He is here *benethe* in tenebres and obſcurete, and for nothing that I may doe he wyll not yſſue out of the place where as he is."—But as in ſuch a ſituation Pericles would not be viſible to the audience, a different ſtage-direction is now given. MALONE.

9 *Till the diſaſter, that, one mortal* night,
Drove him to this.] The copies all read—one mortal *wight*. The word, which I ſuppoſe the author to have written, affords an eaſy ſenſe. *Mortal*, is here uſed for *pernicious*, *deſtructive*. So, in *Macbeth*:

"Hold faſt the *mortal* ſword." MALONE.

Lyſ. Sir king, all hail! the gods preſerve you! Hail, Royal ſir!

Hel. It is in vain; he will not ſpeak to you.

1. *Lord.* Sir, we have a maid[1] in Mitylene, I durſt wager,
Would win ſome words of him.

Lyſ. 'Tis well bethought.
She, queſtionleſs, with her ſweet harmony,
And other choſen attractions, would allure,
And make a battery through his deafen'd parts,
Which now are mid-way ſtopp'd[2]:
She is all happy, as the faireſt of all,

[1] *Sir, we have a maid,* &c.] This circumſtance reſembles another in *All's Well that End's Well*, where Lafeu gives an account of Helena's attractions to the king, before ſhe is introduced to attempt his cure. STEEVENS.

[2] *And make a battery through his* deafen'd *parts,*
Which now are mid-way ſtopp'd:] The earlieſt quarto reads—*defend* parts. I have no doubt that the poet wrote—through his *deafen'd* parts,—i. e. his ears; which were to be aſſailed by the melodious voice of Marina. In the old quarto few of the participles have an eliſion-mark. This kind of phraſeology, though it now appears uncouth, was common in our author's time.

Thus, in the poem entitled *Romeus and Juliet:*

" Did not thy *parts,* fordon with pain, languiſh away and pine?"

Again, more appoſitely, *ibidem:*

" Her dainty *tender parts* 'gan ſhiver all for dread;
" Her golden hair did ſtand upright upon her chilliſh head."

Again, in our poet's *Venus and Adonis:*

" Or, were I deaf, thy *outward parts* would move
" Each part in me that were but ſenſible."

Again, in his 69th Sonnet:

" Thoſe *parts* of thee, that the world's eye doth view," &c.

Stopp'd is a word which we frequently find connected with the ear. So, in *K. Richard II.:*

" *Gaunt.* My death's ſad tale may not *undeaf* his ear.
" *York.* No; it is *ſtopp'd* with other flattering ſounds."

MALONE.

One of the copies reads *defended*, the other *defend.* The author's word was, I ſuppoſe, *defenc'd.* So, in the *Merry Wives of Windſor:* " I could drive her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, and a thouſand other her *defences,* which are now too ſtrongly embattled againſt me." STEEVENS.

And, with her fellow-maids, is now upon
The leafy ſhelter[3], that abuts againſt
The iſland's ſide.

[*He whiſpers one of the attendant Lords.—Exit Lord, in the barge of* Lyſimachus[4].

Hel.

3 *And, with her fellow-maids, is now upon*
The leafy ſhelter,] Marina might be ſaid to be *under* the leafy ſhelter, but I know not how ſhe could be *upon* it; nor have I a clear idea of a *ſhelter* abutting againſt the ſide of an iſland. I would read,

——— ——— ——— is now upon
The leafy *ſhelver*, that abuts againſt
The iſland's ſide.

i. e. the *ſhelving bank* near the ſea-ſide, ſhaded by adjoining trees. It appears from Gower, that the feaſt of Neptune was celebrated on the *ſtrand*:

" The lordes both and the commune
" The high feſtes of Neptune
" *Upon the ſtronde*, at rivage,
" As it was cuſtome and uſage,
" Solempneliche thei be ſigh."

So before in this ſcene:

Being on *ſhore*, honouring of Neptune's triumphs,—.

Marina and her fellow-maids, we may ſuppoſe, had retired a little way from the croud, and ſeated themſelves under the adjoining trees, to ſee the triumph. This circumſtance was an invention of the poet's. In *K. Appelyn of Thyre*, Tharſye, the Marina of this play, is brought from the *bordel* where ſhe had been placed. In the *Confeſſio Amantis*, ſhe is ſummoned, by order of the governour, from *the honeſt houſe* to which ſhe had retreated.—The words *with* and *is*, which I have inſerted, are not in the old copy. MALONE.

The leafy ſhelter—] I ſuppoſe that the printer, or copyiſt, meeting here with an uncommon word, corrupted it. Perhaps the poet wrote —*leviſell*, i. e. *leafy ſeat*, from the Saxon *leſe* folium, and *ſetl*, ſedes. So, in Chaucer's *Perſones Tale*, p. 183. laſt edit. " right as the gay *leveſell* at the taverne," &c. See alſo Mr. Tyrwhitt's note on line 4059.

Some word, however, may have been omitted, or the verſe is defective. We might then read,

" She is all happy as the faireſt of all,
" And with her fellow-maids is now upon
" The *leviſell* that *cloſe* abuts againſt
" The iſland's ſide." STEEVENS.

4 *Exit Lord, in the barge of Lyſimachus.*] It may ſeem ſtrange that a fable ſhould have been choſen to form a drama upon, in which the greate

Hel. Sure all's effectleſs; yet nothing we'll omit
That bears recovery's name. But, ſince your kindneſs
We have ſtretch'd thus far, let us beſeech you,
That for our gold we may proviſion have,
Wherein we are not deſtitute for want,
But weary for the ſtaleneſs.

Lyſ. O, ſir, a courteſy,
Which if we ſhould deny, the moſt juſt God
For every graff would ſend a caterpillar,
And ſo inflict our province [5].—Yet once more
Let me entreat to know at large the cauſe
Of your king's ſorrow.

Hel. Sit, ſir[6], I will recount it to you;—but ſee,
I am prevented.

Enter, from the barge, Lord, MARINA, *and a young lady.*

Lyſ. O, here's the lady
That I ſent for. Welcome, fair one!—Is't not
A goodly preſence[7]?

Hel.

greater part of the buſineſs of the laſt act ſhould be tranſacted at ſea; and wherein it ſhould even be neceſſary to produce two veſſels on the ſcene at the ſame time. But the cuſtoms and exhibitions of the modern ſtage give this objection to the play before us a greater weight than it really has. It appears, that, when *Pericles* was originally performed, the theatres were furniſhed with no ſuch apparatus as by any ſtretch of the imagination could be ſuppoſed to preſent either a ſea, or a ſhip; and that the audience were contented to behold veſſels ſailing in and out of port, in their *mind's eye* only. This licence being once granted to the poet, the lord, in the inſtance now before us, walked off the ſtage, and returned again in a few minutes, leading in Marina, without any ſenſible impropriety; and the preſent drama, exhibited before ſuch indulgent ſpectators, was not more incommodious in the repreſentation than any other would have been. See *The Hiſtorical Account of the Engliſh Stage*, Vol. I. Part II. MALONE.

5 *And ſo* inflict *our province.*] Thus all the copies. But I do not believe *to inflict* was ever uſed by itſelf in the ſenſe of to *puniſh*. The poet probably wrote—And ſo *afflict* our province. MALONE.

6 *Sit*, ſir,] Thus the eldeſt quarto. The modern editions read—*Sir*, ſir. MALONE.

7 ——— *is't not*
A goodly preſence?] Is ſhe not beautiful in her form? So, in *King John*:

Hel. She's a gallant lady.

Lyſ. She's ſuch a one, that were I well aſſur'd
Came of a gentle kind, and noble ſtock,
I'd wiſh no better choice, and think me rarely wed.
Fair one, all goodneſs that conſiſts in bounty
Expect even here, where is a kingly patient [8]:
If that thy proſperous and artificial feat [9]

" Lord of thy *preſence*, and no land beſide."
All the copies read, I think corruptly,
——is it not a goodly *preſent?* MALONE.

[8] *Fair* one, *all goodneſs that conſiſts in* bounty
Expect even here, where is a kingly patient:] The quarto, 1609, reads:

Fair *on*, all goodneſs that conſiſts in *beauty*, &c.

The editor of the ſecond quarto in 1619, finding this unintelligible, altered the text, and printed—Fair *and* all goodneſs, &c. which renders the paſſage nonſenſe.—*One* was formerly written *on*; and hence they are perpetually confounded in our ancient dramas. See Vol. IV. p. 511, n. 7. The latter part of the line, which was corrupt in all the copies, has been happily amended by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

I ſhould think, that inſtead of *beauty* we ought to read *bounty*. All the good that conſiſts in *beauty* ſhe brought with her. But ſhe had reaſon to expect the bounty of her kingly patient, if ſhe proved ſucceſsful in his cure. Indeed Lyſimachus tells her ſo afterwards in clearer language. The preſent circumſtance puts us in mind of what paſſes between Helena and the King, in *All's Well That Ends Well*. STEEVENS.

[9] *If that thy proſperous and artificial* feat, &c.] " Veni ad me, Thaiſia;" (ſays Athenagoras) " ubi nunc eſt *ars ſtudiorum* tuorum, ut conſoleris dominum navis in tenebris ſedentem; ut provoces eum exire ad lucem, quia nimis dolet pro conjuge et filia ſuâ?"—*Geſta Romanorum*, p. 586, edit. 1558.

The old copy has—artificial *fate*. For this emendation the reader is indebted to Dr. Percy. *Feat* and *fate* are at this day pronounced in Warwickſhire alike; and ſuch, I have no doubt, was the pronunciation in the time of Queen Elizabeth. Hence the two words were eaſily confounded. See Vol. X. p. 20, n. 3.

A paſſage in *Meaſure for Meaſure* may add ſupport to Dr. Percy's very happy emendation:

" ——In her youth
" There is a prone and ſpeechleſs dialect,
" Such as moves men; beſides, ſhe hath a *proſperous art*,
" When ſhe will play with reaſon and diſcourſe,
" And well ſhe can perſuade." MALONE.

Can

Can draw him but to anſwer thee in aught,
Thy ſacred phyſick ſhall receive ſuch pay
As thy deſires can wiſh.

Mar. Sir, I will uſe
My utmoſt ſkill in his recovery, provided
That none but I and my companion-maid
Be ſuffer'd to come near him.

Lyſ. Come, let us leave her, and the gods make her proſperous! [Marina *ſings*[1].

Lyſ. Mark'd he your muſick?

Mar. No, nor look'd on us.

Lyſ. See, ſhe will ſpeak to him.

Mar. Hail, ſir! my lord, lend ear.

Per. Humph! ha!

Mar. I am a maid,
My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,
But have been gaz'd on like a comet*: ſhe ſpeaks,
My lord, that, may be, hath endur'd a grief
Might equal yours, if both were juſtly weigh'd.
Though wayward fortune did malign my ſtate,
My derivation was from anceſtors

[1] Marina *ſings.*] This ſong (like moſt of thoſe ſung in the old plays) has not been preſerved. Perhaps it might have been formed on the following lines in *Geſta Romanorum*, (or ſome tranſlation of it) which Tharſia is there ſaid to have ſung to King Apollonius:

" Per ſcorta [f. heu!] gradior, ſed ſcorti conſcia non ſum;
" Sic ſpinis roſa [f. quæ] neſcit violarier ullis.
" Corruit et [f. en] raptor gladii ferientis ab ictu;
" Tradita lenoni non ſum violata pudore.
" Vulnera ceſſaſſent animi, lacrimæque deeſſent,
" Nulla ergo melior, ſi noſcam certa parentes.
" Unica regalis generis ſum ſtirpe creata;
" Ipſa, jubente Deo, lætari credo aliquando.
" Fuge [f. terge] modo lacrimas, curam diſſolve moleſtam;
" Redde polo faciem, mentemque ad ſidera tolle:
" Jam [f. Nam] Deus eſt hominum plaſmator, rector et auctor,
" Non ſinit has lacrimas caſſo finire labore." MALONE.

* —*that ne'er before invited eyes,*
But have been gaz'd on like a comet:] So, in *K. Henry IV.*
" By being ſeldom ſeen, I could not ſtir,
" But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at." MALONE.

Who ſtood equivalent with mighty kings:
But time hath rooted out my parentage,
And to the world and aukward caſualties [2]
Bound me in ſervitude.—I will deſiſt;
But there is ſomething glows upon my cheek,
And whiſpers in mine ear, *Go not till he ſpeak.* [*Aſide.*

Per. My fortunes—parentage—good parentage—
To equal mine!—was it not thus? what ſay you?

Mar. I ſaid, my lord, if you did know my parentage,
You would not do me violence.

Per. I do
Think ſo.—Pray you, turn your eyes upon me.
You are like ſomething, that—What country-woman?
Here of theſe ſhores [3]?

Mar. No, nor of any ſhores:
Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am
No other than I appear.

Per. I am great with woe, and ſhall deliver weeping [4].

[2] — *and* aukward *caſualties* —] *Aukward* is adverſe. Our author has the ſame epithet in the *Second Part of K. Henry VI.*

" And twice by *aukward* wind from England's bank
" Drove back again." STEEVENS.

[3] *I do*
Think ſo.—Pray you, turn your eyes upon me.
You are *like ſomething, that—What country*-woman?
Here of theſe ſhores?] This paſſage is ſo ſtrangely corrupted in the firſt quarto and all the other copies, that I cannot forbear tranſcribing it:

Per. I do thinke ſo, pray you turne your eyes upon me, your like ſomething that, what countrey women heare of theſe ſhewes.

Mar. No nor of any ſhewes, &c.

For the ingenious emendation,—*ſhores*, inſtead of *ſhewes*,—(which is ſo clearly right, that I have not heſitated to inſert it in the text,) as well as the happy regulation of the whole paſſage, I am indebted to the patron of every literary undertaking, my friend, the Earl of Charlemont. MALONE.

[4] *I am* great with woe, *and ſhall* deliver *weeping.*] So, in *King Richard II.*

" — Green, thou art the *midwife to my woe,*
" And Bolinbroke my ſorrow's diſmal heir:
" Now hath my ſoul *brought forth* her prodigy,
" And I, a gaſping *new-deliver'd mother,*
" Have woe to woe, ſorrow to ſorrow join'd." MALONE.

My

My deareſt wife was like this maid, and ſuch a one
My daughter might have been: my queen's ſquare brows;
Her ſtature to an inch; as wand-like ſtraight;
As ſilver-voic'd; her eyes as jewel-like,
And cas'd as richly [5]: in pace another Juno [6];
Who ſtarves the ears ſhe feeds, and makes them hungry,
The more ſhe gives them ſpeech [7].—Where do you live?

Mar. Where I am but a ſtranger: from the deck
You may diſcern the place.

Per. Where were you bred?
And how atchiev'd you theſe endowments, which
You make more rich to owe [8]?

Mar. If I ſhould tell my hiſtory, it would ſeem
Like lies diſdain'd in the reporting.

Per. Pr'ythee ſpeak;
Falſeneſs cannot come from thee, for thou look'ſt

5 *Her eyes as* jewel-*like*,
And cas'd *as richly*:] So, in *K. Lear*:
" ——— and, in this habit,
" Met I my father with his bleeding rings,
" Their *precious ſtones* new-loſt."
Again, *ibidem*:
" What, with the *caſe* of eyes?" MALONE.

6 — *in* pace *another* Juno;] So, in *the Tempeſt*:
" ——— Higheſt queen of ſtate,
" Great *Juno* comes; I know her by her *gait*." MALONE.

7 *Who ſtarves the ears ſhe feeds, and makes them hungry,*
The more ſhe gives them ſpeech] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:
" ——— ——— ——— other women cloy
" The appetites they feed, but ſhe makes hungry,
" Where moſt ſhe ſatisfies."
Again, in *Hamlet*:
" As if increaſe of appetite did grow
" By what it fed on." MALONE.

8 *And how atchiev'd you theſe endowments, which*
You make more rich to owe?] To *owe* in ancient language is to *poſſeſs*. So, in *Othello*:
" —— that ſweet ſleep
" That thou *ow'd'ſt* yeſterday."
The meaning of the compliment is:—Theſe endowments, however valuable in themſelves, are heighten'd by being in your poſſeſſion. They acquire additional grace from their owner. Thus alſo one of Timon's flatterers:
" You mend the jewel by the wearing it." STEEVENS.

Modeſt

Modeſt as juſtice, and thou ſeem'ſt a palace
For the crown'd truth to dwell in[9]: I'll believe thee,
And make my ſenſes credit thy relation,
To points that ſeem impoſſible; for thou look'ſt
Like one I lov'd indeed. What were thy friends?
Didſt thou not ſay[1], when I did puſh thee back,
(Which was when I perceiv'd thee,) that thou cam'ſt
From good deſcending?

Mar. So indeed I did.

Per. Report thy parentage. I think thou ſaid'ſt,
Thou hadſt been toſs'd from wrong to injury,
And that thou thought'ſt thy griefs might equal mine,
If both were open'd.

Mar. Some ſuch thing indeed[*]
I ſaid, and ſaid no more but what my thoughts
Did warrant me was likely.

Per. Tell thy ſtory;
If thine conſider'd prove the thouſandth part
Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I
Have ſuffer'd like a girl[2]: yet thou doſt look

[9] ——— *a palace*
For the crown'd *truth to dwell in:*] It is obſervable that our poet, when he means to repreſent any quality of the mind as eminently perfect, furniſhes the imaginary being whom he perſonifies, with a crown. Thus, in his 114th Sonnet:
" Or whether doth my mind, being *crown'd* with you,
" Drink up the monarch's plague, this flattery?"
Again, in his 37th Sonnet:
" For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,
" Or any of theſe all, or all, or more,
" Entitled in thy parts do *crowned* ſit,—."
Again, in *Romeo and Juliet:*
" Upon his brow ſhame is aſhamed to ſit,
" For 'tis a throne, where honour may be *crown'd*,
" Sole monarch of the univerſal earth."
See Vol. IX. p. 154, n. 5. MALONE.

[1] *Didſt thou not* ſay,] All the copies read—*Didſt thou not* ſtay. It was evidently a falſe print in the firſt edition. MALONE.

[*] *Some ſuch thing* indeed—] For the inſertion of the word *indeed*, I am accountable. MALONE.

[2] ——— *thou art a man, and I*
Have ſuffer'd like a girl:] So, in *Macbeth:*
" If trembling I inhibit thee, proteſt me
" The baby of a girl." MALONE.

Like

Like Patience, gazing on kings' graves [3], and smiling
Extremity out of act [4]. What were thy friends?
How lost thou them?—Thy name, my most kind virgin?
Recount, I do beseech thee; come, sit by me [5].

Mar. My name is Marina.

Per. O, I am mock'd,
And thou by some incensed god sent hither,
To make the world to laugh at me.

Mar. Patience, good sir, or here I'll cease.

Per. Nay, I'll be patient; thou little know'st
How thou dost startle me, to call thyself
Marina.

Mar. The name was given me by one
That had some power; my father, and a king.

3 *Like Patience, gazing on kings' graves,*] So, in *Twelfth Night*:

" She sat, like *Patience* on a monument,
" Smiling at Grief."

Again, in *The Rape of Lucrece*, 1594:

" Onward to Troy with the blunt swains he goes;
" So mild, that *Patience seem'd to scorn his woes.*" MALONE.

4 ——— *and smiling*

Extremity *out of act.*] By her beauty and patient meekness disarming Calamity, and preventing her from using her up-lifted sword. So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II.

" And hangs resolv'd correction in the arm,
" That was uprear'd to execution."

Extremity (though not personified as here) is in like matter used in *King Lear*, for the utmost of human suffering:

" ——— another,
" To amplify too much, would make much more,
" And top *extremity.*" MALONE.

5 *How lost thou* them?—*Thy name, my most kind virgin?*
Recount, I do beseech thee; come, sit by me.] All the copies read —How lost thou thy name, my most kind virgin, recount, &c. But Marina had not said any thing about her name. She had indeed told the king, that " Time had rooted out her parentage, and to the world and adverse casualties bound her in servitude:"—Pericles, therefore, naturally asks her, by what accident she had lost her *friends*; and at the same time desires to know her name. Marina answers his last question first, and then proceeds to tell her history. The insertion of the word *them*, which I suppose to have been omitted by the negligence of the compositor, renders the whole clear.—The metre of the line, which was before defective, and Marina's answer, both support the conjectural reading of the text. MALONE.

Per.

Per. How! a king's daughter, and call'd Marina?

Mar. You ſaid you would believe me; but, not to be
A troubler of your peace [6], I will end here.

Per. But are you fleſh and blood? Have you a working pulſe,
And are no fairy-motion [7]? Well, ſpeak on.
Where were you born? and wherefore call'd Marina.

Mar. Call'd Marina, for I was born at ſea.

Per. At ſea? who was thy mother?

Mar. My mother was the daughter of a king;
Who died the very minute I was born [8],
As my good nurſe Lychorida hath oft
Deliver'd weeping.

Per. O, ſtop there a little!

[6] —*a* troubler *of your* peace,] Thus the earlieſt quarto. So, in *K. Richard III.*

"And then hurl down their indignation
"On thee, the *troubler* of the poor world's *peace.*"

The folios and the modern editions read—*a* trouble *of your peace.* MALONE.

[7] *But are you fleſh and blood? Have you a working pulſe,*
And are no fairy-motion?] In the old copy this paſſage is thus exhibited:

But are you fleſh and blood?
Have you a working pulſe, and are no fairy?
Motion well, ſpeak on, &c.

The preſent regulation was ſuggeſted by Mr. Maſon. Mr. Steevens would read,

—— and are no fairy?
No motion?——

i. e. no puppet dreſs'd up to deceive me. So, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona:*

"Oh excellent *motion!* oh exceeding puppet!" MALONE.

This paſſage ſhould be pointed thus:

Have you a working pulſe? and are no *fairy-motion?*

That is, "Have you really life in you, or are you merely a puppet formed by enchantment; the work of fairies?" The reading of the old copy cannot be right, for fairies were ſuppoſed to be animated beings, and to have working pulſes, as well as men. MASON.

[8] Who *died the very minute I was born,*] Either the conſtruction is —My mother, who died the very minute I was born, was the daughter of a king,—or we ought to read:

She died the very minute, &c. STEEVENS.

The word *very* I have inſerted to complete the metre. MALONE.

This

This is the rareſt dream that e'er dull ſleep
Did mock ſad fools withal: this cannot be
My daughter buried. [*Aſide.*] Well:—where were you bred?
I'll hear you more, to the bottom of your ſtory,
And never interrupt you.

Mar. You'll ſcarce believe me; 'twere beſt I did give o'er[7].

Per. I will believe you by the ſyllable[8]
Of what you ſhall deliver. Yet, give me leave:—
How came you in theſe parts? where were you bred?

Mar. The king, my father, did in Tharſus leave me;
Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife,
Did ſeek to murther me: and having woo'd

7 You'll ſcarce *believe me*; *'twere beſt I did give o'er.*] All the old copies read—You *ſcorn*, believe me, &c. The reply of Pericles induces me to think the author wrote:

You'll ſcarce believe me; 'twere beſt, &c.

Pericles had expreſſed *no ſcorn* in the preceding ſpeech, but, on the contrary, great complacency and attention. So alſo, before:

——— Pr'ythee ſpeak:
Falſeneſs cannot come from thee—
——— *I'll believe thee*, &c.

The falſe prints in this play are ſo numerous, that the greateſt latitude muſt be allowed to conjecture. MALONE.

I think we ſhould read:

You ſcorn *believing* me; (or, *belief in* me) 'twere beſt, &c. and this is authoriſed by Pericles' reply: "I will believe you,"—.

Marina regards the ſpeech of Pericles as expreſſive of *ſcorn*, becauſe he has juſt told her that what ſhe has ſaid is—*the rareſt dream*; aſſuring her at the ſame time that ſhe *cannot be his daughter*. He deſires her indeed to advance in her ſtory; but has not *yet* declared that he will *believe* it. It is for this reaſon that ſhe ſtyles his behaviour contemptuous. STEEVENS.

The words, *This is the rareſt dream*, &c. are not addreſſed to Marina, but ſpoken aſide. MALONE.

8 *I will believe you by the* ſyllable, &c.] i. e. I will believe every word you ſay. So, in *Macbeth*:

"To the laſt *ſyllable* of recorded time."

Again, in *All's Well That End's Well*:

"To the utmoſt *ſyllable* of your worthineſs." STEEVENS.

A villain

A villain to attempt it, whom having drawn to do't[9],
A crew of pirates came and reſcued me;
Brought me to Mitylene. But, good ſir, whither
Will you have me? Why do you weep? It may be,
You think me an impoſtor; no, good faith;
I am the daughter to king Pericles,
If good king Pericles be.

Per. Ho, Helicanus!

Hel. Calls my lord?

Per. Thou art a grave and noble counſellor,
Moſt wiſe in general; tell me, if thou canſt,
What this maid is, or what is like to be,
That thus hath made me weep?

Hel. I know not; but
Here is the regent, ſir, of Mitylene
Speaks nobly of her.

Lyſ. She never would tell
Her parentage; being demanded that,
She would ſit ſtill and weep.

Per. O Helicanus, ſtrike me, honour'd ſir;
Give me a gaſh, put me to preſent pain;
Leſt this great ſea of joys ruſhing upon me,
O'er-bear the ſhores of my mortality,

9 —whom *having drawn to do't*,] This mode of phraſeology, though now obſolete, was common in Shakſpeare's time. So, in *The Tempeſt*:

" Some food we had, and ſome freſh water, that
" A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
" Out of his charity, (*who* being then appointed
" Maſter of this deſign) did give us," &c.

Again, in *The Winter's Tale*:

" ——— This your ſon-in-law,
" And ſon unto the king, (*whom* heavens directing,)
" Is troth-plight to your daughter."

See alſo Vol. VII. p. 239, n. 5.

When the former edition of this play was printed, I imagined the original copy printed in 1609, read—*who* having drawn to do't, not obſerving the mark of abbreviation over the letter *o*, (*wh*ō) which ſhews the word intended was *whom*. MALONE.

And

And drown me with their sweetness[1]. O, come hither,
Thou that beget'st him that did thee beget;
Thou that wast born at sea, buried at Tharsus,
And found at sea again!—O Helicanus,
Down on thy knees, thank the holy gods, as loud
As thunder threatens us: This is Marina.—
What was thy mother's name? tell me but that,
For truth can never be confirm'd enough,
Though doubts did ever sleep[2].

Mar. First, sir, I pray, what is your title?

Per. I
Am Pericles of Tyre; but tell me now
My drown'd queen's name; (as in the rest you said,
Thou hast been god-like-perfect;) the heir of kingdoms,
And a mother like to Pericles, thy father[3].

Mar. Is it no more to be your daughter, than

[1] *And drown me with their sweetness.*] We meet a kindred thought in the *Merchant of Venice*:

"O love, be moderate, allay thy ecstasy,
"In measure rain thy joy, scant this excess,
"I feel too much thy blessing; make it less,
"For fear I surfeit." MALONE.

[2] *Though doubts did ever sleep.*] i. e. in plain language, *though nothing ever happened to awake a scruple or doubt concerning your veracity.* STEEVENS.

[3] —*the heir of kingdoms,*
And a mother *like to Pericles, thy father.*] The old copy has—
And *another* like to Pericles thy father.

There can be no doubt that there is here a gross corruption. The correction which I have made, affords an easy sense. The mother of Marina was the heir of kingdoms, and in that respect resembled Pericles.

I believe the same errour has happened in *Hamlet*, where in Act V. sc. ii. we find—"Is't not possible to understand in *another* tongue?" instead of which I believe the poet wrote, "Is't possible not to understand in *a mother* tongue?"

This errour actually happened in the first edition of Sir Francis Bacon's Essay on *The Advancement on Learning*, B. II. p. 60, 4to. 1605: "—by the art of grammar, whereof the use in *another* tongue is small; in a foreign tongue more." In the table of Errata we are desired to read—*a mother* tongue. MALONE.

To

To say, my mother's name was Thaisa?
Thaisa was my mother, who did end
The minute I began [4].

Per. Now, blessing on thee, rise; thou art my child.
Give me fresh garments. Mine own Helicanus,
She is not dead at Tharsus, as she should have been,
By savage Cleon: she shall tell thee all;
When thou shalt kneel, and justify in knowledge
She is thy very princess.—Who is this?

Hel. Sir, 'tis the governour of Mitylene,
Who, hearing of your melancholy state,
Did come to see you.

Per. I embrace you.
Give me my robes; I am wild in my beholding.
O heavens bless my girl! But hark, what musick!—
Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him [5]
O'er, point by point [6], for yet he seems to doubt [7],
How sure you are my daughter.—But what musick?

Hel. My lord, I hear none.

Per. None?
The musick of the spheres: list, my Marina.

Lys. It is not good to cross him; give him way.

Per. Rarest sounds! do ye not hear?

[4] *Thaisa was my mother,* who did end
The minute I began.] So, in *the Winter's Tale:*
" ——— ——— ——— Lady,
" Dear queen, *that ended when I but began.*
" Give me that hand of yours to kiss." MALONE.

[5] —— *But hark, what musick!*
Tell *Helicanus, my Marina, tell him*—] Thus the earliest quarto, The quarto, 1619, and all the subsequent editions read,
But hark, what musick's this Helicanus? my
Marina, &c. MALONE.

[6] *O'er,* point by point,—] So, in Gower:
" Fro *poynt* to *poynt* all the hym tolde
" That she hath long in herte holde,
" And never durst make hir mone
" But only to this lorde allone." MALONE.

[7] —*for yet he seems to* doubt,] The old copies read—for yet he seems to *doat.* It was evidently a misprint. MALONE.

Lys.

Lys. Muſick? My lord, I hear—

Per. Moſt heavenly muſick:
It nips me unto liſt'ning, and thick ſlumber
Hangs upon mine eyes; let me reſt[8]. [*He ſleeps.*

Lys. A pillow for his head;—ſo leave him all.
[*The Curtain before the Pavillion of* Pericles *is cloſed.*
Well, my companion-friends, if this but anſwer to
My juſt belief, I'll well remember you[9].

[*Exeunt* LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, MARINA, *and attendant Lady.*

8 *Moſt heavenly muſick:*
It nips me unto liſt'ning, and thick ſlumber
Hangs, &c.] So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt:*
"Makes heaven *drowſy* with the harmony."
See Vol. II. p. 389, n. 2. STEEVENS.
So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II.
"Let there be no noiſe made, my gentle friends,
"Unleſs ſome dull and favourable hand
"Will whiſper muſick to my weary ſpirit."
See Vol. V. p. 399, n. 2. MALONE.

9 *Well,* my companion-friends, *if this but anſwer to*
My juſt belief, I'll well remember you.] Theſe lines clearly belong to Marina. She has been for ſome time ſilent, and Pericles having now fallen into a ſlumber, ſhe naturally turns to her companion, and aſſures her, that if ſhe has in truth found her royal father, (as ſhe has good reaſon to believe) ſhe ſhall partake of her proſperity. It appears from a former ſpeech in which the ſame phraſe is uſed, that a lady had entered with Marina:
"Sir, I will uſe
"My utmoſt ſkill in his recovery; provided
"That none but I and my *companion-maid*
"Be ſuffer'd to come near him."
I would therefore read in the paſſage now before us,
Well, my companion-*friend*———
or, if the text here be right, we might read in the former inſtance—my companion-*maids*.—In the preceding part of this ſcene it has been particularly mentioned, that Marina was with her *fellow-maids* upon the leafy ſhelter, &c.

There is nothing in theſe lines that appropriates them to Lyſimachus; nor any particular reaſon why he ſhould be munificent to his friends becauſe Pericles has found his daughter. On the other hand, this recollection of her lowly companion is perfectly ſuitable to the amiable character of Marina. MALONE.

SCENE II.

The same. PERICLES *on deck asleep*; Diana *appearing to him as in a vision.*

Dia. My temple stands in Ephesus[1]; hie thee thither,
And do upon mine altar sacrifice.
There, when my maiden priests are met together,
Before the people all
Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife:
To mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's, call,
And give them repetition to the life[2].
Or perform my bidding, or thou liv'st in woe:
Do't, and be happy*: by my silver bow
Awake, and tell thy dream. [Diana *disappears.*

[1] *My temple stands in Ephesus;*] This vision is formed on the following passage in Gower:

"The hie God, which wolde hym kepe,
"Whan that this kynge was fast aslepe,
"By nightes tyme he hath hym bede
"To sayle unto another stede:
"To Ephesum he bad hym drawe,
"And as it was that tyme lawe,
"He shall do there hys sacrifice;
"And eke he bad in all wise,
"*That in the temple, amongst all,*
"*His fortune, as it is befalle,*
"*Touchyng his doughter and his wife,*
"*He shall be knowe upon his life.*" MALONE.

[2] *And give them repetition to the* life.] The old copies read—to the *like*. For the emendation, which the rhyme confirms, the reader is indebted to Lord Charlemont. "Give them repetition to the life," means, as he observes, "Repeat your misfortunes so feelingly and so exactly, that the language of your narration may imitate to the life the transactions you relate." So, in *Cymbeline:*

"——— The younger brother, Cadwall,
"Strikes *life* into my speech"

In *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, these words are again confounded, for in the old copies we there find:

"Two of the first, *life* coats in heraldry," &c. MALONE.

* —*and* be *happy:*] The word *be* I have supplied. MALONE.

Per.

Per. Celeſtial Dian, goddeſs argentine [3],
I will obey thee!—Helicanus!

Enter LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, *and* MARINA.

Hel. Sir.

Per. My purpoſe was for Tharſus, there to ſtrike
The inhoſpitable Cleon; but I am
For other ſervice firſt: toward Epheſus
Turn our blown ſails; eftſoons I'll tell thee why.—
Shall we refreſh us, ſir, upon your ſhore, [*to* Lyſim.
And give you gold for ſuch proviſion
As our intents will need?

Lyſ. Sir,
With all my heart; and when you come aſhore,
I have another ſuit [4].

Per. You ſhall prevail,
Were it to woo my daughter; for it ſeems
You have been noble towards her.

Lyſ. Sir, lend me your arm.

Per. Come, my Marina. [*Exeunt.*

Enter GOWER, *before the Temple of* Diana *at* Epheſus.

Gow. Now our ſands are almoſt run;
More a little, and then dumb [5].

This,

3 —*goddeſs* argentine,] That is, regent of the *ſilver* moon. So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

"Were Tarquin night, as he is but night's child,
"The *ſilver-ſhining* queen he would diſtain."

"In the chemical phraſe, (as Lord Charlemont obſerves to me,) a language well underſtood when this play was written, Luna or *Diana* means *ſilver*, as Sol does gold." MALONE.

4 *I have another* ſuit.] The old copies read—I have another *ſleight*. But the anſwer of Pericles ſhews clearly that they are corrupt. The ſenſe requires ſome word ſynonymous to *requeſt*. I therefore read,—I have another *ſuit*. So, in *K. Henry VIII.*

"I have a *ſuit* which you muſt not deny me." MALONE.

I have another ſleight.] i. e. another contrivance. He either means, that he intends ſome farther entertainment for Pericles, or that he has a deſign relative to Marina. STEEVENS.

5 *More a little, and then* dumb.] Permit me to add a few words more, and then I ſhall be ſilent. The old copies have *dum*; in which

This, as my laſt boon, give me[6],
(For ſuch kindneſs muſt relieve me,)
That you aptly will ſuppoſe,
What pageantry, what feats, what ſhows,
What minſtrelſy, and pretty din,
The regent made in Mitylin,
To greet the king. So he has thriv'd,
That he is promis'd to be wiv'd
To fair Marina; but in no wiſe,
Till he had done his ſacrifice[7],
As Dian bade: whereto being bound,
The interim, pray you, all confound[8].
In feather'd briefneſs ſails are fill'd,
And wiſhes fall out as they're will'd.
At Epheſus, the temple ſee,
Our king, and all his company.
That he can hither come ſo ſoon,
Is by your fancy's thankful doom[9]. [*Exit.*

SCENE

way I have obſerved in ancient books the word *dumb* was occaſionally ſpelt. Thus in *The Metamorphoſis of Pygmalion's Image*, by J. Marſton, 1598:

"Look how the peeviſh papiſts crouch and kneel
"To ſome *dum* idoll with their offering."

There are many as imperfect rhymes in this play, as that of the preſent couplet. So, in a former chorus, *moons* and *dooms*. Again, at the end of this, *ſoon* and *doom*. Mr. Rowe reads—More a little, and then *done*. MALONE.

[6] *This*, as *my laſt boon, give me*,] The word *as*, which is not found in the old copies, was ſupplied by Mr. Steevens, to complete the metre. MALONE.

[7] *Till* he *had done his ſacrifice*,] That is, till *Pericles* had done his ſacrifice. MALONE.

[8] *The* interim, *pray you, all* confound.] So, in *K. Henry V.*:

"——— Myſelf have play'd
"The *interim*, by remembering you 'tis paſt."

To *confound*, here ſignifies, to conſume. So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I.

"He did *confound* the beſt part of an hour,
"Exchanging hardiment with great Glendower."

MALONE.

[9] *That he can hither come ſo ſoon,*
Is by your fancy's thankful doom.] As *ſoon* and *doom* are not rhimes exactly correſponding, I would rather read,—thankful *boon*.

Thankful

SCENE III.

The Temple of Diana *at* Ephesus; THAISA *standing near the altar, as high priestess; a number of virgins on each side;* CERIMON *and other inhabitants of* Ephesus *attending.*

Enter PERICLES, *with his train;* LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, MARINA, *and a lady.*

Per. Hail Dian! to perform thy just command,
I here confess myself the king of Tyre;
Who, frighted from my country, did wed[1]
At Pentapolis, the fair Thaisa.
At sea in child-bed died she, but brought forth
A maid-child call'd Marina; who, O goddess,
Wears yet thy silver livery[2]. She at Tharsus
Was nurs'd with Cleon; whom at fourteen years
He sought to murder: but her better stars
Brought her to Mitylene; 'gainst whose shore
Riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard us,
Where, by her own most clear remembrance, she
Made known herself my daughter.

Thankful boon may signify—*the licence you grant us in return for the pleasure we have afforded you in the course of the play.* So before in this Chorus:

This as my last *boon* give me. STEEVENS.

We had similar rhymes before:

——— if king Pericles
Come not home in twice six *moons*,
He, obedient to their *dooms*,
Will take the crown.

I have, therefore, not disturbed the reading of the old copy. MALONE.

[1] *Who, frighted from my* country, *did wed*—] *Country* must be considered as a trisyllable. So *entrance, semblance,* and many others. MALONE.

[2] —*who, O Goddess,*
Wears yet thy silver livery.] i. e. her white robe of innocence, as being yet under the protection of the goddess of chastity. PERCY.

So, in Shakspeare's *Lover's Complaint:*

"There my *white stole of chastity* I daft."

We had the same expression before:

"One twelve moons more she'll wear *Diana's livery.*"

MALONE.

Thai.

Thai. Voice and favour!—
You are, you are—O royal Pericles[3]!— [*She faints.*

Per. What means the woman*? she dies! help, gentlemen!

Cer. Noble sir,
If you have told Diana's altar true,
This is your wife.

Per. Reverend appearer, no;
I threw her o'er-board with these very arms.

Cer. Upon this coast, I warrant you.

Per. 'Tis most certain.

Cer. Look to the lady[4];—O, she's but o'erjoy'd.
Early in blust'ring morn[5] this lady was
Thrown upon this shore. I op'd the coffin,
Found there rich jewels[6]; recover'd her, and plac'd her
Here in Diana's temple[7].

Per. May we see them?

Cer. Great sir, they shall be brought you to my house,
Whither I invite you[8]. Look, Thaisa is
Recovered.

[3] *You are, you are—O royal Pericles—*] The similitude between this scene, and the discovery in the last act of *the Winter's Tale*, will, I suppose, strike every reader. MALONE.

* *What means the woman?*] This reading was furnish'd by the second quarto. The first reads—What means the *mum?* MALONE.

[4] *Look to the lady*;] When lady Macbeth pretends to swoon, on hearing the account of Duncan's murder, the same exclamation is used. These words belong, I believe, to Pericles. MALONE.

[5] *Early* in *blust'ring morn*—] The author, perhaps, wrote,
Early *one* blust'ring morn—. MALONE.

[6] *Found* there *rich jewels*;] The second quarto, the folios, and Mr. Rowe, read—*these* jewels. Pericles's next question shews that *these* could not be the poet's word. The true reading is found in the first quarto. It should be remembered, that Cerimon delivered these jewels to Thaisa, (before she left his house) in whose custody they afterwards remained. MALONE.

Here in Diana's temple.] The same situation occurs again in *the Comedy of Errors*, where Ægeon loses his wife at sea, and finds her at last in a nunnery. STEEVENS.

[8] —*they shall be brought you to my house,*
Whither I invite you.] This circumstance bears some resemblance to the meeting of Leontes and Hermione. The office of Cerimon is not unlike that of Paulina in the *Winters Tale*. STEEVENS.

Thai.

Thai. O, let me look!
If he be none of mine, my ſanctity
Will to my ſenſe [9] bend no licentious ear,
But curb it, ſpite of ſeeing. O, my lord,
Are you not Pericles? Like him you ſpake,
Like him you are: Did you not name a tempeſt,
A birth, and death?

Per. The voice of dead Thaiſa!

Thai. That Thaiſa am I, ſuppoſed dead,
And drown'd [1].

Per. Immortal Dian!

Thai. Now I know you better.—
When we with tears parted Pentapolis,
The king, my father, gave you ſuch a ring?

[*ſhews a ring.*

Per. This, this: no more, you gods! your preſent kindneſs
Makes my paſt miſeries ſport [2]: You ſhall do well,
That on the touching of her lips I may
Melt, and no more be ſeen [3]. O come, be buried

[9] —*to my* ſenſe—] *Senſe* is here uſed for *ſenſual paſſion.* So alſo in *Meaſure for Meaſure* and in *Hamlet.* See Vol. IX. p. 336, n. 2. MALONE.

[1] —*ſuppoſed dead,*
And drown'd.] Suppoſed dead, and that my death was by drowning. MALONE.

[2] *This, this: no more, you gods! your preſent kindneſs*
Makes my paſt miſeries ſport:] So, in *K. Lear:*
" It is a chance that does redeem all ſorrows,
" That ever I have felt." MALONE.

[3] —— *I may*
Melt, and no more be ſeen.] This is a ſentiment which Shakſpeare never fails to introduce on occaſions ſimilar to the preſent. So, in *Othello:*
" —— If it were now to die,
" 'Twere now to be moſt happy," &c.
Again, in *The Winter's Tale:*
" If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd
" To die when I deſire." MALONE.

Melt, and no more be ſeen.] So, in one of the Pſalms—" O ſpare me a little that I may recover my ſtrength, before I go hence, and *be no more ſeen.*" STEEVENS.

A ſecond

A ſecond time within theſe arms[2].

Mar. My heart
Leaps to be gone into my mother's boſom.
[*kneels to* Thaiſa.

Per. Look, who kneels here! Fleſh of thy fleſh, Thaiſa;
Thy burden at the ſea, and call'd Marina,
For ſhe was yielded there.

Thai. Bleſt, and mine own[3]!

Hel. Hail, madam, and my queen!

Thai. I know you not.

Per. You have heard me ſay, when I did fly from Tyre,
I left behind an ancient ſubſtitute.
Can you remember what I call'd the man?
I have nam'd him oft.

Thai. 'Twas Helicanus then.

Per. Still confirmation:
Embrace him, dear Thaiſa; this is he.
Now do I long to hear how you were found;
How poſſibly preſerv'd; and whom to thank,
Beſides the gods, for this great miracle.

Thai. Lord Cerimon, my lord; this man, through whom
The gods have ſhewn their power; that can from firſt
To laſt reſolve you.

Per. Reverend ſir, the gods
Can have no mortal officer more like
A god than you. Will you deliver how
This dead queen re-lives?

Cer. I will, my lord.
Beſeech you, firſt go with me to my houſe,
Where ſhall be ſhewn you all was found with her;

[2] —— *O come, be buried*
A ſecond time within theſe arms.] So, in *the Winter's Tale:*
" Not like a corſe; or if—not to *be buried*,
" But quick, and *in mine arms.*" MALONE.

[3] *Bleſt, and* mine own!] So, in *The Winter's Tale:*
" —— Tell me, *mine own*,
" Where haſt thou been preſerv'd? Where liv'd? How found
" Thy father's court?" MALONE.

How ſhe came placed here in the temple;
No needful thing omitted.
Per. Pure Diana!
I bleſs thee * for thy viſion, and will offer
Night-oblations to thee. Thaiſa, this prince,
The fair-betrothed of your daughter [4], ſhall
Marry her at Pentapolis [5]. And now,
This ornament, that makes me look ſo diſmal,
Will I, my lov'd Marina, clip to form;
And what this fourteen years no razor touch'd,
To grace thy marriage-day, I'll beautify [6].
Thai. Lord Cerimon hath letters of good credit,

* I *bleſs thee*—] For the inſertion of the perſonal pronoun I am reſponſible. MALONE.

4 *The fair-betrothed*—] i. e. fairly contracted, honourably affianced. STEEVENS.

5 —*Thaiſa, this prince,*
The fair-betrothed of your daughter, ſhall
Marry her at Pentapolis.] So, in the laſt ſcene of *The Winter's Tale*, Leontes informs Paulina,
" ——This your ſon-in-law,
" And ſon unto the king, (whom heavens directing)
" *Is troth-plight to your daughter.*" MALONE.

6 —*And now,*
This ornament, *that makes me look ſo diſmal,*
Will I, my lov'd Marina, clip to form;
And what this fourteen years no razor touch'd,
To grace thy marriage-day, I'll beautify.] So, in *Much Ado About Nothing*: " —the barber's man hath already been with him; and the old *ornament* of his cheek hath already ſtuff'd tennis balls."
The author has here followed Gower, or *Geſta Romanorum*:
" ——— this a vowe to God I make,
" That I ſhall never for hir ſake
" *My berde for no likynge ſhave,*
" Till it befalle that I have
" In convenable time of age
" *Beſette hir unto mariage.*" *Conf. Amant.*
The word *ſo* in the firſt line, and the words—*my lov'd Marina* in the ſecond, which both the ſenſe and metre require, I have ſupplied. MALONE.

The author is in this place guilty of a ſlight inadvertency. It was but a ſhort time before, when Pericles arrived at Tharſus, and heard of his daughter's death, that he made a vow never to waſh his face or cut his hair. MASON.

Sir, that my father's dead.

Per. Heavens make a ſtar of him! Yet there, my queen,
We'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourſelves
Will in that kingdom ſpend our following days;
Our ſon and daughter ſhall in Tyrus reign.
Lord Cerimon, we do our longing ſtay,
To hear the reſt untold.—Sir, lead the way[7]. [*Exeunt.*

Enter GOWER.

Gow. In Antioch, and his daughter[8], you have heard
Of monſtrous luſt the due and juſt reward:
In Pericles, his queen and daughter, ſeen
(Although aſſail'd with fortune fierce and keen,)
Virtue preſerv'd from fell deſtruction's blaſt,
Led on by heaven, and crown'd with joy at laſt[9].
In Helicanus may you well deſcry
A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty:
In reverend Cerimon there well appears,
The worth that learned charity aye wears.

[7] *Sir, lead the way.*] Dr. Johnſon has juſtly objected to the lame and impotent concluſion of the ſecond part of *K. Henry IV.* "Come, will you hence?" The concluding line of *The Winter's Tale* furniſhes us with one equally abrupt, and nearly reſembling the preſent:—"Haſtily lead away." This paſſage will juſtify the correction of the old copy now made. It reads—Sir, *leads* the way. MALONE.

[8] *In Antioch, and his daughter,*—] The old copies read—In *Antiochus* and his daughter, &c. The correction was ſuggeſted by Mr. Steevens. "So, (as he obſerves,) in Shakſpeare's other plays, *France* for the *king* of France, *Morocco* for the *king* of Morocco," &c. MALONE.

[9] *Virtue* preſerv'd *from fell deſtruction's blaſt,*
Led on by heaven, and crown'd with joy at laſt.] All the copies are here, I think, manifeſtly corrupt.—They read,
Virtue *preſerv'd* from fell deſtruction's blaſt—
The groſs and numerous errors of even the moſt accurate copy of this play, will, it is hoped, juſtify the liberty that has been taken on this and ſome other occaſions.
It would be difficult to produce from the works of Shakſpeare many couplets more ſpirited and harmonious than this. MALONE.

For

For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fame
Had ſpread their curſed deed, and honour'd name[1]
Of Pericles, to rage the city turn;
That him and his they in his palace burn.
The gods for murder ſeemed ſo content
To puniſh them; although not done, but meant[2].
So, on your patience evermore attending,
New joy wait on you! Here our play has ending[3].
[*Exit* GOWER.

[1] — and *honour'd name*—] The firſt and ſecond quarto read—*the* honour'd name. The reading of the text, which appears to me more intelligible, is that of the folio 1664. *The city* is here uſed for the collective body of the citizens. MALONE.

[2] *To puniſh* them, *although not done, but meant.*] The defective metre of this line in the old copy, induces me to think that the word *them*, which I have ſupplied, was omitted by the careleſſneſs of the printer. MALONE.

[3] The fragment of the MS. Poem, mentioned in the preliminary obſervations, has ſuffered ſo much by time, as to be ſcarcely legible. The parchment on which it is written having been converted into the cover of a book, for which purpoſe its edges were cut off, ſome words are entirely loſt. However, from the following concluding lines the reader may be enabled to form a judgment with reſpect to the age of this piece:

. . . . . thys was tranſlatyd almoſt at englondes ende
. . . . . to the makers ſtat tak ſich a mynde
. . . . have y take hys bedys on hond and ſayd hys pat^r. noſtr. and crede
*Tho*mas * vicary y underſtonde at wymborne mynſtre in that ſtede
. . . . . y thouzte zou have wryte hit is nouzt worth to be knowe
. . that wole the ſothe ywyte go thider and me wol the ſchewe.

On the ſubject of *Pericles* Lillo formed a tragedy of three acts, which was firſt repreſented in the year 1738.

To a former edition of this play were ſubjoined two Diſſertations; one written by Mr. Steevens, the other by me. In the latter I urged ſuch arguments as then appeared to me to have weight, to prove

* The letters in the Italick character were ſupplied by the conjecture of the late Mr. Tyrwhitt, who very obligingly examined this ancient fragment, and furniſhed me with the above extract.

that it was the entire work of Shakſpeare, and one of his earlieſt compoſitions. Mr. Steevens on the other hand maintained, that it was originally the production of ſome elder playwright, and afterwards improved by our poet, whoſe hand was acknowledged to be viſible in many ſcenes throughout the play. On a review of the various arguments which each of us produced in favour of his own hypotheſis, I am now convinced that the theory of Mr. Steevens was right, and have no difficulty in acknowledging my own to be erroneous.

This play was entered on the Stationers' books, together with *Antony and Cleopatra*, in the year 1608, by Edward Blount, a bookſeller of eminence, and one of the publiſhers of the firſt folio edition of his works. It was printed with Shakſpeare's name in the title-page, in his life-time; but this circumſtance proves nothing; becauſe by the knavery of bookſellers other pieces were alſo aſcribed to him in his life-time, of which he indubitably wrote not a line. Nor is it neceſſary to urge in ſupport of its genuineneſs, that at a ſubſequent period it was aſcribed to him by ſeveral dramatick writers. I wiſh not to rely on any circumſtance of that kind; becauſe in all queſtions of this nature, internal evidence is the beſt that can be produced, and to every perſon intimately acquainted with our poet's writings, muſt in the preſent caſe be deciſive. The congenial ſentiments, the numerous expreſſions bearing a ſtriking ſimilitude to paſſages in his undiſputed plays, ſome of the incidents, the ſituation of many of the perſons, and in various places the colour of the ſtyle, all theſe combine to ſet the ſeal of Shakſpeare on the play before us, and furniſh us with internal and irreſiſtible proofs, that a conſiderable portion of this piece, as it now appears, was written by him. The greater part of the three laſt acts may, I think, on this ground be ſafely aſcribed to him; and his hand may be traced occaſionally in the other two diviſions.

To alter, new-model, and improve the unſucceſsful dramas of preceding writers, was, I believe, much more common in the time of Shakſpeare than is generally ſuppoſed. This piece having been thus new-modelled by our poet, and enriched with many happy ſtrokes from his pen, is unqueſtionably entitled to that place among his works, which it has now obtained. MALONE.

THE END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.